

THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

APRIL, 1882.

---

ART. I.—*The Life of Richard Cobden.* By JOHN MORLEY, Barrister-at-Law, M.A. Oxford, Hon. LL.D. Glasgow. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1881.

THE opening years of the present century not only were radiant with a galaxy of brilliant events, but derive a reflex glory from the later renown of the great men whose infancy lay hid in the shadow and quiet which couch behind the glitter of war and the bustle of progress. Some of these worthies still happily adorn the stage of life; and, as statesmen or divines, give living evidence of the power of the oratory which thrilled our fathers, and of the robust mould in which their frames were cast. Others have not long disappeared from the scene of their triumphs, leaving a bright track down the pages of history, and a tender yearning in the hearts of family and friends. In the latter class the name of Richard Cobden claims a prominent place. Born in 1804, and dying in 1865, his all too short career of sixty years took in the very heart of the century, and will ever be identified with the mighty movement which swept away the Corn Laws, and gave the middle and lower classes a better idea of their own strength than they had hitherto ventured to entertain. And though no authentic memoir of him has appeared till now, sixteen years after his death, there can be no fear, rapidly as the years roll on, and generations pass off the scene, and sympathies and principles shift and change, that the public interest will abate one jot in such a noble record as Mr. John Morley has been able to present.

None need shrink from these two goodly octavos in the imagination that they contain nothing but the husks and chaff of dry debates whose golden grain has long been threshed out and safely stored, or the dusty sweepings of Cabinets, Courts, and Corn League Chambers. Even if he had never made his mark as a statesman, Cobden's life would well repay study, as possessing an interest independent of politics, the life of a lively, hopeful battler against the ills and drawbacks which fetter the upward struggles and damp the spirit of many a son of the soil. There was this peculiarity in his case, that whereas in England a large proportion of those who rise to lofty positions in business and public life come from the North,—the heathery Cumberland moorsides, or the steep dales of Yorkshire, or the highlands and lowlands of "cannie" Scotland,—Cobden made rapid headway to a high commercial status from such an unlikely starting-place as a small, non-paying Sussex farmstead, and by his ability in the various fields of trade, literature, and politics, proved that the race of shrewd, progressive men was by no means confined to a cradle in the North. Incidents in his early life recall both the career and the writings of one who might be thought to be at the very antipodes of the keen calico-printer. Richard Cobden underwent much of the juvenile hardship which Charles Dickens suffered and depicted; and the private letters of the former, now first published, evince the same powers of clear insight and telling description which developed in the latter from the newspaper sketch to the minutely realistic novel.

Cobden was made and planned for the region of active, practical politics; not the petty science which deals with the fate of parties and the fortunes of place-hunters, but the grand pursuit which sets before it as its goal the attainment of good food, good work, and all that comes under the category of good government, for every member of the commonwealth. And to those who want to know how much can be done by one energetic man—of lowly birth, no fortune, labouring under the weight of many disadvantages—towards reducing the amount of his country's ills, and in sowing broadcast principles which shall bear fruit long years after his death, we commend these two volumes of excellent materials, prepared, polished, and fitted together by the hand of a master.

Cobden's early training was such as would have annihili-



lated a lad of less spirit. Born on June 3, 1804, at Dunford, an old farmhouse near Midhurst, Richard was the fourth son of a poor struggling farmer, and, when ten years old, was sent from the easy work of a dame's school, and the pleasant tending of his father's sheep on the breezy Sussex downs, right away to one of the numerous types of "Dotheboys Hall" then flourishing in Yorkshire, in which the teaching, usage, and food were all alike bad. For five dreary years he saw neither parent nor friend, but was permitted each quarter to send home an epistle after the style of the following, dated "March 25, 1817," which certainly combines the comic and the pathetic in a way that does credit to the genius of the schoolmaster :

"HONOURED PARENTS,—You cannot tell what rapture I feel at my once more having the pleasure of addressing my Parents, and though the distance is so great, yet I have an opportunity of conveying it to you free of expense. It is now turned three years since our separation took place, and I assure you I look back with more pleasure to that period than to any other part of my life which was spent to no effectual purpose, and I beg to return you my most sincere thanks as being the means of my gaining such a sense of learning as will enable me to gain a genteel livelihood whenever I am called into the world to do for myself."

Poor little wight! Of those five long years he could never bear to speak when he had grown up to man's estate, though doubtless the image of his boyish self would often rise before him in the height of his popularity as the semblance of some half-starved child, sent to add pathos to his "unadorned" oratory.

From Yorkshire he was transplanted, at the age of fifteen, to the very heart of London, and took his stool as a clerk in his uncle's warehouse in Old Change. This relative seems to have been one of those worthy but uncomfortable seniors depicted in our ancient nursery tales. To his peculiar ideas Cobden owed his transference from the Sussex uplands to the boy-prison in Yorkshire; and now he treated the youth more as a servant than as a nephew, and, with his like-minded wife, "inflicted rather than bestowed their bounties." With characteristic shortsightedness they disapproved of Richard's employing the early hours of the morning in learning French in his bedroom, and augured his ill success as a man of business

from his fondness for the very pursuits which were rendering him better qualified for commercial life. Still he held steadily on his path of self-education, buying now and then a book or two, such as Brougham on *Popular Education*, Franklin's *Essays*, and Byron's *Childe Harold*.

By degrees his uncle softened towards him, and began to appreciate his "industry, cheerfulness, and skill." At the age of twenty-one Richard was promoted from the desk and the warehouse to the brighter occupation of a traveller, for which he was eminently fitted by his stirring energy and *push*. To him, all athirst for knowledge, the great book of the world was now opening some of its minor pages; and it was with the keenest zest that he took to the road, and indulged to his heart's content in scanning what Pope affirms to be "the proper study of mankind," and deriving from "man," in stage-coach, counting-house, commercial room, and market-place, a budget of cosmopolitan information. This, indeed, proved to be a great point in his character, the power of drawing out whatever knowledge was to be got from any one, and assimilating it in his mental digestion for the addition of fibre and muscle to the argument or purpose which he happened to have specially in view. So his education proceeded. From the first his letters are fresh and interesting. He had an eye not only for picturesque scenery and venerable structures, but for all the strange varieties of man; and his pen dashed off his impressions with surprising vigour and truth. His communications at this period are marked with a cheerful humour which was one of his distinguishing traits through a great part of his life. Crossing to Ireland, he thus touches off the scene on board the little vessel which conveyed him:

"Our captain was named Paschal; he was a short figure, but made the most of a little matter by strutting as upright as a dart, and throwing back his head, and putting his little chest in an attitude of defiance. It appeared to be the ambition of our little commander to make matters on board his little dirty steam-boat wear the same air of magnitude as on board a seventy-four. I afterwards learned he had once been captain on board of a king's ship. His orders were all given through a ponderous trumpet, although his three men could not be more than ten yards distant from him. Still he bore the air of a gentleman, and was accustomed to have the fullest deference paid him by his three seamen. On approaching near the harbour of Portpatrick,

our captain put his huge trumpet down the hole that led below, and roared out, at the risk of stunning us all, 'Steward-boy, bring up a gun-cartridge, and have a care you don't take a candle into the *magazine*!' The order was obeyed, the powder was carried up, and, after a huge deal of preparation and bustling to and fro on the deck, the trumpet was again poked down to a level with our ears, and the steward was again summoned to bring up a match. Soon after which we heard the report of something upon deck like the sound of a duck-gun. After that the order was given, 'All hands to the larboard—clear the gangway and lower the larboard steps;' or in other words, 'Help the passengers to step on to the pier.'"

After a few years upon the road—years of genuine education to one so observant of man, manners and matter—Cobden, in 1828, started in business with two young men of like hopeful spirits and almost equal impecuniosity. The scheme which they hit upon was a daring one; to go to Manchester and prevail on some large firm of calico printers to let them have goods to sell on commission in London. The history of the affair shows of what a sanguine temperament Cobden himself must have been: its issue was one of marvellous success. "We," wrote Cobden in after years, "only mustered a thousand pounds amongst us, and more than half of it was borrowed. . . . We introduced ourselves to Fort Brothers and Co., a rich house, and we told our tale, honestly concealing nothing. In less than two years from 1830 we owed them forty thousand pounds for goods which they had sent to us in Watling-street, upon no other security than our characters and knowledge of our business." On this commission business he and his partners throve and flourished for two years, and then determined to launch out a little further on the ocean of trade, and to print their own goods. So they took over from their friends the Forts an old factory at Sabden, a village near Whalley, in Lancashire; and soon after Cobden bought a house in Manchester, and found himself glorying in the congenial element of bustle and animation. He was generally in the highest spirits, and full of confidence of success. In one of his letters he "declared his conviction, from what he had seen, that if he were stripped naked and turned into Lancashire with only his experience for a capital, he would still make a large fortune. He would not give anybody sixpence to guarantee him wealth, if he only lived."

He was far, however, from devoting his bright youthful energies to the sole object of amassing wealth. The public spirit which throughout life was as marked a trait in his character as was his unwearied liberality to his relatives, cropped up into its first noteworthy manifestation soon after he had started his print-works at Sabden. In that remote hamlet, among a population which comprised six hundred persons who were employed at his works, he found neither school nor church. A small Baptist chapel, "irregularly served," was the sole means of bringing religion to bear on the rough heathenism of the lonely place. "The workers practised a singular independence towards their employers. They took it as matter of course that they were free, whenever it was their good pleasure, and without leave asked or given, to quit their work for a whole week at once, and to set out on a drinking expedition to some neighbouring town, whence they would have been ashamed to return until their pockets were drained to the last penny." This rude ignorance Cobden could not contemplate with equanimity. He soon made arrangements for the exhibition at Sabden of twenty children from a Manchester infant school, "by way of an example and incentive to more backward regions;" an experiment into which he threw as much spirit as in after years he displayed in the conduct of the Anti-Corn-Law League and other great movements, and in which he had an excellent colleague in his partner, Mr. George Foster. Later on he strove to repay the benefit derived from the borrowed band of pioneer infants by urging the sending forth of a similar detachment from Sabden, then a little more civilised, to such neighbouring places as Clitheroe and Padiham. He recommended that the offer should be made "in a formal and open manner to the leading people of the place and neighbourhood, who will thus be openly called upon to exert themselves, and be at the same time instructed how to go about the business;" enunciating the maxim which he bore in view throughout his public life: "*There are many well-meaning people in the world who are not so useful as they might be, from not knowing how to go to work.*"

Meanwhile he felt strongly how much more instruction he himself needed; how, in the self-education he was continually carrying on, he was, from early disadvantages, working with blunt tools. "I have a great disposition," he writes, "to know a little Latin, and six months would

suffice if I had a few books." He had already experienced the usual impulse to literary composition, and had written a play, *The Phrenologist*, which had been offered to and rejected by the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, a decision which Cobden in after years thought to have been very lucky for him; "for, if he had accepted it, I should have been a vagabond all the rest of my life." The attempt, however, was good practice for him, and he now began to make trial of another educational appliance, foreign travel, which, though at first it formed a legitimate portion of his business routine, became at last a source of anxiety to his partners, who "thought in their hearts that he might do better by attending to affairs at home," however much it might fit him for his future career as a statesman.

His first venture abroad was to Paris, in 1833, in search of designs to be used in his calico printing. The next year he again visited France, and passed on into Switzerland. Here his eyes and mind were open to receive impressions of "the sublimity of rest" to be found "in the great snow mountains," and yet more to make acquaintance with a people whom he believed to be "the best governed and therefore the most prosperous and happy in the world." "Free trade" was already an important topic of his thought and talk, and we find it peeping out in this truly Cobdenian sentence in a letter from Geneva to his brother: "It is the only Government which has not one *douanier* in its pay; and yet, thanks to free trade, there is scarcely any branch of manufacturing industry which does not in one part or other of the country find a healthy occupation."

But the United States was the true "cynosure of" Cobden's "eyes." In that land of promise he first set foot in June, 1835, after a tedious voyage of five weeks, boisterous enough to have cooled the ardour of any less enthusiastic traveller. Yet nearly the first words in his transatlantic diary are: "What beauty will this inner bay of New York present centuries hence, when wealth and commerce shall have done their utmost to embellish the scene!" His letters give proof how much he enjoyed his visit to that great country, with its thriving cities, vast prairies, grand rivers and Falls; and how he delighted in the study of the sharp Easterners, who outdid the proverbial quickness and acuteness even of the Manchester men. With his pen Cobden handled both men and manners pretty severely; and, as occasion offered, stood up in

defence of his own country, when traduced by the overweening vanity common in the youth of rising States. But his prevailing feeling was one of admiration.

"Great as was my previous esteem for the qualities of this people, I find myself in love with their intelligence, their sincerity, and the decorous self-respect that actuates all classes. The very genius of activity seems to have found its fit abode in the souls of this restless and energetic race. They have not, 'tis true, the force of Englishmen in personal weight or strength, but they have compensated for this deficiency by quickening the momentum of their enterprises. All is in favour of celerity of action and the saving of time. Speed, speed, speed, is the motto that is stamped in the form of their ships and steamboats, in the breed of their horses, and the light construction of their waggons and carts; and in the ten thousand contrivances that are met with here, whether for the abridging of the labour of months or minutes, whether a high-pressure engine or a patent boot-jack. All is done in pursuit of one common object, the economy of time. We like to speculate upon the future, and I have sometimes tried to conjecture what the industry, and ingenuity, and activity of that future people of New Holland, or of some other at present unknown continent, will amount to, which shall surpass and supersede the Yankees in the career of improvements, as effectually as these have done the natives of the Old World. They must be a race that will be able to dispense with food and sleep altogether, for the Americans have certainly discovered the *minimum* of time that is required for the services of their beds and boards. Their mechanical engines must work miracles 'till panting time toils after them in vain."

After his return from the States Cobden remained quiet for a time, working steadily at his business, and venting his superfluous energy by attending to public affairs, and firing off political pamphlets. About this period he made his maiden speech, and, like many another good man, "was nervous, confused, and in fact practically broke down." His first publication of any importance was a pamphlet entitled *England, Ireland, and America*, which within twelve months went through three editions at the high price of three shillings and sixpence. This was followed, in 1836, by a pamphlet on *Russia, by a Manchester Manufacturer*; and then, suffering severely from the extra strain exercised by these literary efforts on a system sufficiently taxed by the wear and tear of a large business, Cobden once more set off on travel, and passed the winter



of 1836-37 in journeying about the great historic lands of the East. Fortunately he was always a prolific letter-writer, and as most of his missives to his partners, brothers, and sisters were prized and preserved, an accurate reflex of his mind, and of the growth of his opinions, is presented in the volumes before us. One of the most interesting of these records is that in which he gives an account of his visit to Mehemet Ali, who poured forth a torrent of "facts" on the cotton question, until he was given to understand that his visitor came from the headquarters of that manufacture; which enlightenment put an abrupt stop to his flow of fiction. From Constantinople Cobden writes, under date "February 14th, 1837:"

"Do not expect a long or rhapsodical letter from me, for I am at the moment of writing both cold and cross. A copper pan of charcoal is beside me, to which I cannot apply for warmth, because it gives me the headache. There is a hole in the roof, which lets down a current of melted snow, which trickles over my bed and spatters one corner of the table on which I am writing. To complete the agreeable position of the writer, he is lodging in a house where the good man (albeit a tailor!) has a child of every age, from the most disagreeable and annoying of all ages—eighteen months—upwards to ten. My landlady is a bustling little Greek, with a shrill voice which is never tired; but I seldom hear it, because, as her children are generally in full chorus during the whole day, it is only when they are in bed, and she takes advantage of the calm to scold her husband, that her *solo* notes are distinguishable. But you will say that I have very little occasion to spend my time indoors, surrounded as I am by the beauties of Constantinople. Alas! if I sally out, the streets are choked with snow and water; the thoroughfares, which are never clean, are now a thousand times worse than Hanging Ditch, or Deansgate, in the middle of December. If one walks close to the houses, then there are projecting windows from the fronts which just serve to pour an incessant stream of water down on your head and neck: if, to escape drowning, he goes into the middle of the street, then the passenger is up to his knees every step, and sometimes by chance he plunges into a hole of mud and water, from which he must emerge by the charity of some good Turk or Christian. Then, to complete the picture of misery, every man or woman you meet dodges you in order to escape contagion, and it would be as difficult almost in Pera, the Frank quarter, to touch a person, as if the whole population were playing a game of prisoner's base."

Arriving at Athens, after a cruise among the islands, he



was amazed at the smallness of the area once occupied by the States of old renown. His reflections are amusingly characteristic; but while, on the one side, we find a depreciation of classical studies which may be allowed natural in a man whose youth was void of them, on the other we have a panegyric on the ancients which is all the more telling from contrast, and a prophecy with regard to the moderns which, if we may believe recent travellers, is in rapid course of fulfilment.

"What famous puffers those old Greeks were! Half the educated world in Europe is now devoting more thought to the ancient affairs of these Liliputian States, the squabbles of their tribes, the wars of their villages, the geography of their rivulets and hillocks, than they bestow upon the modern history of the South and North Americas, the politics of the United States, and the charts of the mighty rivers and mountains of the New World.

"The antiquities of Athens may be cursorily viewed in half a day. I was not so highly impressed with the merits of these masterpieces from reading and plates, as I found myself to be on looking at the actual remains of those monuments and temples, whose ruins crown the rocky platform of the Acropolis. I am satisfied that there is nothing now in existence which for beauty of design, masterly workmanship, and choice of situation, can compare with that spectacle of grandeur and sublimity which the public temples of ancient Athens presented two thousand years ago. What a genius and what a taste had those people! *And, mind, the genius is there still.* All the best deeds of ancient times will be again rivalled by the Greeks of a future age. Do not believe the lying and slandering accounts which the dulness of some travellers, the envy of Levant merchants, and the Franks of Constantinople utter against the Greek character. The raw material of all that is noble, brilliant, refined, and glorious is still latent in the character of this people: overlaid, as is natural, with the cunning, falsehood, meanness, and other vices inherent in the spirits of slaves.

"Do not, however, fancy that I am predicting the revival of Greek greatness through the means of the present little trumpery monarchy of that name, which will pass away like other bubbles blown by our shallow statesmen. All the East will be Greek, and Constantinople, no matter under what nominal sovereignty it may fall, will, by the force of the indomitable genius of the Greeks, become in fact the capital of that people."

During the whole of this journey Cobden's faculties were constantly at work, receiving impressions, and storing notes on a large variety of subjects in the pigeon-holes of

his capacious memory, to be brought forth and used with telling effect in the campaign which lay straight before him, though still in the dim distance. Coming home by way of Malta and Gibraltar, he formed strong opinions as to the uselessness of much of our naval expenditure,—opinions which, though some of the blemishes of the system have since then been removed, are still worthy of attention and of practical application by any rising reformer.

Cobden was, as we have seen, a good letter-writer, and these travels afforded ample scope for his penmanship. Such practice formed his style, so that when he began to write pamphlets, and letters to the newspapers, he was master of a clear, bold, vivid diction, which carried the reader pleasantly over the field of controversy, and made him a gainer of new ideas without suffering from exhaustion in the endeavour to catch the writer's meaning. The chief scope of his pamphlets at this period was, to demonstrate the absurdity of England continually busying herself in endeavouring to settle the internal concerns of foreign nations, and meddling, all over Europe, with matters in which she had no right to interfere, or to attempt to lay down the law. It was a difficult lesson to be conned by a nation which had but recently, on the field of Waterloo, given such splendid proof of its power and daring persistence in warlike enterprise. Much of what Cobden wrote on the subject was, without doubt, true wisdom, for the reception of which his country was not yet ripe. With much of it men of all parties at the present day will fully agree. Yet there was something to be said on the other side of the question in his time; and it is a fair point for consideration now whether those mighty alterations which we find on the face of Europe,—the freedom of Italy, the constitutionalism of Germany, the steady advance of democratic France, the general decay of imperial absolutism,—would have taken place if England, shutting herself up in her own sea-girt isle, had let oppression pass without protest, and had pushed off from her free shores the hapless refugees who sought shelter from a group of despots.

In calling attention to the "literary excellence" of the two pamphlets, Mr. Morley takes occasion to "point a moral" against "the fanatics of Latin and Greek," as he terms them. He finds Cobden to have been master of a telling, incisive style, which, with the pardonable exaggeration of a dutiful biographer, he asserts not to have been

"surpassed by any man then living in boldness, freedom, correctness, and persuasive moderation." And this enviable style was acquired without the advantage of a classical education. But it may be urged that Cobden's was an exceptional case which proved nothing. If he had not imbibed Latin and Greek at the appropriate period, he had at all events studied writers who had built their style upon the ancient models. He had tried, too, when rising into manhood, to acquire some knowledge of Latin: for his quick perception told him how imperfect his command of his own tongue would be without that auxiliary accomplishment. That he should occasionally have a fling at classical erudition was but natural in one who felt the hopelessness of gaining in busy manhood even an inkling of the linguistic lore which should have been stored up in youth. All honour to Cobden for his excellent achievements under difficulties which would have daunted most other men. Yet, in spite of the ingenious paradoxes of one or two ungrateful sons of the Muses,—writers whose charming pages owe much of their clearness of thought and neatness of expression to the training which they affect to decry,—we cannot but hold that a good grammar-school course would have armed Cobden still more perfectly for the political arena, and perhaps might also have taught him greater patience and consideration for opponents, and softened the dogmatic tone of his public utterances.

Soon after his return from the East, Cobden made his first attempt to enter Parliament. While he was abroad, his brother Frederick had gently hinted at the injury which their business might suffer if public life should lay too firm a hold upon Richard, and withdraw him from the demands of every-day work. But the latter felt the fascination of a special call, and was determined to devote himself to the career of national politics. William IV. was dead; Victoria reigned in his stead; and there was a general election. Cobden courted the suffrages of the borough of Stockport, but was not successful. Probably his views as to factory legislation had something to do with the result. For, while holding that "no child ought to be put to work in a cotton mill at all so early as the age of thirteen years," he also held that, so far as adults were concerned, it was a dangerous thing to ask Parliament to regulate the hours of labour. "I believe," he wrote to

the chairman of his committee, "it is now nearly three hundred years ago since laws were last enforced which regulated or interfered with the labour of the working classes. They were the relics of the feudal ages, and to escape from the operation of such a species of legislation was considered as a transition from a state of slavery to that of freedom. Now it appears to me, however unconscious the advocates of such a policy may be of such consequences, that if we admit the right of the Government to settle the hours of labour, we are in principle going back again to that point from which our ancestors escaped three centuries ago." Such plain utterances were not acceptable to many of the factory "hands," who thought that Parliament should act the part of a highly paternal Government, after the model of the Czar, and manage all their affairs for them. Since Cobden's days State interference has widely extended its area in England, in many points to the disadvantage of both workman and employer, and very much for the benefit of the hangers-on of whichever party happens to be in power, and so has command of the vast patronage, in inspectorships and smaller posts, thrown into its hands on taking office, and serving as sops wherewith to silence its more clamorous adherents.

In 1837-38 Cobden devoted attention to the interests of his business, which had now grown to a great size, and all the more needed his vigour and decision to guide it. But he could not now give up his public pursuits. We quote from Mr. Morley the following interesting sketch of his personal characteristics at this period:

"Even now, when the indispensable work of laying a base of material prosperity was still incomplete, and when his own business might well have occupied his whole attention, he was always thinking much more earnestly about the interests of others than his own. The world of contemporaries and neighbours seldom values or loves this generous and unfamiliar spirit, and the tone of Manchester was in this respect not much higher than that of the rest of the world. It cannot surprise us to learn that for some time Cobden made no great progress in Manchester society. He was extremely self-possessed and self-confident, and as a consequence he was often thought to be wanting in the respect that is due from a young man to his elders, and from a man who has a fortune to make, towards those who have made it. His dash, his freedom of speech, his ardour for new ideas, were taken for signs of levity; and a certain airy carelessness about

dress marked a rebel against the minor conventions of the world. The patient endurance of mere ceremonial was at this time impossible to him. He could not be brought to attend the official dinners given by the Lord of the Manor. When he was selected to serve as assessor at the Court Leet for manorial purposes, though the occasion brought him into contact with men who might have been useful to him in his business, he treated the honour very easily. He sat restlessly on his bench, and then strolled away, after an hour or two had shown him that the proceedings were without real significance. He could not even understand the urgency of more prudent friends that he should return. It was not conceit nor conscious defiance, but the incapacity inborn in so active and serious an intelligence, of contentedly muffling itself even for half a day under idle forms. He was born a political man; his most real interests in the world were wholly in affairs of government and institution, and his dominant passion was a passion for improvement. His whole mind was possessed by the high needs and great opportunities of society, as the minds of some other men have been possessed by the aspirations of religion, and he had as little humour for the small things of worldly punctilio as Calvin or as Knox may have had."

To his indomitable spirit and energy, and his firm faith in the virtues of local representative government, Manchester in great measure owes her incorporation by charter in the autumn of 1838. He threw heart and soul into the struggle which was to deliver the great Lancashire capital from the dominion of the borough-reeve and constable, and enable it to govern itself in its own little Parliament. The new borough was not ungrateful, and showed its sense of his services by choosing him as alderman at its first municipal election. In the contest he tasted the pleasurable excitement of playing an uphill match, and began to realise the power which he possessed for political purposes in his clear head, ready tongue, firm purpose, and unflinching courage. The Chartist outbreaks of the time did not terrify him into reactionary sentiments. He saw that the forces of Liberalism, broken up into little cliques, might easily be concentrated by the attractive influence of one great effort under the legend of one banner. The repeal of the old Corn Laws began to be the leading idea of his programme. "I think," he writes, "the scattered elements may yet be rallied round the question of the Corn Laws. It appears to me that a moral and even a religious spirit may be infused into that topic; and if agitated in the same manner that the question of slavery

has been, it will be irresistible." The memory of the great Anti-Slavery agitation, so vigorously carried on by pen, and pulpit, and platform so many years, and crowned with such glorious success, was fresh in his mind, and furnished a model for the scheme over which he was now brooding.

With his mind full of this vital question of corn, he went for a month's tour on the Continent, and met there with much matter available for his future treatment of the topic. His notes of travel are always interesting, but a tendency is noticeable in them to depreciate his own country in favour of the foreigners among whom he might happen to be journeying. Formerly Switzerland—just now Prussia, with its "beneficent absolutism," as Mr. Morley phrases it—had to be held up for admiration as "the best Government in Europe." All was quiet then, but the following ten years showed that the unnatural stillness was but the death-like calm preluding an earthquake. But though Cobden could not, so long beforehand, detect the elements leading to the great explosions of 1848-9, he made a very shrewd guess as to what would be the ultimate effect of the Zollverein, and as to the high place which Prussia must take in the Germany of the future :

"Although a very rapid one," he writes to his brother, "my journey has given me a better insight into German character and the prospects of central Europe than I could have ever gained from the eyes of others. Prussia must be looked upon as a rising State, whose greatness will be based upon the Commercial League. . . . The effect of the League must inevitably be to throw the preponderating influence over thirty millions of people into the hands of the Cabinet of Berlin. . . . A common standard of weights and measures, as well as of money, is preparing, and these being assimilated, and the revenue received from Prussia, whose literature and modes will become the standard for the other portions of Germany, what shall prevent this entire family of one common language, and possessing perfect freedom of intercourse, from merging into one nation? In fact, they are substantially one nation now, and their remaining subdivisions will become by-and-by only imaginary; and some Radicals will hereafter propose, as we have done in Manchester, to get rid of the antiquated boundaries of the *townships* of Hesse, Oldenburg, &c., and place the whole under one Common Council at Berlin. There are heads in Berlin which have well reflected upon this, and their measures will not disappoint their country."



His letters from London, in the summer of 1837, contain clever sketches of many of the political notabilities of the day, to whom he was now introduced :

*Grote*.—"I was yesterday introduced to Mrs. and Mr. Grote at their house. I use the words 'Mrs. and Mr.,' because she is the greater politician of the two. He is a mild and philosophical man, possessing the highest order of moral and intellectual endowments, but wanting something which, for need of a better phrase, I shall call *devil*. He is too abstract in his tone of reasoning, and does not aim to influence others by any proof excepting that of ratiocination ; *tusymusy*, as Braham calls it, he is destitute of. Had she been a man, she would have been the leader of a party ; he is not calculated for it."

*Molesworth*.—"I met at their house (which, by the way, is the great resort of all that is clever in the Opposition ranks) Sir W. Molesworth, a youthful, florid-looking man of foppish and conceited air, with a pile of head at the back (firmness) like a sugar-loaf. I should say that a cast of his head would furnish one of the most singular illustrations of phrenology. For the rest he is not a man of superior talents, and let him *say* what he pleases, there is nothing about him that is democratic in principle."

*Roebuck*.—"I spent a couple of hours with Roebuck at his house. He is a clever fellow, but I find that his mind is more active than powerful. He is apt to take lawyer-like views of questions, and, as you may see by his speeches, is given to cavilling and special pleading."

The years 1839 and 1840 were specially important ones in Cobden's life. The former witnessed the foundation of the Anti-Corn-Law League, from which his name is inseparable ; and in the latter he formed a matrimonial alliance with Miss Williams, a young Welsh lady of great beauty. The League was created out of the fragments of the old Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Association, and proved itself much more vigorous than its parent. A campaign was at once undertaken, and a small band of effective lecturers were sent out to travel through England, and argue, and enlighten, and convince wherever practicable. They soon found this to be no easy task. Their experience in political propagandism faintly recalls the incidents of evangelic itinerancy a hundred years before. For instance :

"At Arundel the mayor refused the use of the town hall, on the ground that the lecture would make the labourers discontented ; and the landlord refused the use of his large room on the ground that, if he granted it, he should lose his customers. A



landowning farmer went further, and offered a bushel of wheat to anybody who would throw the lecturer into the river. At Petersfield, a paltry little borough in Hampshire, almost in sight of Cobden's birthplace, either spite or the timidity of political bondage went so far that when the lecturer returned, after his harangue in the market-place, to the Dolphin, Boar, or Lion, where he had taken his tea and ordered his bed, the landlord and landlady peremptorily desired him to leave their house. In the eastern counties, again, they were usually well received by the common people, but vexed and harassed by the authorities. At Louth they were allowed to deliver their address in the town hall one night, but as the lecturer had the fortune to discomfit a local magnate in the discussion which followed, the permission which had been given to use the hall on the next night was arbitrarily withdrawn, and the lecturers were driven to say what they had come to say from a gig in the market-place. Nor was this the end of the adventure. As they were about to leave the town, they were served with a warrant for causing an obstruction in a thoroughfare; they were brought before the very magnate over whom they had won so fatal a victory, and by him punished with a fine. At Stamford they were warned that the mob would tear them to pieces; but they protected themselves with a body-guard, and the mob was discovered to be less hostile than a small band of people who ought to have deserved the name of respectable. At Huntingdon the town clerk was the leader in provoking an outrageous disturbance which forced the lecturer to give up the ground. In the Duke of Newcastle's country, at Newark and at Retford, there was not an innkeeper who dared to let the lecturer a room; and at Worksop, not only could the lecturer not find a room, nor a printer who should dare to print a placard, but he was assaulted by hired bullies in the street."

The reader could almost fancy he was perusing a page out of Wesley's Journals, instead of a record of scenes in the middle of the nineteenth century.

It was about this time (1839) that Cobden made certain alterations in his business arrangements, which, though planned with the best and most unselfish intentions, proved a source of much anxiety in subsequent years. Breaking up his old partnerships at Watling Street and at Sabden, he formed a new partnership with his brother Frederick, to carry on his warehouse in Manchester, and his print-works at Crosse Hall, near Chorley. And then, when the new firm specially required the energy and judgment of its principal member, he was carried away in the vortex of a great national agitation.

The agitation against the Corn Laws was based on the principle that it was not only absurd, but wrong, to try to keep out, by heavy imposts, the very articles of which the country stood in constant and pressing need. History had shown, by repeated instances, how dangerous it was for any form of Government to tamper with the free, unfettered supply of the necessities of life, especially of its "staff," bread. The common people of England were at this time suffering much from the scarcity and consequent dearness of wheat and other breadstuffs; and their distress was heightened by the paucity of employment and the lowness of wages. There was, too, throughout the country, a notable stirring among the dry bones. While in the region of religious and political thought there was great activity, the lower elements of society were in an unusual state of fermentation. Now was the time for unscrupulous agitators to gain excitable audiences, and, mixing up the practicable with the impracticable, the desirable with the dangerous, to lead on the uninstructed and poverty-stricken workman to deeds of violence. The England of to-day is not perfect; the millennium has by no means yet arrived amongst us; yet we, as a nation, may look with some pride on the advance made by our artisans in the few years that have elapsed since Cobden started on his career as a speaker on public questions. Had he been alive, we can well imagine the delight with which, notwithstanding his prejudices against Trades' Unions, he would have welcomed into Parliament such men as Mr. Burt and the late Mr. Macdonald; and the pleasure with which he would have witnessed the rational, statesmanlike proceedings of various associations of operatives nowadays. Very different was the spirit of many of the workmen in his earlier days. Throughout his struggle in favour of free bread, his most bitter enemies were found amongst those who, but for their ignorance and short-sightedness, should have been his stalwart supporters. Misled by such men as Feargus O'Connor, the half-starved operative got to think that his best remedy for his hard lot lay in a revolutionary resetting of the whole frame of Government with the dangerous tool of physical force.

And, indeed, we can scarcely wonder that rude, unlettered men could not understand the beauty and fitness of laws which, made in favour of landowners and farmers, left the bulk of the people at their mercy in point of food. Wheat

might be rotting in the granaries of far-distant ports, or might waste unharvested on thousands of continental acres: still the foreign grain must be kept out by a high duty, in order that one class, at all events, might have an adequate interest on the capital sunk in the production of breadstuffs; and the poor man must become still poorer because his miserable wages would only purchase half a loaf to every whole one that they ought to procure for him.

We will not say that Cobden took at first that broadly humane view of the subject which soon became the most telling argument in the mouths of Anti-Corn-Law orators. His character stands too high, his nature was too kindly, to be charged with lack of feeling towards any class of his fellow men. But we can scarcely take Mr. Morley's putting of the case, and credit Cobden with having risen at once to the height of the true philanthropic standpoint in his consideration of the evils consequent on the Corn Laws. His whole soul was imbued with ideas for the improvement and increase of the trade and commerce of his country; and his first impact upon the Corn Laws would naturally be on the point of their interference with the labour which, as it seemed to him, it was necessary for the English manufacturer to have as cheap as possible, in order to compete successfully with the foreigner. Mr. Morley, with proper zeal, repudiates the notion that his friend ever entertained such a narrow view of the matter. But, in default of other evidence, we can only take Cobden's words in their natural significance, as applying to his own personal experience, when he said at Manchester, in October, 1843: "I am afraid that most of us entered upon this struggle with the belief that we had some distinct class-interest in the question, and that we should carry it by a manifestation of our will in this district, against the will and consent of other portions of the community." He was, indeed, of too open and transparent a nature to be ashamed to avow the narrow scope of the views from which the great agitation had arisen. As its promoters came more and more on to public platforms, and had to face opposition and reply to argument, their ideas grew broader, and their thoughts and desires acquired a national instead of a local colouring.

No man rose more rapidly than Cobden to the level of the great cause which he now took into his care and made

his own. It seemed as if his whole life had been one unceasing preparation for heading the fiery struggle. The privations of his early years, his desk life in London, his commercial journeyings, his travels abroad, the self-culture which he had ever kept closely in view,—all tended to fit him for a clear insight into every bearing of the topic which he now appropriated, and for a successful advocacy of the claims of his countrymen on the bread question.

In June, 1841, Lord Melbourne's Ministry being defeated, a general election took place, and Stockport would take no denial from Cobden, but put him forward as its popular candidate. He yielded to the pressure exercised, not unwillingly perhaps,—for he could not but be conscious of his fitness for the Parliamentary arena,—yet still, we may suppose, with some forebodings of the disastrous consequences from his public occupations to his private business. If he had time for any calm thought on the matter, he must have admitted to himself that his brother and partner, much as he loved him and wished to advance his interests, was not fitted to conduct a large business, and that his own unjaded exertions were needed to bring the undertaking to a success. But, on the other hand, he also saw that the movement against the Corn Laws wanted a head, or the heterogeneous constituents of the League would soon be disintegrated and scattered. He had a strong hope of serving his country well, and a dim one of not neglecting his own business. To his brother, who had been abroad, he felt bound to address an apologetic letter on the occasion of winning his new honours,—honours which might have seemed utterly out of the reach of the poor little scholar of "Dotheboys Hall."

"I am afraid you will be vexed on landing in England to find me Member for Stockport. I had fully, as you know, determined not to go into Parliament. I stood out. . . . I was over-persuaded by my Manchester partisans, and have yielded, and the election is secure. You must not vex yourself, for I am quite resolved that it shall not be the cause of imposing either additional expense on my mode of living, or any increased call upon my time for public objects. I did not dream of this, as you very well know."

Parliament met in August, and on the 25th of that month Cobden made his first speech before his new and unpleasantly critical audience. For a man of his nervous

temperament it was a necessity that he should make an early plunge into the torrent of debate, and not linger shivering on the brink, unless he intended to be altogether a silent member. He had at his back the wondrous advantage of being a practised speaker to large assemblages, and one who could keep a cool head amid the excitement of a crowd. Amongst other statements which went outside of the routine oratory of the ordinary politician, he told the House that "the family of a nobleman paid to the bread-tax about one halfpenny on every hundred pounds of income, while the effect of the tax on the family of the labouring man was not less than twenty per cent." Only a few days previously a great meeting of ministers of several denominations had been held at Manchester, and their testimony as to the destitution prevalent throughout the country lost none of its force when condensed and pointed by Cobden in this remarkable speech; which, by its earnestness and freedom from party bias, startled a House accustomed to talk of a different calibre, and was read next morning with enthusiastic appreciation by his constituents in the North, who fancied that arguments so cogent and so well put must have speedy effect upon the armies of the aliens. Yet this was but the beginning of a long campaign of five years, during which Peel, the great leader of the landed interest, held the balance of power, and was himself rapidly converted to the policy of the man from Manchester.

It was about this time that Cobden acquired a noble coadjutor and an affectionate friend in one whose name is inseparably associated with his own,—the eloquent John Bright. We quote the great Friend's account of the beginning of their acquaintance. In 1836-37 Mr. Bright had gone over to Manchester, to call on Cobden,—

"To ask him if he would be kind enough to come to Rochdale, and to speak at an education meeting which was about to be held in the schoolroom of the Baptist chapel in West Street, of that town. I found him in his office in Mosley Street. I introduced myself to him. I told him what I wanted. His countenance lit up with pleasure to find that there were others that were working in this question, and he without hesitation agreed to come. He came, and he spoke; and though he was then so young as a speaker, yet the qualities of his speech were such as remained with him so long as he was able to speak at all—clearness, logic, a conversational eloquence, a persuasiveness which, when con-

joined with the absolute truth which there was in his eye and in his countenance—a persuasiveness which it was almost impossible to resist.

“In September, 1841, I was at Leamington, and I was, on the day when Mr. Cobden called upon me—for he happened to be there at the time on a visit to some relatives—I was in the depths of grief, I might almost say of despair; for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said, ‘There are thousands of houses in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now,’ he said, ‘when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed.’ I accepted his invitation. I knew that the description he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description. I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted his invitation, and from that time we never ceased to labour hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made.”

In Mr. Bright Cobden secured for the service of the League a sturdy, indomitable battler for whatever he held to be the right. His own oratory was clear, argumentative, and intellectually persuasive; but it lacked the impassioned fervour necessary to attract and sway a popular audience. What was wanting in it was abundantly supplied by the young orator who now threw in his lot with him, and strove to blunt the keenness of his own sorrow by devoting himself to lessening the sorrows and privations of others. Scarcely able, when on his legs, to bridle in the vehemence of his indignation against the monopolists, Mr. Bright’s wrath lent a power to his denunciations and appeals which had a far greater charm for most hearers than the persuasive ratiocinations of Mr. Cobden. Each was necessary to the other, and to the success of the cause; for, while all were fascinated by the grand, impassioned eloquence of Mr. Bright, the shrewd reasoning, strong facts, candid and business-like manner of the older speaker told lastingly on the more thoughtful and cautious amongst their listeners.

Though Cobden’s speeches neither were adorned with flowers of rhetoric, nor soared on the wings of imagination, he yet—his biographer reminds us—“was naturally inclined to think of the conclusions of his logic in poetised forms.”



The following lines of Cowper were specially dear to him, as clothing in beautiful language the Free Trade doctrine of reciprocity:

"Again: the band of commerce was design'd  
To associate all the branches of mankind,  
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,  
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.  
Wise to promote whatever end He means,  
God opens fruitful Nature's various scenes:  
Each climate needs what other climes produce,  
And offers something to the general use:  
No land but listens to the common call,  
And in return receives supply from all.  
This genial intercourse and mutual aid  
Cheers what were else an universal shade,  
Calls Nature from her ivy-mantled den,  
And softens human rock-work into men."

And from the same gentle bard he was fond of quoting the fine lines on liberty:

"'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower  
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,  
And we are weeds without it. All constraint  
Except what wisdom lays on evil men  
Is evil."

There was one point in which Cobden always considered himself as enjoying an important advantage as an agitator; and that was in his being a member of the Established Church. "He used to tell of men who came up to him and declared that their confidence in him dated from the moment when they learnt that he was a Churchman." It is very possible; for men are still in existence whose minds are of a similarly trustful order. Mr. Morley philosophises on the fact in the following manner:

"It was, perhaps, a greater advantage to him than he knew. However little we may admire a State establishment of religion, it is certain that where such an establishment happens to exist, those who have been brought up in it, and have tranquilly conformed to its usages, escape one source of a certain mental asperity and the spirit of division. This is no credit to them or to the institution. Nay, one strong reason why some disapprove of systems of ecclesiastical privilege, is exactly that in modern societies it necessarily engenders this spirit of division. But in itself the spirit of division is no element of strength, but rather



of weakness, for one whose task is to touch doubtful or unwilling hearers."

But, however ingenious these observations may seem, a more just and natural reflection would be, that Cobden's Dissenting hearers and helpers, in taking no exception to his Churchmanship, evinced a greater liberality of soul than those of his own persuasion who came to him and confessed they could not have believed in him if he had not "followed with" them in ecclesiastical matters. To minds of such quality Cobden's Churchmanship was the hallmark stamping the fact that he possessed just a "respectable" amount of religion, without being troubled with a Nonconformist's eager anxiety on spiritual subjects. And, indeed, Cobden seems to have been rather defective in his perception of the higher class of truths. As Mr. Morley puts it,—

"There is scanty evidence of anything like an intense spirituality in his nature; he was neither oppressed nor elevated by the mysteries, the aspirations, the remorse, the hope, that constitute religion. So far as we can have means of knowing, he was not of those who live much in the Unseen. But for moral goodness, in whatever association he came upon it, he had a reverence that came from his heart of hearts."

To his correspondent George Combe Cobden almost apologises for having a certain quantity of religious feeling; at the same time complimenting that phrenological enthusiast for predicating his possession of "much veneration" when mapping out his head. Certainly it would have been more "striking" if Combe had found Cobden to be utterly destitute of a faculty which is bestowed on every man of sound make and mind, and which, in his case, had happily been called into play by his good mother, "an energetically pious woman," whom he was not ashamed to quote as his guide in matters of the highest import.

We cannot pursue in detail the incidents of the long fight, in the House of Commons and all over the land, with the corn monopolists. At the onset it was thought by Cobden's enthusiastic supporters that the Protectionist stronghold was about to fall at the first blast of his trumpet. His "pluck" and "go" were to carry Peel and all his followers as captives strung to his triumphal car. Much was expected from the new Corn Law which Sir Robert promised early in 1842; and when this proved to be only a

considerable modification of the old one, bitter disappointment prevailed over the gratitude which should accompany even small mercies. Yet this new Corn Law was followed by a Budget which at once should have proclaimed Sir Robert Peel to be the great apostle of Free Trade, abating, as it did, the duty on *seven hundred and fifty articles!* But Cobden was just then too blinded with the smoke of conflict to appreciate the Premier's noble step in advance.

The end of 1842 and beginning of 1843 found Cobden making a princely progress through Scotland, whose chief cities insisted on conferring their freedom upon the popular leader of the Anti-Corn-Law movement. He seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his reception; and no doubt his Scottish tour strengthened his nerves a little for the excitement which awaited him in the House of Commons, where one of the early incidents of the session was a "scene" with Sir Robert Peel, produced by the sharply-pointed language in which Cobden too much delighted.

So the years rolled on. Cobden's time was fully occupied, and his physical and mental powers were tried to the utmost, in conducting the agitation, attending "monster meetings," and taking a prominent part in such Parliamentary debates as touched on his peculiar province. The metal of the man was brought to the most crucial test, and it was found to be without other alloy than that which must attach to the most perfect of our erring race. Never has politician been known more whole-hearted in the cause he advocated; never one more thoroughly disinterested. And while his conduct, public and private, when subjected to the intense glare of a popular agitation, shone forth pure and steady as ever, the fine qualities of his intellect seemed to acquire fresh keenness and polish from the heat and friction of the ordeal. His Parliamentary opponents, who, with crass but comical ignorance, both of the man and of the epithet, had sneered at him as "the Methodist parson," now acknowledged him to be a foeman worthy of the steel of their greatest leader; while some of the noisier partisans, boldly meeting him for once on country platforms, shied off ignominiously—like Sir John Tyrrell—from a second encounter with his sharply cleaving weapons.

In 1845 Cobden's business, left almost entirely in incompetent hands, came near to wreck; and he had resolved on the bitter alternative of leaving public life altogether, just when the cause of the League was about to triumph.

But his staunch comrade, Mr. Bright, on hearing from himself his gloomy resolution, at once wrote to him a beautiful letter of sympathy and pleading, hastened from Scotland to his side, and procured him sufficient money aid to tide him over his present difficulties.

The autumn of that year brought with it events which carried Cobden's popularity to its highest point, and unmistakably proved the soundness of his principles, and the necessity that they should at once be carried into action. In Ireland the potato crop had totally failed, and a famine was the imminent result. The Premier was viewing its approach with anxious gaze, and at length called together his Cabinet, and proposed to summon Parliament, and then carry a measure for the suspension, for a time, of the duty on imported corn. His Cabinet, however, were divided in opinion; and meantime Lord John Russell, seeing a fair opportunity for a move on the political chessboard, wrote his celebrated Edinburgh letter, in which he virtually gave in his adhesion to the principle of Free Trade in corn. Sir Robert resigned, and Lord John attempted to form an Administration, offering Cobden the humble position of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. Cobden received the small overture kindly, but would not accept the post; and Lord John was ultimately glad to turn over the troublesome task of forming a Ministry to the only man who had then the power to carry the abrogation of the food tax. Peel resumed office after a fortnight's interregnum, and, though losing an eloquent lieutenant in the Lord Stanley of that day, placed before the Parliament of 1846 a measure for the total, though not immediate, repeal of the Corn Laws. For three years a moderate duty, on a sliding scale, was to be retained, and then the principles of the League were to be fully carried out. In the debate on the Ministerial proposition Cobden made one of his most telling speeches, assuring the Protectionists, who talked of an appeal to the country, that their party was broken up, and that they had not "the slightest probability of gaining a numerical majority;" and that even if they did, the moral preponderance of public opinion against them would make them "shrink aghast."

It is unnecessary to mention the cabals and complications which seemed likely to throw out the Corn Bill. It was finally carried in the House of Commons on May 16th, 1846, by a majority of ninety-eight :

"The Bill," writes Cobden home, "is now out of the House, and will go up to the Lords on Monday. I trust we shall never hear the name of 'Corn' again in the Commons. There was a good deal of cheering and waving of hats when the Speaker put the question, 'That this Bill do now pass?' Lord Morpeth, Macaulay, and others came and shook hands with me, and congratulated me on the triumph of our cause."

On June 26th he writes again :

"MY DEAREST KATE,—Hurrah ! hurrah ! the Corn Bill is law, and now my work is done. I shall come down to-morrow morning by the six o'clock train, in order to be present at a Council meeting at three, and shall hope to be home in time for a late tea."

The same night on which the Corn Bill passed the Lords, Sir Robert Peel's Coercion (Irish) Bill was defeated in the Commons by a combination of disappointed Protectionists with the Liberal Opposition. Three days later the great Minister announced his resignation in a dignified speech, in which, while doing justice to his own patriotic motives, he pronounced this eulogium on Mr. Cobden—generous, if a little cumbrous :

"In reference to our proposing these measures, I have no wish to rob any person of the credit which is justly due to him for them. But I may say that neither the gentlemen sitting on the benches opposite, nor myself, nor the gentlemen sitting round me,—I say that neither of us are the parties who are strictly entitled to the merit. There has been a combination of parties, and that combination of parties, together with the influence of the Government, has led to the ultimate success of the measures. But, sir, there is a name which ought to be associated with the success of these measures : it is not the name of the noble lord the member for London, neither is it my name. Sir, the name which ought to be, and which will be associated with the success of these measures is the name of a man who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has advocated their cause with untiring energy, and by appeals to reason, expressed by an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned—the name which ought to be and will be associated with the success of these measures is the name of RICHARD COBDEN. Without scruple, sir, I attribute the success of these measures to him."

We can easily believe that Cobden was by no means sorry when the chief struggle of his political life was over,

and he was able to attend freely to the interests of his health and of his family. His health had been seriously shaken by the arduous campaign of the previous year; and just before the opening of the Parliament of 1846 he had been laid up with a distressing affection of head, ears, and throat, brought on by excess of speaking to immense audiences in the open air, and in vast and draughty halls. Indeed, for the remainder of his life he suffered much from deafness and hoarseness. Being obliged to "unstring the bow gradually," he began to mix a little more with London society, thus getting variety of scene, and resuming his old habit of taking note of incident and character. Evidently he enjoyed the change; for, after dining with Lord John Russell and a select party, he expresses a fear that, if he associates much with the aristocracy, they will spoil him. "I am," he writes, "already half seduced by the fascinating ease of their parties." Breakfasting with the poetic Monckton Milnes—now Lord Houghton—he meets Suleiman Pasha, Prince Louis Napoleon, Count D'Orsay, D'Israeli, "and a queer party of odds and ends." The Pasha, "a strong-built, energetic-looking man of sixty," fought one of his battles over again "with forks, spoons, and tumblers upon the table in a very animated way." But "the young Napoleon," whom in after years he found to be such an apt and intelligent pupil in the principles of Free Trade, he pronounces to be "evidently a weak fellow, but mild and amiable." The world had yet to learn how much, for good and for evil, lay hid under that sphinx-like mask.

It was about this time that a large sum of money—between seventy-five and eighty thousand pounds—was collected and presented as a national testimonial to one who had successfully devoted himself to the service of a great public cause. Cobden could not but accept this splendid offering; but he expresses his honest reluctance in the following sentences addressed to his friend, George Combe:

"I do not like to be recompensed for a public service at all, and I am sensible that my moral influence will be impaired by the fact of my receiving a tribute in money from the public. I should have preferred either to have refused it, or to have done a glorious service by endowing a college. But as an honest man, and as a father and a husband, I cannot refuse to accept the money. You will probably be surprised when I tell you that I

have shared the fate of nearly all leaders in revolutions or great reforms, by the complete sacrifice of my private prospects in life. In a word, I was a poor man at the close of my agitation. I shall not go into details, because it would involve painful reminiscences; but suffice it to say that whilst the Duke of Richmond was taunting me with the profits of my business, I was suffering the complete loss of my private fortune; and I am not now afraid to confess to you that my health of body and peace of mind have suffered more in consequence of private anxieties during the last two years than from my public labours."

In August, 1846, Cobden, accompanied by his wife, started on his projected tour, from which he did not return till October of the next year, having been absent from England fourteen months, and having traversed France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Russia. Everywhere he was received with such honours—kings, ambassadors, statesmen, all making much of him—that Mrs. Cobden declared it fortunate that her husband had not too high an opinion of himself, or else his head would have been turned by so many attentions. He reverted to his old practice of writing copious diaries; and his faculty for gaining fresh knowledge, and reviving his former stock, seems to have been as keen as ever. One of his notes at Paris records how he engaged his old French master, Domville, to give him an hour's instruction every morning during his stay there; from diligent use of which opportunity, as Mr. Morley tells us, he "succeeded in acquiring a really good command over the French language for colloquial and other purposes." While at St. Petersburg, he learnt that he had been returned as member both by his old borough of Stockport, and by the West Riding of Yorkshire. Such a compliment from such a great and enlightened constituency, though somewhat embarrassing, could not be rejected, and Cobden sat as the representative of the West Riding for ten years.

While he was abroad, one or two of his friends wound up his business for him, and a large portion of the handsome testimonial was absorbed in the settlement of the outstanding claims. Immediately after his return from his travels he gave up his house in Manchester, and bought the small farm at Dunford on which he was born. Here henceforth was his home, and here his brother Frederick abode with him till his death in 1858.

In public affairs, the old Corn Law having met its fate, "Othello's occupation" might seem to be "gone." But



Cobden at once turned his attention to other points of policy which he held to be of vital importance; and, as Mr. Morley tells us, "his political history, from this time down to the year when they both died, is one long antagonism to the ideas which were concentrated in Lord Palmerston." We cannot pursue the story of these contests, which are too recent and too much interwoven with the party struggles of the present day to be here dwelt upon. It may be remarked generally, that while Cobden's principles of peace and non-interference were in themselves admirable, he made too little allowance for the exigencies and impulses springing out of the times and the circumstances in the midst of which the most popular of modern Ministers found himself placed. It is pleasant, however, to remember that, oblivious of all the hard things they had said of each other, Lord Palmerston, when forming a Ministry in 1859, pressed Cobden to take office with him, and to become President of the Board of Trade—a post "which" Palmerston declared, "appeared to me to be the one best suited to your views, and to the distinguished part which you have taken in public life." Cobden declined the office, and, calling on Lord Palmerston, explained his motives, "plainly and frankly." His own account of the interview is creditable to both of these true Englishmen. One argument Cobden found it very difficult to answer:

"You and your friends complain," said the old statesman, "of a secret diplomacy, and that wars are entered into without consulting the people. Now it is in the Cabinet alone that questions of foreign policy are settled. We never consult Parliament till *after* they are settled. If, therefore, you wish to have a voice in those questions, you can only do so in the Cabinet."

In 1860 Cobden had the gratification of seeing the Commercial Treaty, which he had suggested, planned, worked out and negotiated between England and France, laid before Parliament, and approved of. "Rare," said Mr. Gladstone, when explaining its provisions to the House, "is the privilege of any man who, having fourteen years ago rendered to his country one signal and splendid service, now again within the same brief span of life, decorated neither by rank nor title, bearing no mark to distinguish him from the people whom he serves, has



been permitted again to perform a great and memorable service to his country." The Treaty simply broke in upon the French system of protection, and left many points to be settled a little later on; so that Cobden had more than six months of toilsome work on the English Commission, which had to contest the ground inch by inch, in order to get the various duties fixed at the lowest possible amount. The result was a marvellous triumph for Free Trade principles in both countries.

Of Cobden's private life the most trying incident took place in April, 1856, in the sudden illness and death of his only son, a boy of great promise, far away from home, at Weinheim, near Heidelberg. To himself the dreadful announcement came as a blow from which there could be no complete recovery in this world; and the effect upon his wife was for a time still more disastrous:

"When the first hours were over, and the unhappy mother realised the miserable thing that had befallen her, she sat for many days like a statue of marble, neither speaking nor seeming to hear; her eyes not even turning to notice her little girl, whom they placed upon her knee, her hair blanching with the hours. . . . His anguish at the blighting of his own love and hope was made keener by the strange torpor which now and for long afflicted his wife. His tenderness and devotion to her in the midst of all this agony were unremitting and inexhaustible. Six weeks after the fatal news had come, he was able to write to his brother-in-law: 'I have not been out of her sight for an hour at a time (except at the funeral) since we learnt our bereavement; and I do not believe she would have been alive and in her senses now, if I had not been able to lessen her grief by sharing it.' And this urgent demand upon his sympathies and attention continued beyond weeks, into months."

In 1858 Cobden paid a second visit to America, chiefly on private business. It was about this period of his life that the late Mr. Thomason, of Bolton, hearing of his financial embarrassments, came to his help, and generously paid off a loan which troubled him, to the amount of several thousand pounds. Subsequently this kind friend, on the occurrence of a similar difficulty, insisted on Cobden's acceptance of a still larger sum, for which he would take no acknowledgment. After the death of this munificent donor, a little memorandum of his advances was found among his papers, accompanied with these memorable words:

"I lament that the greatest benefactor of mankind since the inventor of printing should be placed in a position where his public usefulness is compromised and impeded by sordid personal cares; but I have done something as my share of what is due to him from his countrymen to set him free for further efforts in the cause of human progress. My children will hereafter be proud that their father at all events recognised his claims. Their fortunes are to a great extent the result of Richard Cobden's sacrifices."

In 1860 a group of his intimate friends took counsel together, and instituted a private subscription, which produced the handsome amount of forty thousand pounds, the contributors numbering between ninety and one hundred persons.

In November, 1864, Cobden, now a little over sixty years of age, went to Rochdale to address his constituents, according to annual custom. The long journey from the south, and the excitement and exertion of addressing an immense audience, told heavily upon his impaired system, and were followed by severe exhaustion. In March of the next year he could not resist the temptation to run up to London for the purpose of taking part in a debate. But immediately on his arrival in town he was prostrated by an attack of asthma, which in a few days became congestive, and was accompanied with bronchitis. On Sunday, the 2nd of April, 1865—

"As the bells of St. Martin's Church were ringing for the morning service, the mists of death began to settle heavily on his brow, and his ardent, courageous, and brotherly spirit soon passed tranquilly away. . . . He was buried by the side of his son in the little churchyard at Lavington, on the slope of the hill among the pine woods. . . . 'Before we left the house,' Mr. Bright has told us, 'standing by me and leaning on the coffin, was his sorrowing daughter, one whose attachment to her father seems to have been a passion scarcely equalled among daughters. She said: "My father used to like me very much to read to him the Sermon on the Mount." His own life was to a large extent—I speak it with reverence and with hesitation—a sermon based upon that best, that greatest of all sermons. His was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice.'"

So ended the career of one of the most remarkable men of this century,—a career not only accompanied with great present results, but exercising mighty influence upon the future. There can be little doubt that within the last few

years public opinion in England has come over very strongly to Mr. Cobden's views on the beauty and righteousness of peace. Henceforth it will be a perilous thing for any statesman to involve the country in unnecessary war. And of how few wars can it be said that they were necessary! Wars of succession, wars for a few yards of frontier, wars for brief and hasty words, wars lest some other power should some day have too much influence in some independent State; let us hope that the day is gone by when we can allow ourselves or our public servants to sound the "horrid alarum of war" for such causes. It was Cobden's desire that war should be refrained from as far as possible, not simply as causing untold suffering to humanity, but also as an economic blunder; the money spent in materials of war being withdrawn from remunerative and wholesome employment. Much of his later parliamentary life was devoted to the furtherance of financial reform by reduction of national expenditure; but as yet this immense Augean stable has suffered no appreciable cleansing, and is still open for the beneficent labours of another Hercules. Cobden's patriotic spirit affords a fine example for imitation; and he will be indeed a notable man who shall surpass him in high aspiration or grand achievement for the good of his country.

---

- ART. II.—1. *New Testament Revision—The New Greek Text.* "Quarterly Review," October, 1881.  
 2. *The Greek Text of the New Testament.* "Contemporary Review," December, 1881.  
 3. *Tischendorf's Narrative of the Discovery of the Sinaitic MS.* Religious Tract Society.  
 4. *Dr. Scrivener and Hammond on Textual Criticism.*  
 5. *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.* By the HON. ROBERT CURZON, JUN. John Murray.

AN article which deals with those curious facts about Bible manuscripts, which throw a halo of romance around that wonderful science of Textual Criticism, which has absorbed so much attention and employed the rare genius and untiring industry of so many distinguished scholars during the past fifty years, could scarcely appear at any time so favourable as the present. Our Revisers have given to the world the fruit of their ten years' work at Westminster, and a general consensus of public approval has marked the high appreciation of their labour. Great fears were felt by some, who were not familiar with the principles of the revision, lest the result should be damaging to the Word of God; but the event has proved how unnecessary those fears were, for truth has gained in clearness and authority by the revision. Of course the praise with which the work has been received is not unmixed.

Amid the general approval one distinguished writer claims to be heard on the other side. In the QUARTERLY REVIEW for October last, an article appeared on the Greek text which the Revisers have adopted, written by one who knows well how to handle the reviewer's cudgel, and spares not to belabour the New Testament Company, and with a running fire of keen criticism, and an immense array of quotations from the Fathers, attacks the position which the Revisers have taken, and the results at which they have arrived.\* The reviewer has indeed, to quote his own phrase,

\* This article has been followed by another in the January number of the QUARTERLY, which deals more particularly with the English of the Revised Version, and tends to strengthen our conviction that the Greek is better than the English of the Revision.

shown himself "more than usually solicitous, *ne quid detrimenti Civitas Dei capiat*," and many will be carried away by the force of style and display of learning which meet them on every page.

It is a serious charge which the reviewer makes when he pens this sentence: "It can never be any question among scholars that a fatal error was committed when a body of divines, appointed to revise the *Authorised English Version* of the New Testament Scriptures, addressed themselves to the solution of an entirely different and far more intricate problem, namely, *the reconstruction of the Greek text*." A little later he expresses his "grave anxiety at the spectacle of an assembly of scholars, appointed to revise a translation, finding themselves called upon, as every fresh difficulty emerged, to develop the skill requisite for revising the *original text*." If this were a true statement of the case our anxiety would be as grave as his; but every one knew that the demand for a Revised Version was largely due to the wonderful discovery of Bible MSS., which has given such zest to the study of Biblical Criticism during the past forty or fifty years, and thrown such a flood of light on many doubtful passages. It is well known that Erasmus, in preparing the text which lies at the basis of our received text of the New Testament, worked in hot haste. He himself says that his edition was *precipitatum verius quam editum*, because the printer wished to forestall the great Polyglott of Cardinal Ximenes. Erasmus used only four manuscripts. One of them was of great value, but its variations from the rest made him suspicious of it, and he confined himself almost entirely to the other three. Under such circumstances it would have been idle to attempt to publish a Revised Version without examination of the manuscripts which have been discovered since Erasmus's time, and therefore we find that the instructions given to the company contained the following rule: "That the *Text* to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating, and that when the text as adopted differs from that from which the *Authorised Version* was made, the alteration be indicated in the margin."

It seems strange that any one who reads this rule should talk about the revision of the original text as a questionable thing; the Revisers would have grossly failed in their duty had they neglected that part of their instructions; and when it was found, as might have been expected, that it

would prove too cumbrous a thing to indicate all the changes in the margin, what was more natural than that they should gather them together in a separate volume—a Greek Testament, with their alterations indicated in it?

The reviewer, too, speaks of the Revisers as needing thus "to develope, as every fresh difficulty emerged, the skill requisite for revising the original text." In that company was Dr. Scrivener, whom the reviewer himself pronounces to be vastly superior in learning, accuracy, and judgment even to the great Tischendorf, Drs. Westcott and Hort, who have given more than thirty years to this study, as well as a host of other eminent scholars familiar with all the bearings of Textual Criticism. Before any change in the text was considered, Dr. Scrivener was asked to open up the matter by stating the facts of the case, and by giving his own judgment on the bearings of the evidence; Dr. Hort followed, and where he differed from Dr. Scrivener gave the reasons for his own opinion, or any additional facts. Is it then fair to say that the Revisers were called to develope, as each point arose, the skill requisite for revising the original text? "At a moment's notice, as if by intuition, these eminent divines undertake to decide which shall be deemed the genuine words of the sacred writer, and which not." The ground was familiar to most of them; they were guided by men who had devoted years of successful work to the study, and it was, therefore, a matter of judging evidence which they could fully understand.

It seems clear, to us at least, that the Quarterly Reviewer has tried to prove too much, and that the Revisers will not suffer, nor their work be less prized, because of his fierce criticism of the principles which have guided them in their labours. In some cases he has strengthened our impression in favour of readings which the New Testament company have rejected; but on these it is natural that opinions should differ when evidence is so nearly balanced. As to his objection to those marginal notes of the Revised Version with which we have grown familiar, "some ancient authorities," "many ancient authorities," "many very ancient authorities read so and so," which he thinks produce on the devout reader and unlearned person an effect the reverse of edifying, never helpful, always perplexing, is it not well that people should be in possession of the facts? Nothing is sacrificed, and the very presence of



such notes raises inquiry which may lead to a keener love and study of the truth. But the most startling feature of the Quarterly Reviewer's article is his attack on the great uncial MSS., to which such a high place has generally been assigned in the settlement of the text. One is B (the Vatican MS.); another is the famous Sinaitic (N) MS.; another is the Paris Codex (C); whilst the last is the Codex Bezae (D), preserved at Cambridge.

About D, valuable as it is sometimes in supporting other MSS., we are all pretty well agreed. At the University a typical page is kept open for visitors, where, after Luke vi. 4, we read about our Lord: "On the same day He beheld a certain man working on the Sabbath, and said unto him, Man, blessed art thou if thou knowest what thou doest; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed and a transgressor of the law." Its paraphrases are evidently unreliable additions to the text. The reviewer has no quarrel with our Alexandrian MS. (A) in the British Museum, which, he says, "is beyond all doubt disfigured by the fewest blemishes of any." He has little respect, however, for the rest. "Singular to relate . . . B N C D, but especially B and N, have within the last twenty years established a tyrannical ascendancy over the imagination of the critics, which can only be fitly spoken of as a blind superstition. It matters nothing that all four are discovered, on careful scrutiny, to differ essentially, not only from ninety-nine out of a hundred of the whole body of extant MSS. besides, but even *from one another*." He claims that these old uncials shall not be allowed to rule the text, but set on the same platform as the rest, and then, when all the evidence is carefully collated, the reading for which there is the preponderating evidence shall be accepted. "*The best supported reading*, in other words, must always be held to be *the true reading*." Now, every one would admit the propriety of this test if he were allowed to put his own interpretation on the words "best supported." The reviewer claims that all the manuscripts shall be thrown into the scale; the great masters of Textual Criticism hold that the evidence of a few of the principal MSS. will sometimes support a reading against a host of other manuscripts. The reviewer seems (see *Contemporary* for December last) to have lost sight of the principle of genealogy. "Introduce this one factor, and it will be seen how the whole fabric of elaborate criticism is shaken to its

base." Special circumstances sometimes caused one MS. to have a large family of descendants in whom we may trace all its own peculiarities, *e.g.*, when Constantinople became the Imperial city of the East, copies of the Scriptures were multiplied there, and thus the text accepted in that city spread far and wide over the East. Would it be fair, then, in weighing the claims of various readings, to throw all these MSS. into the scale against the contemporaries of that original copy whose characteristics they all bear? There are many of them, but they can only be said to prove what was the reading of the text as received in one section of the Church. The whole answer lies here, and without binding ourselves to accept all the conclusions of the Revisers as to special passages, or to repudiate all those of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*, we think it will easily be seen by what has been said, and much more after a perusal of Mr. Sanday's article in the *Contemporary*, that the main position of our Revisers is not shaken by the dashing attack of their learned reviewer.

But enough of this controversy: we must hasten on to some curious facts about those Bible manuscripts which our Revisers have been studying so closely. The intense interest which the discovery of the manuscript on Mount Sinai aroused a few years ago makes one pause a moment to consider what would be the interest if we could find the original manuscripts of the New Testament! How quickly many of our perplexities would vanish if we could study those epistles which St. Paul dictated amidst the cares of his missionary life and imprisonments! They are all gone, and much as one would have liked to see those wonderful letters, with the traces of the Apostle's various moods of hope, and fear, and indignation, as he penned his memorable salutations, there is another side to the question. The blind superstition of the Middle Ages, which received with such unquestioning confidence and worshipped with such blind devotion the relics of saints and apostles, and was not staggered when the wood of the holy cross multiplied so vastly that it would have been enough to build a man-of-war, would have caught at such a relic as a genuine Apostolic letter, and crowded to the shrine where it was preserved with constant offerings. It is something to set against our loss the fact that the Word of God has never been degraded by receiving the blind worship of superstitious veneration.

We have only one manuscript, which without doubt belongs to the first century. It was taken from the ruins of Herculaneum, and contains the works of an Epicurean philosopher, called Philodemus, written on papyrus which is scorched and shrivelled by the fire. This papyrus was made in Egypt in strips about four inches wide, and these strips were joined together to form a roll, so that the book was read by gradually unfolding it. It was cheap and plentiful, and in general use at the time when St. Paul wrote his epistles.

Whence then have all our manuscripts come? The earliest of them date from the fourth century, and we possess more than 1,600 of all kinds and of vastly differing value. To what hands do we owe these precious volumes? The answer introduces us to the first department of curious facts about these MSS.—*curiosities of writing*. What a contrast might be drawn between the preparation of our 1,600 MSS., with their thousands of various readings and the years of labour spent upon them, and the marvellous speed and accuracy with which printing enables us now to multiply copies of the Word of God. Printing could scarcely wish for a fact more eloquent in her praise than the accuracy with which copies of the Scriptures have been multiplied, accuracy so great that various editions have become known by a single slip of the printer, which was the only mistake to be found in the volume, *e.g.*, The Vinegar Bible, which by a misprint spoke of the Parable of the Vinegar, instead of the "Parable of the Vineyard." In thinking of the preparation of our Bible MSS., we find ourselves introduced to monastic life with all its strange experiences. What a wonderful world was that Abbey of Westminster which Dean Stanley so lovingly described in his *Historical Memorials*. In the north cloister sat the abbot with the brethren who were fully initiated into the mysteries of monastic life; in the west cloister the master of the novices and his disciples were busy with the preparatory stages of their work. Here was the shaving place, and if any one could not shave he was reminded of the saying of the philosopher: "For learning what is needful no age seems to me too late." In the Norman monasteries the cloisters, though roofed over, were generally open to all weather; and when the monks were not at service in their church, or assembled in their chapter house, or dining in their refectory, or enjoying in the dormitory the

mid-day sleep which every one was expected to take, they were to be found in the cloisters writing, copying, or listening to such teachers as Lanfranc and Anselm.\* The cells seem to have been occasional retreats, or places where the high officers of the monastery might enjoy a little quiet retirement. When winter came, the monks found it almost impossible to write in the cloisters. Their fingers were pinched by the frost, and writing almost ceased. "Now," says one of these Norman monks, the famous story-teller Orderic, "stiffened with the winter cold, I shall employ myself in other occupations, and, very weary, I propose to finish this present book." Again he tells how the winter frost hindered him from writing, so that he had to content himself with making a few notes till warmer weather should enable him to start again.

Often, however, a *scriptorium* or *domus antiquarii* was found in these monasteries, where the monks laboured on their copies of the classics and the Holy Scriptures. In one of his letters, St. Bernard's secretary describes his little cell, "*Scriptorium*," where he copied books. In such cases the scribe had his exemplar before him. Sometimes, in larger rooms, one monk read aloud while a number of his brethren wrote simultaneously, and thus many more copies were secured. When the work was finished it was carefully compared with the manuscript from which it had been copied, or perhaps with another standard MS. The technical name for these parts of the work was ἀντιβάλλειν and διορθοῦν. The younger monks were generally employed on ordinary books, but "the gospels, psalters, and missals were written by monks of mature age."

Proud enough many of the scribes were of their work. "Of all bodily labours, which are proper for us," one of them says, "that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other; the more so, as in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of homily to the others whom these books may reach. It is preaching with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his

---

\* "St. Anselm," Dean Church.

chair to copy books, travels into different provinces without moving from the spot, and the labour of his hands is felt even where he is not." True enough is this quaint encomium of the copyist's work, and no doubt it comforted these toilers amid their weary years of labour. Many of the MSS. contain a little note expressing the writer's glee on reaching the end of his work; his malediction on any one who should venture to steal or destroy it; or his hope of its future influence. Here are two little outbursts of pleasure at the close of years of toil. "As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book."

"Sweet is it to write the end of any book."

Who would venture to incur the following malediction: "Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the saints, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the halter of Judas! Anathema, Amen." Sometimes other thoughts filled the mind of the writer: "As many, therefore, as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if in aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! Amen." "Keep safe," prays another, "O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book." Many other quaint notes might be added, but there is only room for one—a little Greek note at the close of a MS. in the possession of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, which has been translated thus:

"The hand that wrote doth moulder in the tomb;  
The book abideth till the day of doom."

Very beautiful was the work of some of these monkish transcribers. Angelus Vegerius, who flourished in the sixteenth century, wrote so exquisitely that the type of the Royal Printing House in Paris was modelled after his style, and when any one wrote very beautifully, the highest compliment that could be paid him was to say, "He writes like an angel." Curzon found in one of the monasteries of Mount Athos a splendid manuscript with the text on

every page written in the form of a cross. Two of the pages were written with purple ink, powdered with gold, and it was bound in faded green or blue velvet. It was the custom in the early days of the Greek Church to present three volumes to any new church—the volume of Gospels usually bound in silver gilt and set with gems, or ornamented with ivory, because it always lay on the altar, and the book of the Epistles and the Lessons in simpler binding, because they were kept either in the apsis behind the altar, or in the sacristy of the church. The binders used to protect the precious MSS. with coats of ivory, or of the precious metals, and the corners were decked with bosses containing precious stones, so that Jerome said: "Your books are covered with precious stones, and Christ died naked before the gate of His temple." The books were generally intended to lie flat, and hence the upper cover was made heavy with ornaments to keep the leaves down. Such are some of the *curiosities of writing* which our Bible MSS. recall. What a debt we owe to the monasteries of the Middle Ages. They were the homes of learning and civilisation in dark times when "no one in a whole skin thought of religion." Outside their walls the canker of vice seemed to be spreading through society, war and intrigue were filling Europe with blood: within the monastery men lived as brothers, submitting to a just and generally kind rule, and busy with literary work and other kinds of employment which were to form the nucleus of civilisation, and to lay the whole world under an abiding debt of gratitude. We do not overlook the vices of monastic life, nor forget that it was somewhat selfish to leave the outside world to groan under its sorrows and multiply its sins. If society was corrupt, it needed the more urgently the influence of Christian life to be the salt of the earth. Yet the evils of the time were so terrible that we can scarcely wonder that many of the monks despaired of accomplishing any reformation, and left the world to take its own course. They did a noble work in their secluded cloisters, and nothing they did was nobler, or has been more fruitful in results, than the multiplication of copies of the Word of everlasting life.

The means by which these manuscripts have been brought to light, after having been hidden for centuries, forms one of the most fascinating chapters of literary history. We venture to call it *curiosities of the discovery*



of Bible MSS. The Alexandrian manuscript (A), of which the Quarterly Reviewer speaks so highly, is one of the greatest treasures in our British Museum. It seems to have come from Alexandria, and was presented to Charles I. by Cyril Lucar, patriarch first of Alexandria and then of Constantinople, who tried to introduce the light of the Western Reformation into his own Church, but was thwarted in his work, and at last murdered by the plots of the Jesuits. The Vatican manuscript was first distinctly heard of in a letter from Sepulveda to Erasmus. We know that for eighty years or more it had been lying in the Vatican, but it is impossible to trace its history further. The best idea of the way in which so many manuscripts have been gathered may be obtained from a volume by the Honourable Robert Curzon (afterwards Baron de la Zouch), *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, which John Ruskin describes as the most delightful book of travels he ever read. The East boasts a wonderful store of MSS. in private and monastic libraries. In Roumania, for example, Dr. Scrivener has learnt, on thoroughly trustworthy authority, that the houses of the noble families whose ancestors fled from Constantinople, before the Turks took their city, are full of Biblical and theological works which they brought with them to their exile. Mr. Curzon was familiar with the story of a Russian or French traveller who was in pursuit of MSS., and found himself at last in a great Bulgarian monastery, near the town of Cavalla. The traveller had been informed that he might expect to find rich treasures here, and was quite dismayed when he was told by the agoumenos, or abbot, that there were no MSS. "The agoumenos begged his guest to enter with the monks into the choir, where the almost continual church service was going on, and there he saw the double row of long-bearded holy fathers, shouting away at the chorus of *Κυrie ελεησον, Χριστε ελεησον*, which occurs almost every minute, in the ritual of the Greek Church." He was abundantly rewarded, for he discovered that the monks were standing on ponderous tomes to save themselves from the cold of the marble floor. One of these tomes was in uncial letters, others were full of illuminations of the earliest date. Having provided comfortable hassocks for the poor monks, he was allowed to take all these precious volumes away. What more was needed to rouse the ardour of one like Curzon! Wealthy, learned, full of the spirit of adventure,

and able to command leisure for these journeys to the monasteries of the Levant, he set off on his search. It is not certain whether the curious story which we have just told is true, but we shall see that Mr. Curzon's experiences are not less wonderful than the incident there described.

In March, 1837, he left Cairo for the Coptic monasteries lying in the desert of Nitria, that great resort of monks and anchorites in the fourth century. It was a difficult matter in those days to find a boat to take him down the Nile, but at last two English gentlemen, on their way from China to England, gave him a passage in their boat to the nearest village on the Nile, and here he hired camels and started for the convent of Baramous. He found little there, for the place was in ruin, and the two or three half-starved monks who were left had nothing to give their guest, but were glad to share the rice and other provisions which he had brought with him for his journey. Forty or fifty Coptic MSS. on cotton paper were lying on the floor, "to which several of them adhered firmly, as they had not been moved for years," but he could only find one leaf on vellum. At the monastery of Souriani he was more fortunate. After a night's rest, which was a great comfort to him, because on the two former nights he had almost been devoured by legions of monastic fleas, he went with the old agoumenos, who was blind, and had always an attendant monk, into a little upper room, where he found several fine MSS. "One of these was a superb copy of the Gospels, with commentaries by the early fathers of the Church; two others were doing duty as coverings to a couple of large open pots or jars, which had contained preserves, long since evaporated." These he was allowed to purchase, but a fine Coptic and Arabic dictionary, lying on the floor, he could not secure. He placed it carefully in one of the niches of the wall, and some years afterwards one of his friends managed to purchase it for him and forward it to England.

From the library the abbot and his attendant went with Curzon to his room, and sipping their cups of sweet pink rosoglio they chatted pleasantly about the past. Curzon knew that next to gold there was no surer passport to the favour of the monks than a bottle of spirits, for though they think that Scripture forbids the use of wine, it says nothing about ardent spirits, which were not invented so early. As the abbot grew confiding, his visitor began

to inquire about the oil-cellar of the monastery, where he had been told that some valuable MSS. were preserved. "Ah!" said the abbot, "I remember the days when it overflowed with oil, and then there were I do not know how many brethren here with us. But now we are few and poor; bad times are come over us: we are not what we used to be." The promise of a few bottles of rosoglio soon made the abbot show Curzon the oil-cellar. A range of immense vases stood there, but not a book could be seen. Searching carefully around the room Curzon discovered a narrow door which opened into a small stone-vaulted closet, "which was filled to the depth of two feet or more with the loose leaves of the Syriac MSS. which now form one of the chief treasures of the British Museum. Digging into this mass of leaves, Curzon and his servants managed to find four books, when the monks pulled out a tremendous manuscript of prodigious weight. Bound as it was with a cord they thought it was some box, and rushed with their treasure to the light, leaving Curzon and his servants to grope their way in the darkness with the volumes they had found. On the battlements of the tower the picturesque group waited to search their supposed treasure. "First there was the old grey-bearded abbot, leaning on his staff, surrounded with three or four Coptic monks, holding in their hands the lighted candles with which we had explored the recesses of the oil-cellar; there was I, dressed in the long robes of a merchant of the East, with a small book in the breast of my gown, and a big one under each arm; and there were my servants armed to the teeth, and laden with old books; and one and all we were so covered with dirt and wax from top to toe, that we looked more as if we had been up the chimney than like quiet people engaged in literary researches."

Standing on the battlements, Curzon's attention was caught by some curious sounds like a strange howling noise among the trees, and he found that the chapel and library of an Abyssinian monastery were close at hand. The library well repaid his visit, for it was one of the most remarkable in the country. There were nearly fifty volumes, and as the entire literature of Abyssinia does not reach more than one hundred volumes, it was evident that this was a valuable collection. The books were bound in red leather, or wooden boards, then placed in a case tied up with leather thongs; to this case a strap was fastened

for the convenience of carrying it on the shoulders. Wooden pegs projected from the walls, and three or four of these cases were hung upon one peg, in the common dining-room. The Abyssinian alphabet consists of 208 characters, each written separately and distinctly, like the letters of a printed book, so that many years are often consumed in the preparation of a single volume. The ink-horn, full of jet-black ink, which keeps its colour for ever, is stuck into the ground at the scribe's feet. Squatting on the ground, the scribe holds the square piece of greasy vellum on his knee, or on the palm of his left hand. As he finishes each letter, the writer usually makes a horrible face, and gives a triumphant flourish with his pen to express his joy. One page is reckoned a fine day's work.

After this interesting visit Curzon returned to the Coptic monastery to settle about the books which had been discovered in the little cellar. He found the abbot and his attendant monk much disconcerted because their "box" had proved to be an old MS., but soon comforted them by offering all the money he had with him for the books. The Coptic and Syriac MSS. were put in their saddle-bags, but they could not get all in, and as the abbot would not let them make another parcel, lest the other monks should discover what had been done and claim a share of the spoils, they were forced to leave the quarto MS., which seemed most imperfect. They lost their greatest treasure. "I have now reason to believe," Mr. Curzon says, "on seeing the manuscripts of the British Museum, that this was the famous book with the date of A.D. 411, the most precious acquisition to any library that has been made in modern times, with the exception, as I conceive, of some in my own collection."

We now turn to another field, where Curzon's search for manuscripts was attended with some of the most romantic adventures. On the last day of October, 1834, he found himself in Corfu ready to start for the monasteries of Meteora. Crossing to the mainland he secured three pack-horses and a letter from the Vizir of Yanina, which authorised the commander of the troops at a neighbouring town to give him an escort of soldiers as a safeguard across a country full of robbers. When he reached the town where he was to procure this escort, all the people turned out to see the English stranger; and, holding the

Vizir's letter in his hand, Curzon rode towards the centre of the market-place, where a little knot of the aristocracy of the place sat together. "A broad-shouldered, good-natured-looking man, gorgeously dressed in red velvet, embroidered all over with gold," stepped out to meet him, and in answer to Curzon's inquiry for the chief man of the place, appealed to the crowd whether he was not the chief person of Mezzovo. He then read the letter, burst into a fit of laughter, and tearing off a slip from the Vizir's letter wrote a few words upon it. "Now give this paper to the first soldiers you meet at the foot of Mount Pindus, and all will be right." They were soon on the mountain passes, but before they had gone far a band of robbers seized them. The sight of the little slip of paper produced a great effect on them, though no one could read it, and Curzon was hurried on with his servants up a rapidly-ascending road, with broken crags, rocks, and pine-trees, to a large wooden house. Here the scrap of paper was read by the captain of the band, and proved to be a command from the head bandit of the district, ordering his lieutenant to give a guard of robbers to the Englishman, which should protect him wherever he chose to go. Thus, by a curious chance, the English traveller owed his safety to the good-humour of a Greek bandit, whom he had mistaken for the Governor of Mezzovo.

"Five slim, active, dirty-looking young rogues, in white dresses, with long black hair hanging down their backs," were soon ready, each with a long thin gun, and so the company set out along the banks of the river Peneus, with Mount Olympus towering in the distance, till they reached the grassy plain of Meteora. Seven monasteries still remain out of twenty-four, which once crowned the thin, smooth, needle-like rock; and Curzon marvelled how anyone could reach these airy buildings till they came to the foot of one of the rocks and fired off a gun, as a signal that they wanted admittance. Presently they saw an old monk peering out of an upper door, and after some delay, caused by the monk's fears of Curzon's strange companions, a rope was let down with a strong net attached. The rope was old and mended, and the height to the door above 222 feet, so that when Curzon saw his two servants slowly rising, and the rope twisting like a bottle-jack, and watched them at the top without any contrivance for drawing in the net to the monastery door, he determined to

risk a climb up a series of ladders suspended by large wooden pegs on the surface of the precipice. The climb had nearly proved fatal, for one of the ladders had swung away from the ladder above, and, looking down from the giddy height, Curzon's head grew dizzy, and it was only a shout from the monks, who saw his danger, that saved him. The library had only two MSS., with which the monks refused to part, so the travellers soon moved on. After a little time spent in visiting some smaller monasteries they reached the great convent of Meteora, to which they were drawn up by a rope as at St. Barlaam. Here they found ten or twelve MSS. of the Gospels, all of the eleventh or twelfth century. One took Curzon's fancy immensely. It was a large quarto ornamented with numerous miniatures, in capital preservation—blue cypress trees, green and gold peacocks, and intricate arabesques. Another, evidently the pocket copy of the Gospels used by some royal personage, was bound in a kind of silver filigree. These books the abbot consented to sell, and Curzon was full of rejoicing at his success. As he was ready to start, however, a quarrel broke out among the monks about the distribution of the money. The abbot wanted it for the expenses of the establishment, "but the villain of a librarian swore he would have half," and, as the dispute could not be settled, the poor Englishman had to take the precious MSS. from his saddle-bag and hand them back to the abbot. What a curious story the episode makes! On a stone in the courtyard sat the stranger, taking a last lingering look at the treasures which he was compelled to resign; in his cell was the old librarian chafing over the loss of his booty, while all around were the other monks, disturbed and vexed by the quarrel. Sorely disappointed, Curzon stepped into the net, and had hard work to keep himself from being knocked against the jagged rocks, for the monks were all talking and scolding each other. As the net descended, his affectionate thieves below, overjoyed at his appearance, rested their long guns laden with ball cartridge across their knees and fired them off at random, so that the bullets spattered against the rock close to the descending net, and amid a cloud of smoke Curzon reached the ground, and was bundled out of the net with "extraordinary screeches of welcome." When his robbers heard about the MSS. they rushed to the ladders, saying,



"We will soon get them for you," and would have made short work of the monks had not Curzon managed to recall them, and hastened on his journey. Perhaps it would be impossible to find a chapter of literary history which could match this story of Curzon's visit to Meteora. It occupied only fifteen days, and most of us will think its wonders reached a climax when the English gentleman, a member of the aristocracy, and a hunter of Bible MSS., was entreated by his affectionate thieves to remain with them as their commander. "Don't go back," they said, "to live in a confined, stupid town, to sit all day in a house, and look out at the window. Go back with us into the mountains, where we know every pass, every rock, and every waterfall: you should command us; we would get some more men together; we will go wherever you like, and a rare jolly life we will lead."

Before parting company with this delightful volume we must speak of another search expedition, which Curzon made two years later, to the twenty-one monasteries of Mount Athos. Armed with a firman from the Patriarch of Constantinople, commending him to the care of the monks, his way was easy. At the second monastery he visited, Caracalla, he picked up a single loose leaf of very ancient uncial characters, part of the Gospel of St. Mark, and made bold to ask for it. "Certainly," said the agoumenos; "what do you want it for?" Curzon's servant suggested that perhaps it might be useful for his master to cover some jam pots at home, whereupon the agoumenos said: "Oh! take some more," seized upon an unfortunate volume and cut out of it a handful of leaves an inch thick—the Apocalypse—before he could be stopped.

Further on, at the monastery of Pantocratoras, he found that the library had been destroyed, and looking down the ruined tower, he saw above a hundred ancient MSS. lying among the rubbish. With a stick he managed, at the risk of breaking his neck, to fish up two or three fine MSS. It was of no use. The rain had washed the outer leaves quite clean, and when he attempted to open the others they broke short off in square bits like a biscuit. Could any fact speak more loudly of the utter carelessness and ignorance of these Greek monks? The precious volumes had been allowed to lie there wasting for years, till they were utterly useless.

At one of these monasteries he found a curious quarto of the four Gospels bound in faded red velvet with silver clasps. The headings of the books were in large gold letters, and a voluminous commentary on the margin made it especially interesting; for though he had visited the libraries of forty Greek monasteries he had only seen one other copy of the Gospels with a commentary. There was also an immense quarto Evangelistarium (selections from the Gospels for public reading) sixteen inches square, bound in velvet, and said to be written by the Emperor Alexius Comnenus. It was written in the form of a cross on each page, and two pages seemed to bear traces of the Emperor's work, for they were written in purple ink powdered with gold, and we know that the Byzantine monarchs always wrote in purple.

When Curzon asked them to name a price for these volumes, the monks mentioned such an exorbitant sum that he walked off in disgust. Soon a message was brought that the three monks who were appointed to make the bargain, wished him to come and take a cup of coffee. For five hours the business went on, till at last Curzon secured the Alexius Comnenus for £22, and the curious volume of Gospels, which he had affected to treat with disdain, was thrown into the bargain. We must let him describe the close of the scene in his own words. "Out I walked with a big book under each arm, bearing with perfect resignation the smiles and scoffs of the three brethren, who could scarcely contain their laughter at the way they had done the silly traveller."

His best luck, however, was at the monastery of St. Paul. Here, in searching the library, he had found three MSS. of the Gospels, with uncial letters three-quarters of an inch high; another with all its stops and some of its letters in gold; a third, an ancient Bulgarian MS. in uncials, full of illuminations from beginning to end. When Curzon discovered this Bulgarian MS. he almost fell from the steps of the ladder on which he was perched, for he had seen nothing like it in the Levant. As he was leaving, the agoumenos said how much he would like to give him some memento of the monastery, and Curzon thereupon managed to pluck up courage enough to say that he would like a book. The agoumenos was delighted, and returning to the library picked out a book at hap-hazard, and gave it to him. He saw that it made no difference what

book he took, and so he asked for the Bulgarian MS. When it was given without demur, he ventured to suggest that he would like to buy one of the Gospels. He could scarcely believe that he was not in a dream when he passed out of the convent with his three splendid MSS.—a free gift from the abbot.

Every one who has not read Curzon's book should make haste to become familiar with the curious facts about the discovery of Bible MSS. of which it is so full. He died in 1873. His account of his library at Parham (in Sussex), and his intimate knowledge of the libraries of Italy, show how ardently he was devoted to these literary pursuits. No one will be likely to doubt whether the monks could be so blind to the value of their precious manuscripts as we have represented, if he remembers one fact, which speaks volumes for the ignorance of these inhabitants of the monasteries of Mount Athos, and of their seclusion from all the bustle of the world. At one of the monasteries a magnificent-looking monk of thirty to thirty-five years of age, with large eyes and long black hair and beard, who had come in from one of the little monastic farms, and could speak some Italian, was deputed to do the honours of the house to the stranger. He had never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos, did not remember his mother, was not quite sure that he ever had one, and had never seen a woman. He wanted to know whether all women were like the stiff, dry pictures of the Virgin which hang in every Greek church, and though Curzon felt that it was a libel on women to leave the poor monk with such unpleasant ideas of them, he was considerate enough to withhold those brighter pictures which might have made him long to escape from the seclusion of his monastic life.

We have now studied some curiosities of the preparation and discovery of our Bible MSS., and are ready to enter on the third group of interesting facts—*curiosities of study*. To one ignorant of the science of textual criticism it might seem that we have exhausted the interest of this subject when we have spoken of those strange monastic brotherhoods to whose patient toil we owe so many of our precious volumes, and given this picture of the wonderful adventures of one of those knight-errants of Biblical literature who have, as Curzon says, set free so many fair MSS. from their vile duress, and brought them out to astonish and delight

the literary world. It might seem as if all that one could say about the study of these MSS. would be tame enough after such topics. Thomas Carlyle has a famous passage in his *French Revolution*: "For, indeed, it is well said in every subject there is inexhaustible meaning: the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing. To Newton and to Newton's dog Diamond what a different pair of universes, while the painting on the optical retina of both was most likely the same." Nowhere are his words truer than in this subject of the study of MSS. A careless eye will sometimes see only a long row of cramped characters, like a continuous line of capitals without stop or mark of any kind, stretching over the whole page, while a trained observer will scarcely know how to express his delight at the manuscript. He will be able, as he looks at our 1,600 Bible MSS. to tell their age to within fifty years at the outside. If the MS. is written in uncials, that is, every letter a capital (from *uncia* an inch, because the letters sometimes approached that size), he will remember that uncials were used till the tenth or eleventh century; if in cursives, he will know that cursives were employed as early as the ninth century. If his uncials be upright, square, and simple, all joined together in a long line, and without any larger letters at the beginning of chapters, he knows that his MS. was written very early, for a little dot to mark the close of a sentence became common about the fifth century. If there are any accents, he will look carefully whether the ink in which they are written is of the same age as that used for the letters, for additions were often made to MSS. by later hands. Various divisions of the text also help to fix its age—e.g., the *Ammonian Sections*, which date from the fourth century, and are a kind of numerical indication of parallel passages put in the margin of the manuscript. Many such divisions are found in the Acts and Epistles, as well as the Gospels, and as the time of their introduction is known, all help a critic to arrive at his date. Every manuscript has its letter;  $\aleph$  for the Sinaitic MS., B for the Vatican, but as the books of the New Testament were generally divided into four volumes,—Gospels, Acts and Catholic Epistles, Pauline Epistles, Apocalypse,—these, with two volumes of Lectionaries, or passages selected for public reading, make six volumes. The Sinaitic MS. has all the first four, and, therefore,  $\aleph$  in Gospels, Acts, Epistles, Apocalypse alike, means the Sinaitic; in the Vatican MS. the Apocalypse is

wanting, and therefore B, which in Gospels, Acts, Epistles means the Vatican MS., in the Apocalypse denotes quite a different MS. If the man who wrote any MS. corrected it afterwards, this is shown by an asterisk at the side of the letter which denotes the MS., thus C\*; if others corrected it we have C<sup>1</sup>, C<sup>2</sup>, C<sup>3</sup>, for these later hands. The Sinaitic MS. has corrections in twelve different hands, from the fourth to the twelfth century.

These particulars will, perhaps, serve to show what a host of curious facts the textual critic stores up as guides in his work. As a rule, when he finds two MSS. differ at the same passage, he will prefer the shorter and more difficult reading, for the copyist would sometimes add a few words to make the text more clear or emphatic, as the scribe of D, the Bezae MS. at Cambridge, in the instance already mentioned in St. Luke, and another at Acts viii. 24, where he adds that Simon Magus, after asking Peter's prayers, "ceased not to shed many a bitter tear."

It will be well, however, to give an example of the curiosities of Bible MSS. on which we have dwelt. Happily we possess what Lord Bacon would have called an "ostensive" or light-giving instance of the highest order, one which throws a flood of light on this subject. On December 7th, 1874, the greatest textual critic that the schools have ever possessed died at Leipsic in his sixtieth year. The Quarterly Reviewer speaks somewhat slightly of Dr. Tischendorf, but most of us will be prepared to accept the verdict of Prebendary Scrivener, who calls Tischendorf "the first Biblical critic in Europe," for any man who surpasses Tischendorf will have to do it by standing on his shoulders, and taking advantage of his great predecessor's labours.

All the world knows something about his discovery of the Sinaitic Manuscript. As a young man at college Tischendorf's success in some theological prize essays made him resolve to devote himself to the textual study of the New Testament. His first critical edition appeared in 1840, when he was only twenty-five, but he soon found that he must visit the great libraries of Europe, and carefully study the MSS. there if he was to accomplish anything. Full of faith in the proverb, "God helps those who help themselves," he started for Paris, having obtained from the Saxon Government a grant of fifteen pounds towards his travelling expenses. He had not enough to pay for his

travelling suit, and little was left in his purse when he reached Paris. For two years he worked hard for his bread, managing, in intervals of the literary work by which he supported himself, to find time for visits to England and Holland. At last he accomplished a feat which lifted him into fame. One of the libraries of Paris contained a very famous parchment MS. of the fifth century, which had been retouched in the seventh and ninth centuries, but in the twelfth had fallen into the hands of some one who had washed and pumiced it to write on it the works of an old Father, Ephrem Syrus. The world grew wiser at last, and by one of those strange reversals which posterity sometimes makes in the verdict of the past, every one became content to forget poor Ephrem, and wishful to read the work pumiced out to make room for his writings. For six centuries it had lain hidden: the French Government had tried to decipher it by the use of powerful chemicals, but every effort had failed. At last Tischendorf tried, and not only deciphered the whole MS., but even distinguished between the dates of those who had been employed on it. This remarkable success procured the young scholar the degree of D.D. from a German university, besides decorations and gold medals from various Governments; better still, it won him the patronage he needed for extending his field of search. In 1844 he was able to embark at Leghorn for Egypt, and found himself in May of the same year at the great Greek convent of St. Catharine, at the foot of Mount Sinai.

This magnificent pile was built by the emperor Justinian as a stronghold for the Greek monks who were exposed to the attacks of the Arabs in the desert, and as a kind of fortified post for the protection of his own caravans in crossing from Egypt to Syria. It contains the ruins of thirty-six chapels, each devoted to the worship of a separate sect, and its massive walls, gorgeous church hung with banners, cells and guest chambers, show the splendour of the place in its days of glory.\* In the middle of the great library hall he saw a large basket full of old parchments, and the librarian told him that two heaps of papers like these, mouldered by time, had been committed to the flames. To his surprise he found a considerable number of sheets of a Septuagint, which seemed one of the most ancient

---

\* Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*.



copies that he had ever seen. He managed to secure forty-three sheets, but the monks began to suspect that they were very valuable, and refused to part with the rest. Seven years later he visited the convent again, and discovered some rare Biblical MSS., but could only find eleven lines of the MS. which had so delighted him in 1844, and he was compelled to return to Europe without gaining the chief end of his journey. In 1859, however, after an interval of incessant labour on the text, he secured the patronage of the Czar of Russia, who, as head of the Greek Church, was highly venerated by the Eastern monastics, and he once more found his way to St. Catharine's. It seemed as if there was no chance of discovering any clue to his old friend the precious Greek MS., and he had given orders to his Bedouins to prepare for the return to Cairo. On the afternoon of the same day he took a walk with the steward of the convent, and on their return accepted an invitation to his cell. They had scarcely entered the room when the steward said, "And I too have a Septuagint," and took down a bulky volume, wrapped in red cloth, which he handed to Tischendorf. He unrolled the cover, and found the very fragments which he had taken out of the basket fifteen years before, with other parts of the Old Testament, the New Testament complete, with the Epistle of Barnabas, and part of the Pastor of Hermas. It is easy to conceive his joy when he managed to secure the loan of this splendid MS. and sat down in his cell, though the night was cold and his lamp dim, to copy out the first part of the Epistle to Barnabas, which had only been known through a very faulty Latin translation.

Tischendorf managed to borrow the splendid MS., and set to work in Cairo to transcribe its 110,000 lines. At last he was able to render conspicuous service to the convent in the election of the archbishop of Mount Sinai, which involved a question about the rights of the convent, and they allowed him to take their MS. to St. Petersburg, that he might work upon it there. At the end of three years he was able to complete his laborious task, and produced a facsimile copy of this Codex in four volumes. The work won him the highest renown. The Pope expressed his congratulations and admiration in an autograph letter; and an old man of the highest distinction for learning said, "I would rather have discovered this Sinaitic manuscript than the Koh-i-noor of the Queen of England." That

estimate of his work seems to have been an abundant recompense for his years of toil.

The curiosities of *discovery* are now illustrated by perhaps the most wonderful story in the range of literary research. We have yet to glance at the illustration of two other groups of curious facts. As to the *preparation* of MSS., it is known that Constantine in 331 ordered the great court ecclesiastic, Eusebius, to procure fifty handsomely got up and well written, for the churches of Constantinople, the first Christian city that had been founded. Eusebius himself tells us that this was done, and that the sheets of these MSS. were arranged in sets of three or four. A glance at Tischendorf's MS. shows that each of its sheets (forming two leaves) required the skin of a single animal, and these sheets are arranged in sets of four. It is probable, therefore, that the Sinaitic may be one of the splendid MSS. prepared for the first Christian emperor in the first Christian city.

When we think of the curious facts about the *study* of these manuscripts, we find that the beauty of the vellum of  $\aleph$ , its plain, square uncials, the absence of accents, breathings, or larger initial letters, the arrangement of four columns of writing on a page, the brief titles, *e.g.*, "Acts," without "of the Apostles," the fact that the ink had so faded in the eighth century that the whole manuscript had to be inked over, all point to great antiquity; while the absence of a kind of division of the Gospels according to their sense, called *τιτλοι*, which came into general use in the fifth century, and the presence of the Eusebian canons, which came into use in the fourth, fix its date to just about the time of Constantine's order for the preparation of fifty manuscripts in 331.

The discovery of this wonderful Codex, with the deciphering of the Ephrem Syrus MS. at Paris, and the preparation of a series of critical editions of the text, on which Tischendorf worked with such perseverance, does not exhaust the list of his services to textual criticism. Though Tregelles had visited the Vatican and obtained access to its MS., his pockets were searched that he might not have ink or paper, and two priests were told off to watch him, who laughed to disturb him, and if he appeared too much interested, would snatch the MS. out of his hands. Only scant and inaccurate knowledge, therefore, of the great uncial of the Vatican was available till 1866, when

Tischendorf managed to overcome the reluctance of the Vatican authorities, and spent three hours a day (all the time the Library was open!) for ten days, carefully collating difficult passages, till his earnestness awoke the jealousy of the custodians, and further access was denied him. He afterwards obtained permission to examine all doubtful passages, and in forty-two hours collated fully the first three Gospels, all doubtful passages in the New Testament, and copied in facsimile twenty pages. The Vatican authorities afterwards came to a better mind, and published a facsimile edition from the Roman press.

Textual Criticism has had many illustrious names, Bengel, Lachmann, Tregelles, with Scrivener, and a noble company of workers in England, but she has no name so illustrious as that of Dr. Tischendorf, and it was pure love of truth which inspired him and shaped his opinions. In his last will occur these noble words: "I have sought no other aim than truth; to her I have always unconditionally bowed the knee." Such a worker was worthy of the highest fame in that school of textual study in which Cardinal Ximenes holds such an honoured place alike for his work and for his fine catholic spirit. It is known to his lasting renown that when Erasmus's edition had anticipated his own, and in some measure robbed him and his colleagues of their well-earned honour, and when Stunica, the editor of the work, wished to disparage Erasmus's edition, the Cardinal checked him with the words of Moses: "I would that all might thus prophesy."

We have by no means exhausted the wonders of this subject. An article in Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, on the "Recovery of Manuscripts," will well reward a perusal. It seems that the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens deprived Europe of the use of the papyrus, and as no substitute could be found, people were compelled to write on parchment, and set to work, as the copyist of the Ephrem Syrus MS. which Tischendorf deciphered did, to pumice precious old MSS., and give us those palimpsests which have so grievously tried the patience and skill of literary critics. "Livy and Tacitus hide their diminished heads to preserve the legend of a saint, . . . and the most elegant compositions of classic Rome were converted into the psalms of a breviary, or the prayers of a missal."

At the revival of letters the monasteries of Greece and of every part of Europe were ransacked, and some people

exhausted all their fortunes in "distant voyages and profuse prices." Under a heap of rubbish in a decayed coffer at the University of St. Gall, a Florentine found the writings of Quintilian; in a Westphalian monastery the most valuable copy of Tacitus was discovered. We have confined ourselves to Bible manuscripts, but this passing notice will show that the field of secular literature is rich in the same curious facts.

The authorities on which we rest for our New Testament text are, of course, vastly more numerous and reliable than those on which the great classics of secular literature depend. Of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* we have no manuscript earlier than the thirteenth century, while some famous works are known by a single manuscript. The textual critic of the New Testament has more than 1,600 MSS. and versions or translations of the Greek into other languages which the spread of Christianity called for early in its history; while out of the writings of Origen, the greatest of all Biblical students in the first three centuries, as well as those of Jerome and a host of other writers, we have quotations of the New Testament and discussions of the text which put us in almost as good a position for the settlement of it as we should have had in the third century. Any one who remembers that in Origen's works nearly every verse of the New Testament is quoted, will see the immense value of the Fathers in this study of textual criticism.

Of Old Testament manuscripts there is comparatively little to be said. The synagogue rolls were written on the skins of clean animals prepared in a peculiar way, and if there were more than four mistakes in a skin it was cast aside. The Talmud ordered that any roll which was injured through age, or faulty in any way, should be destroyed; and therefore when the synagogue rolls ceased to be used, they were often burnt or buried, so that they might not fall into the hands of the Gentiles, and new MSS. were prepared. It is mainly owing to this that we have no very ancient Hebrew MSS. One of about A.D. 560 is perhaps the oldest.

At Nablous, however, there is a very famous roll of the Pentateuch, which is said to have been written by Abishai, the grandson of Aaron. It is kept in a curiously ornamented octagon case made of brass, about two feet high, and on opening this the MS. is seen rolled on two pieces of wood,

so that it looks like two cylinders four or five inches in diameter. The writing is small and not very distinct, and the manuscript has suffered much from the lapse of time.

It is right that we should remind ourselves of the Providence which has given us such rich stores of evidence from which to gather up the truth of God. The fact that no shadow of doubt rests on any doctrine of the Bible, that all the criticism and discovery of centuries have only brought out more clearly the old teaching of the New Testament, is itself ground for deepest assurance and gratitude. It is scarcely less becoming to recognise most thankfully the untiring labour, the self-sacrifice, the patience, the indomitable resolve, which have gathered together such a mass of manuscripts from all the corners of Europe, from Egypt and Asia Minor, and even from the rugged fastnesses of Mount Sinai. A noble host of workers are they who have gathered those precious MSS. on which the monks expended the best years of their life; and not less noble are those quiet students who have given all the wealth of their intellect to the study of the manuscripts, so that God's Word may be open to us in all its purity and power. Sometimes, as in the case of the great Dr. Tregelles, the earnestness of these students has prematurely worn out their strength. We are the heirs of all these workers! The autographs of the Evangelists and the Apostles have long since perished, but the manuscripts which we owe so largely to those old monastic workers have been brought to light from their obscure lurking-places, and pored over by men of rarest talent and industry, so that we may all read in our own tongue the wonderful works of God.

---

- ART. III.—1. *Minutes of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference*, 1881.  
2. *The Brotherhood of Men*. By the REV. W. UNSWORTH. Second Edition. 1881.  
3. *Heathen England*. By W. BOOTH. 1877.  
4. *Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of the Church of England Sunday-School Institute*. 1881.

THE statistics of attendance at public worship in our large towns lately published by the daily papers, and the successful efforts of the Salvation Army to attract and influence the lower classes, have in different ways drawn increased attention to a question of intense importance, both to Church and State.

Our working classes are a mighty power in the land, occupying a place in general thought unimagined by our forefathers; and while none can certainly forecast the nature of their influence in the generations to come, or its extent, we can safely assert that it will be much wider and stronger than it is now. Politicians, philanthropists, and patriots are justly anxious to imbue with their principles the classes upon whom England's future chiefly depends, and the Christian patriot, above all, feels that the relations they bear to the Church of Christ are of immeasurable importance to his country, an importance that cannot be too much insisted on, or adequately realised.

The working classes are naturally divided into artisans and agricultural labourers, and it is with the first section that we shall chiefly deal. It is not easy to generalise soundly about any class, and least of all about one so enormous in numbers and variety; but some of their more obvious characteristics must be referred to in order to clear the way for the consideration of our subject.

The first is one which adds greatly to the difficulty of all measures for the elevation of working people, viz., their exclusiveness. The pride of poverty is a barrier more difficult to break down than any raised by wealth, and there is a dread of being taken in hand and managed by men with money and education, which is an almost morbid



phase of British independence, and which prompts the working man to reject sound counsels and to go his own way, because it is his own. He exercises a jealous watchfulness over his own rights, not wholly unnecessary, indeed, but so exaggerated, that innovations of any kind relating to them are suspected unless he has himself originated them. Out of this naturally arises a strong *esprit de corps* which has found its latest development in the multiplication of co-operative societies, leagues, clubs, and trade unions, and which shows its best aspect in the extraordinary kindness and generosity the poor show to each other in time of illness or misfortune.

This *esprit de corps* is further maintained by the social instincts that must impress every one who studies their life. They gather in groups at the street corners, they saunter through country lanes by the half-dozen, they resort to clubs and public-houses together, and, living in crowded houses, and working, for the most part, in large numbers together, they scarcely know what solitude is, and seldom seek it.

Another most noticeable feature is their keen interest in politics. This is partly due to the fact that newspapers are plentiful. They are the working man's literature, and he will sometimes take home as many as four a day. Then, too, other interests are closed to him. His daily work has become more and more mechanical as division of labour has developed, and does not furnish material for thought and conversation; he has not a woman's resource in discussing the multiplied details of household and family cares, her own and her neighbours', nor her gift for talking about nothing; the past, with its wealth of interest, event, and mystery, is unknown to him, and it is notorious that the influence of the pulpit reaches but a small proportion of his class. What resource has he, then, but politics, the one common interest in his social circle, especially and chiefly as they bear on his own life?

The atmosphere of contradiction and argument in which this study is carried on causes his opinions to take such deep root in his mind that logic can hardly eradicate them. Indeed, one loses faith in logic, as a weapon, when it is brought to bear upon an uneducated mind; not always irresistible elsewhere, here at least it is most frequently unavailing. The "rights" of the working man as considered in these discussions embrace many of the privileges of the

rich, and demand the sacrifice of the masters' interests. As the opposite side is not represented, the talking tends to develop a blindly selfish and one-sided policy. The political ideas of the company are further confused by being matured over their beer-pots.

Their views of this life, as we have seen, are derived from newspapers; their views of the next life, when they have any, are founded on their own reasonings, aided perhaps by some clever infidel lecturer, or pamphlets, conflicting with recollections of the faith taught them in childhood. They amount to a vague reliance on the mercy of the Almighty, stored up for poor fellows who meant no harm, in preference to professors who are not all they pretend to be.

Keenly alive to their wrongs, eager for more than their rights, independent, jealous of authority, prejudiced—not without cause—against the upper classes, conscious of their growing importance, shrewd, tenacious of belief and purpose, absorbed in the passing hour, the working men of our land present to the philanthropist a grand social problem.

It is not wholly from disregard of their individual life that they are so often referred to as "the masses." They act and move in masses, and the kind of corporate life we have touched upon makes it exceedingly difficult for a working man to differ in a striking degree from his fellows, either in his life or his opinions. When, for example, a man in the upper classes from an infidel becomes a Christian, or turns from a Christian into an infidel, the conventional restraints of society silence many critics; and he is able to break loose from old ties and form new ones. The working man's critics know no restraints, and he is less able to keep clear of them. This phase of the question presents both advantage and disadvantage to those who labour to influence the masses. The work with the individual is made much harder; but if a strong public opinion is once created, it spreads with greater rapidity than in the upper and less compact ranks of society.

What legislation has done to solve the problem need not here be dwelt on. Shortened hours of labour, wider and better education, and a general amelioration of the working man's condition, have all been achieved by it. But he is not necessarily elevated because he has higher wages and greater opportunities than his fathers. Increased wages

do not create new tastes : they may only provide the means of indulging old and questionable ones, and too often prove a curse and not a blessing. They do not mean roomier houses, more books, better pursuits, and a good deposit in the savings bank, but more extravagant expenditure in clothes, and food, and drink. Money, like power, cannot be rightly used without due education. And all history teaches us that education itself does not achieve moral elevation, and that great heights of intellectual attainment are unhappily compatible with profound depths of moral degradation.

The most perfect legislation, and the most thorough system of education (using the term in its narrower sense), cannot altogether accomplish the end, and that for two reasons. The first is very obvious. They are unable to furnish the motives or inner principles by which alone the people can be led to turn their advantages and opportunities to good account. In the absence of these, all show of reform is necessarily superficial; religion, and religion alone, can touch and purify the springs of action, can create the love of purity, without which a pure society cannot exist.

But secular agencies not only fail in supplying motives for reform : they fail further, because they do not supply inspiring personal influence. This we believe essential to the elevation of the working classes. It is not enough from our heights of enlightenment and culture to shower down advice on the undistinguished crowd below. The independent spirit and the dread of interference we have already referred to lead them to undervalue even wisely directed efforts of this kind. We need some common ground where the brotherhood of man can be a reality and not a dream, giving the right to teach, and the willingness to be taught, and the sense of fellowship in sorrow and joy. This, again, only Christianity can give ; and precisely at the point where other agencies break down, the Church is in a position to step in and occupy the ground.

The Methodist branch of the Church has peculiar adaptation for this work, because of the opportunities that it affords for work and fellowship. It is well known that working men, when converted, continually forsake the Church of England for it on this ground ; their active instincts impel them to seek the spiritual education and happiness found in work for others. And in addition to

this scope for work, there is a freemasonry about Methodism which enables men and women in very different ranks of life to meet on easy, if not equal, terms. Since the Church of Christ is so well able to meet the people's wants, how is it that they are not met, and that the bulk of our working classes are without religion?

The cause is often ascribed to their indifference, but indifferent they are not. Witness the crowds who flock to hear the Salvation Army; the hundreds of men who came from many miles round to hear Miss Hopkins preach at Cambridge; the eager crowds who almost compelled Miss Cotton to address them; the readiness with which mill-hands devote half their dinner hour to services held for them at the mills. It is true that they do not care, as a rule, for the ordinary form of public worship, but that may be because it is adapted to the tastes of a very different class of people—congregations of increasing education and culture, often unreasonably fastidious about what is called the dignity of the pulpit, objecting to all emotional demonstrations, and apt to resent colloquial diction and any free handling of every-day subjects. And the more the service is moulded according to a refined taste, the more it seems to working men a thing apart from their daily life. The sermon deals with unfamiliar topics in language they cannot well understand, and the strange shrinking from every-day terms that results in the use of pulpit language makes even the prayer seem above their wants. Their ideas are concrete, and they cannot grasp abstract principles and apply them; their lives are full of practical pressing difficulties not to be met by theological instruction as ordinarily given; their interest is not in the exposition of obscure passages of Scripture, but in the questions that directly concern their daily struggles and interests, and it is much easier to show them the religious aspect of these questions than to win their interest to new ones.

It is certainly possible to preach the Gospel in a way that appeals to the cultured and the ignorant at once; it is the highest kind of preaching that succeeds in this, but it will not do much good to expatiate on this ideal. We have not attained it; town chapels are in many cases half empty, and it seems of little use to expect great improvement. If the masses will not come to us, we must go to them. We must preach in places where they will not be ashamed to be seen, where the service can be

strictly adapted to them, and where Sunday clothes are not a requisite. Even ideal preaching cannot meet what has been called "the great clothes difficulty." No working man in a shabby suit cares to go where it will be conspicuous, any more than a gentleman would care to go to a select dinner party in shooting costume. And the women have another difficulty over and above all these. They cannot leave their babies at home, and there must be services for them to which babies can come. The best arrangement for them is a women's meeting, with a temporary *crèche* in some adjoining room, where the little ones can be left in charge of one or two philanthropic people. It is their only chance for a peaceful service.

It is a melancholy truth that in our large towns our ministry is too much hampered by the claims of our complicated organisation to launch fresh schemes for the benefit of the poor, however much they wish it; they have not time to go to those who want them most. This is partly due to waste of power. The different churches do not work together much, and are continually going over the same ground. And much time is wasted in trying to persuade the people to come to chapels where they are resolved not to come. Whereas if we joined in an effort that perhaps no church could carry on alone, and utilised Sunday-school premises, circuses, and public halls for regular and united services, the same amount of power might accomplish much greater things. The growth of catholic sentiment has, in many towns, led to friendly relations between pastors and church officers, who formerly knew nothing of each other's doings. Here, too, the local preachers, who complain of not being appreciated by educated congregations, might find far more important work if they, with all other workers, will but leave behind the long prayers and abstract discourses that repel the uneducated. In this we may well be content to learn of the Salvation Army. Nor need we fear in imitating all that is excellent in the Army's work to be betrayed into its extravagances, especially as the evils of reaction that too often follow its reviving influence are so greatly due to the absence of the thorough, well-sustained organisation, which is one of the best heritages of Methodism.

And unless we undertake some of its work, not in rivalry, but as part of our duty, we shall lose many zealous workers from our ranks, who, in their turn, will suffer from their

loss of discipline, even more than we suffer from the want of their help.

One of the best features of the Army is the theory that every one must work. The theory is ours, too, since we hold with all Scripture teaching, but our practice is different, and there is an incalculable amount of unapplied labour in Methodism, furnishing a further explanation of the ministers' inability to work among the masses. The science of setting others to work is not sufficiently studied, those already in the field being too much occupied with their own labours to look out for new workers and train them. Yet this is the highest kind of work, having, when thoroughly carried out, wider issues than the imagination can follow. In spite of this, there is a marked absence of systematic co-operation among church workers, and of systematic selection of new workers, that tells greatly against the growth of our Church. We shall have occasion to illustrate this further on. If no power were misdirected, and none were unapplied, we should have abundant means and leisure to work among the masses.

It is not, however, necessary to start new enterprises in order that every congregation should exercise a powerful influence upon them. We have in the Sunday-school an organisation co-extensive with Methodism, little trammelled by finance, and, above all doubt or opposition, the best means for reaching the working classes. Through this, the great majority of them come into prolonged and intimate contact with the purifying power of the Gospel at their most hopeful age; before their habits are formed, and while their minds are still plastic. It is clear that the Sunday-school is the best medium for influencing the parents, and pastoral visitation is always the most effective when the school is taken as the basis of operation, common interest in the children being at once a felicitous and suggestive introduction. But what is yet more important—the scholars are the working classes of the future.

It seems almost too obvious to say that our best chance with them is during their youth; but it is worth while to quote from the last report of the Commissioners of Prisons some remarks bearing on this subject: "Men take to crime in the earlier rather than in the more mature periods of life. Means for its effective repression are to be sought much more among the agencies for securing a



good training of the neglected part of our population in their earlier years, than in any form of punishment that can be devised." The marked diminution of crime during the last few years is chiefly among young criminals, and due to their reformatory treatment; but nevertheless they largely exceed the adult criminals in number.

Preventive work is above all necessary in connection with the drink question. Though the difficulty of reclaiming drunkards is not insurmountable, it is too great to admit much hope of a very general reformation. This must be carried on by training the children: only so can we redeem our country from her heavy curse. When we consider that there are twice as many known drunkards as there are Wesleyan Methodists; that the town of Liverpool alone spends every six weeks in drink more than the whole Methodist Connexion has raised with such prolonged effort for the Thanksgiving Fund; when in a city of 206,000 inhabitants 13,000 children found their way in one evening into public-houses; the need for fortifying the working classes in their youth against their great enemy comes home to us. To say that their tender minds should not be prejudiced on the drink question before they are old enough to judge for themselves, is to show painful ignorance about their precocious and dire experiences.

In brief, because preventive work is easier and in every way better than reforms, averting untold evil; because the children are easy to get, and easy to influence; because the agency for training them is thoroughly well established and popular; and because of the happy influence exerted over the parents, Sunday-schools are the best agency for reaching the working classes.

The more we study the history of Sunday-schools, the more obvious this conclusion becomes. But a second and an unwelcome one also forces itself on our attention. Their success is wholly out of proportion to that which we have a right to expect, and it is highly important for this fact to be realised and taken to heart by all who have power to alter it.

The scholars' seats in our chapels are well filled, it is true; but where are the boys and girls who sat there ten years ago? They are where the greater number of our present scholars will be ten years hence, if there is not a great change for the better—reading the newspaper over the fire at home, gossiping on the doorsteps, loitering in

the street till the public-houses are opened. They are haunting the music halls, applauding those songs most that ridicule religion; they are in worse places still. In Derby, at a midnight meeting held for the recovery of fallen women, it was found that seventy out of seventy-two had attended Sunday-school. At similar meetings in Manchester nearly all present could sing our popular hymns as well as any scholars; and in one of the penitentiaries there, the great majority were old scholars. A few years ago a committee of the Congregational Union estimated, after inquiry, that seventy-five per cent. of their scholars were lost to the Church through the agency of drink alone. Even scholars in actual attendance at school have been known to frequent places of very vile character on Sunday night. While ninety-five per cent. of the working classes neglect public worship, the percentage of children who do not attend school is in inverse proportion. It is difficult to estimate it exactly, owing to the imperfection of returns from the different Churches. The number of children on the registers of the elementary day-schools of England and Wales is about four millions; but in comparing these with the Sunday scholars, we must remember that an immense number of the latter are above the age for day-schools. The Church of England alone estimates her Sunday scholars at rather over two millions; our own are double our membership; a significant fact, when we remember that the greater number of them are not children of our people, but come from godless homes. One of the leading daily papers lately computed the total number in the kingdom at very nearly six millions.

Yet with this enormous number of children in training, children from the working classes, the attendance at church and chapel has in many towns decreased in proportion to the population. Even in Bristol, the city of churches, the census-takers found that almost twice as many people went to the public-house on Saturday night as attended public worship on Sunday night. It is clear that Sunday-school teaching has not had its due effect. The conception of it is perfect. It is a most meet and blessed thing that cultured men and women having the mind that was in Christ should labour to win the poor for Him by means of a sustained relation which amounts to friendship. As teachers they are in a position to gain a thorough knowledge of the children's daily life, their habits and interests;

to direct their tastes; above all, to win them for Christ. It is the natural and happy association of two classes apt to misunderstand and undervalue each other; the rich and the poor, the employer and the employed, are drawn in closest bonds of sympathy. But the bonds are broken, and the children who swarmed into the school because their parents wanted them out of the way, and because they liked singing and companionship, swarm out of it on reaching years of independence. They are forgotten in their old place, and the teacher's interest is diverted to a new set that will soon vanish out of sight and mind in like manner. Is it not reasonable to expect that after five or six years of regular religious training a majority would be retained in the Church? And who will venture to say what proportion of lost and ruined scholars we may regard with easy minds? A well-filled Sunday-school is not the same test of spiritual success as a well-filled chapel. The true test is the history of the old scholars. And while rejoicing in all the success achieved by our schools, our very joy in it leads us to ask how it may be multiplied.

Of the various efforts made for this end, the two of surpassing importance are the Sunday-School Union system and the establishment of junior society classes.

By the agency of the Union, the organisation and machinery of our schools has been rapidly developed and perfected. Systematic teaching, improved appliances, careful regulations, helps of all kinds for teachers and scholars, are chiefly due to this most valuable institution. But every good has its own peculiar danger, and Sunday-school workers need to guard against the tendency to resemble and rival the day-schools. Their objects are quite distinct. The day-school teacher has to impart a stated amount of facts in a given time, and has recourse to the heavy pressure of examinations and competition, and every other means in his power, to effect his purpose. The Sunday-school teacher has not to cram his scholars with facts, but to win them for Christ. He has to penetrate much deeper into their nature than his comrade of the day-school. He deals with their intellect, it is true, but only that he may reach their hearts. It follows that their different end must be attained by different means. The actual teaching time in school is far too valuable to be wasted over the history, geography, botany, and science of the Bible. We say advisedly *wasted*, for though these sub-

jects are full of interest for Bible students, they are of little worth to the children compared with the every-day practice of religion. A great deal of interest and a certain amount of instruction may be derived from an account of the civilisation of Egypt at the time of Moses, but it would be a very roundabout way of teaching the scholars how to live their daily life. There is one book too often quite forgotten in the construction of model lessons, and in the preparation of very painstaking teachers, the book of their scholars' experience. They spend hours over commentaries to ascertain facts about Tiglath Pileser, or the kind of locust John the Baptist ate, and quite forget to study, explain and illustrate the questions that the scholars have continually to settle, from the younger classes who are tempted to copy sums at school, to filch from the cupboard, and fight in the playground, up to the multiplying temptations of smoking, betting, pawning, buying on credit, shirking and scamping work, the temptations peculiar to apprentice life, and, above all, the temptation to unchastity of life and conversation—and many teachers little dream how early this last subject has to be brought before the children. As the *Times* said in a leading article during the Sunday-school Centenary meetings: "To a great and increasing part of the population Sunday is becoming the only day in the week for religious instruction. . . . There can be little doubt that the Sunday-school will have to be utilised to the very utmost; and as it is no longer necessary to waste a single minute of the Sunday in merely teaching to read, or in any other secular matter, there is no reason why a great deal of religious work should not be got through in the day."

We do not undervalue the importance of illustrating and vivifying Bible history, but it is obviously of secondary importance to the essential work of Sunday-schools. The Union is attending very thoroughly to this secondary work, but it cannot from its very nature give all the help that is wanted in the school; and wherever it tends to remove the sense of responsibility from the mother church of the school, it is even a hindrance. Because the need of organisation and system has become so generally understood, we are in danger of attaching too much value to it. In order to balance the work of the Union, the co-operation of the pastor and the church is necessary. It is all the more wanted because the efforts of the Union to raise the stan-

dard of teaching chiefly affect the best workers. Only those really interested in the work of teaching will go out of their way to attend central meetings, and study other people's methods. Those who most need the stimulus will not exert themselves to seek it, and while the best want improvement, the worst need it most. And in all cases no system or machinery can supply the personal influence that should be brought to bear upon teachers as a class. The Sunday-School Union cannot possibly supply the lack of pastoral oversight. The general estimate of the intense responsibility of the teachers' office will never be sufficiently high while they are left to their own devices. Here we touch the root of the evil; here is the secret of most of our non-success. The teachers have a most inadequate conception of their work, and the ministers do not use their personal influence to raise and enlarge it so widely as they might. Many indeed help the work, but too many leave it alone. Oppressed with the variety of circuit claims, they imagine that this part of the machinery at least can run alone, little thinking how greatly their other burdens would be eased by a closer union between the school and the church. Too often the hopes and the failures of the school, the very names of the teachers, are not known beyond its walls. If the ministers as a body could take up the work of inspecting their own schools, they would find it not at all superfluous. It is to be hoped that not many would be discovered on a level with one lately reformed in a well-known circuit, where the proceedings did not include singing and prayer, and consisted mainly of a distribution of sweets; but the fact that such a school is possible, shows that there is room for inquiry. In country places, especially, there are very often old and well-established abuses that can only be removed by a pastor's care, after he has first shown his thorough sympathy with the teachers in their years of well-meant, though often misdirected, labour.

There is nothing that helps to give them an adequate conception of their calling so much as the influence of their own ministers purposely exercised for this end. And without it many teachers will never do their work at all. It is not merely that they will teach badly; they will not even attempt to teach. In numbers of classes the lesson hour is spent in reading one or two chapters in such a thoroughly unintelligent manner that as each word is

shouted out, no meaning is attached to it. Or else it is wasted in reading a story-book that is too often a novel, merely flavoured with religion. In some schools this reading aloud is systematically substituted for the catechism lesson, and this is one of the chief reasons why the last Conference found it necessary to direct attention to the way in which catechism teaching is neglected. Even thoughtful teachers find it difficult to resist the practice of reading, after the children's taste has become vitiated.

Many more aim at nothing higher than interesting the children, the summit of their ambition being to keep them in order. Others, acting in a thoroughly irresponsible manner, are absent without notice, unpunctual, careless, and only use the magazine lessons to save themselves trouble. It is not conceivable that a few words from a minister can effect a magical change. Many teachers would, no doubt, resent all interference; but, on the other hand, a great number sin through ignorance. The importance of their work has to be recognised by others before they can understand it for themselves; they need a stimulus from without to enlighten and quicken their zeal. The blame of their inefficient teaching does not by any means rest solely with themselves, but is very much due to the unceremonious way in which they are thrust into office without instruction or charge of any kind. If the teachers find that nobody cares how they are got into the school, there is less cause for wonder when they act as though it were of no consequence how they do their work. It is an evil common to the Sunday-schools of most churches. In the last annual report of the Church of England Sunday-School Institute suggestions are made by some of the branch association secretaries respecting the licensing or recognition of Sunday-school teachers. Some suggest that the Bishop of the Diocese should license teachers to their office. The Rev. E. B. Trotter, of the Alnwick Association, writes:

"The formal induction or admission of Sunday-school teachers by a special service, sanctioned by the Ordinary, is a subject of pressing importance. If this recognition could take place at a children's monthly service, or at a service of church helpers, I believe it would tend to give both teachers and scholars a sense of their important work. It is done in some few places; but it is not taken up as a general principle or practice."

If a similar plan were adopted by the Methodist Con-



nexion, the standard of teaching would infallibly be raised. The week-night or Sunday evening prayer-meeting could be used for this purpose, at stated intervals, with great advantage; and the teacher, instead of slipping into office, would enter upon it with the recognition and prayers of their church and pastor, and with a due sense of responsibility. More than that, the church and the school would be drawn more closely together, and the difficulty of securing help from the educated members of the congregation considerably lessened. It would be well, indeed, if all church workers and members were more fully and formally recognised.

We shall not insist here on the necessity for selecting highly-qualified teachers, because most schools have simply to make the best of those they can get. Nor can we venture to dwell on what many would judge the Utopian plan—adopted, however, in some places with excellent effect—of a teachers' preparation class in connection with each school, conducted by the school superintendent or senior teacher when the minister's help was out of the question. We content ourselves with reasserting the fact that our teachers are suffering for lack of official recognition and instruction. Pastoral oversight would not only affect the teachers, but the general management of the schools, and secure the wider observance of the Conference regulations. Suggestions for the transfer of power from their own hands to a Sunday-school committee are not very likely to originate from teachers' meetings. Yet the committee (as advised by Conference) is a valuable means for drawing school and church together; and it forms the best agency for securing efficient libraries, a matter of great importance when we consider the enormous quantity of impure literature specially provided for the young.

Pastoral oversight, again, is necessary to secure a more general observance of the third Sunday in October. In every place where due preparation is made for this day of harvest, there is abundant ingathering; but numbers of schools reap no advantage whatever from that day, because they do not prepare for it. The day will not be universally observed so long as the arrangements are left entirely to that miscellaneous and uncertain authority, the teachers' meeting. Some schools, even, have no corporate authority of any kind. If the superintendent of each circuit were at least responsible for instructing the school authorities

in due time, the Conference regulation would have wider effect, and teachers would not be able to say, as now they often do, that they were not aware of its existence. Its observance is the more necessary because it is the fitting opportunity for forming and recruiting junior society classes. This recent addition to the ordinary work of Sunday-school teaching is of immeasurable importance. Its good effects are already strikingly manifest in the increased membership among the scholars.

We can conceive no better plan than this for making the work of the schools more permanent, and for strengthening our hold on the working classes, if it is but properly carried out. Without such a class connected with the school, it is almost hopeless to expect permanent spiritual results. The conversion of a child cannot be compared with that of a man. It is quite as real, but it is only the beginning of a great deal of moral enlightenment and training that in the case of older people usually precedes conversion, and, without this training, the decision is unavailing. The unformed child-nature cannot produce a well-formed Christian character, and indefinite watchfulness and pains and patience are needed to foster its spiritual life, and guard against ill-advised efforts to force it into unchildlike modes of thought and speech. Perhaps the gravest error committed by the Salvation Army is the encouragement given to children to talk, and even to write their experiences for publication, after the pattern of hardened sinners suddenly turned from the error of their ways. It is of the highest importance that junior classes should be more generally established, and provided with leaders who will make them one of the first objects of their lives. For this reason it is better for them to have young leaders who have time to work them up, and who feel the class to be the most important event of the week, than older workers whose time and thought are absorbed in other things.

There are many auxiliaries to Sunday-school work on which we cannot dwell in detail, such as an extended library system, boys' and girls' night-classes, coffee and recreation rooms, and annual meetings for old scholars. It might be that, in considering the possibility or utility of these various plans, the real question at issue would be overlooked. However happily a scheme works in one place, it is sure to be inapplicable in some other, and what some

have successfully achieved others will pronounce impracticable. We suggest, therefore, no universal method of work, but assert the general principle that if Methodism is to influence the masses very deeply, the Sunday-school must be made by pastors and church officers, in a way that it has never been before, the basis of more extensive operations among both children and parents.

These three things at least are practicable:—1. An inspection of all the Sunday-schools in each circuit by their ministers, with a view to the more general establishment of (a) Junior Society classes; (b) Bands of Hope; and (c) week-day classes, clubs, and reading-rooms. 2. An improved method of appointing teachers, and some method of teaching them their duty. 3. That the superintendent of the circuit as well as of the school shall be responsible for seeing that the third Sunday in October is well prepared for and duly observed.

We are persuaded that if these things were done, our schools would be, in fact as well as in name, the nursery for the Church.

---

ART. IV.—*Histoire des Origines du Christianisme. Marc Aurèle, ou la Fin du Monde Antique.* Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris: Calmann Levy. 1882.

THE idiom of his tongue allows M. Renan to say in his Preface: "Ce volume termine la série des essais que j'ai consacrés à l'histoire des origines du Christianisme." Every word here is suggestive. How much might be said as to the subtle irony of the "consecration" of these seven volumes, the greater part of which are devoted to the desecration of all that Christians hold sacred: that is, to the ruthless discrediting and removing of all that in the Christian faith which makes it holy in the deepest sense of the term to those who hold it. But to dwell on this might seem to be a mere play on the accidental anomaly in the use of an expression. And we have already said enough on the subject in this Journal, when reviewing the earlier volumes of the work. To pursue it further would be both painful and needless. The word "*origines*" demands now more notice. It is used by the historian in an application which connotes three ideas: first, the genesis of Christianity as a remarkable product of Jewish literature, interpreted by an Enthusiast; secondly, the innumerable circumstances which converged to its production and establishment in the world; thirdly, and specifically in this volume, the limit which fixes the actual consummation of Christianity as a new commencement in the world's thought and progress, or, in other words, the end of the beginning. This last is the subject of the present volume; the second is the common topic of all the volumes; but the first troubles the historian, who feels that he has not done justice to what should have taken precedence of everything else. These are the confessions with which he takes farewell of the labour of twenty years, and promises another work that is to be the consummation of all:

"I thank Infinite Goodness for having given me time and energy sufficient to accomplish this difficult programme. Since there may remain for me some years of work, I shall consecrate them to the completion of the subject which has been the centre

of my thoughts by presenting another side of it. In strict logical propriety I should have commenced a *History of the Origins of Christianity* by a history of the Jewish people. Christianity commences in the eighth century before Christ, at the time when the great prophets make of the people of Israel the people of God charged to inaugurate in the world a pure worship. Until that time the worship of Israel had not essentially differed from the egoist, interested worship of all the neighbouring tribes, such as the inscription of King Mesa, for example, exhibits it. A revolution was accomplished on the day when an inspired voice, not belonging to the priesthood, dared to cry: 'Can you think that God takes pleasure in the smoke of your victims, in the fat of your animals? Forsake the sacrifices which are an offence to Him: do that which is good.' In this sense, Isaiah is the first founder of Christianity. Jesus in reality only said, in popular and attractive language, what had been said seven hundred years before in classical Hebrew. To show how the religion of Israel, which at its outset had probably no superiority over the cults of Ammon and Moab, became a moral religion, and how the religious history of the Jewish people has been a constant progress towards the worship of spirit and of truth,—that anomaly is what ought to have been shown before introducing Jesus on the scene of facts. But life is short, and its continuance uncertain. I therefore took in hand what first pressed; I threw myself into the midst of my subject, and began with the life of Jesus, supposing the anterior revolutions of the Jewish religion already known. Now that it has been given me to treat, with all the care I desired, the part which concerned me most, I may take up the preliminary history and consecrate to it what is left to me of strength and activity."

We have no hesitation in expressing our gladness that M. Renan is pursuing this subject. His lifelong studies have prepared him for it; and we pretty well understand the worst and the best that will result. He will not fail to serve the cause of the religion which he does not understand himself, but which nevertheless he thinks he is called to make the world understand. Probably he will reconsider his determination to treat the general history of the Jewish people, and limit himself to that particular final development of it which followed the Captivity, and out of which Christianity, as an organised constitution, is by his school supposed to have sprung. In that case, he may do good service; for the Judaism of the long interval requires a profounder investigation than has yet been applied to it. There are many subjects in this chapter of history on which

his indefatigable toil and artistic skill—a combination the merit of which cannot be denied to our author—may throw a rich light. His compatriot, M. Nicolas, has contributed much, but has left much yet to be desired. But, as to an adequate appreciation of the connection between Hebraism or Judaism and Christianity, we hope for literally nothing at the hands of M. Renan. He has not the key, nor does he know where to look for it. He thinks, indeed, that he has found it in the enthusiasm of Jewish so-called prophecy, which poured contempt on the Mosaic history of a typical sacrificial worship, and aspired to a simple worship of spirit and of truth. It was a fine stroke to say that Isaiah was the founder of Christianity. But Isaiah is not limited to his first chapter. M. Renan will have to account for the Christianity found in his prophet's chapters of the "Servant of God." Doubtless he will deny that those came from Isaiah. But that will not affect the question. The later Isaiah must needs have for him the same value as the earlier. It will be impossible for the historian who makes the later prophets the precursors of Christianity to deny that Christianity laid its own foundation on other prophetic words than those which M. Renan has quoted. He knows that perfectly well; and he ought, in consistency, to give up the vain dream of finding in the Scriptures of the Old Covenant only an anticipation of a spiritual religion. In determining to trace the Origins of Christianity in the Old Testament M. Renan has committed himself to a very grave task indeed. We must wait to see how he will accomplish it. Hitherto he has only depicted the Gentle Enthusiast of Nazareth with His face turned towards the future, creating the enthusiasm of Christendom, and giving certain lessons which His followers have fashioned into theological systems after their own devices. Now he will have to regard that Gentle Enthusiast as coming up out of the Old Testament, and in front of the whole background of a compact system of acted and spoken types, all of which converge to an atoning Saviour, the Redeemer and therefore the Lord of mankind. He will be shut up, as we think, to the great alternative: the Jewish exposition on the one hand, the exposition of catholic Christendom on the other. He will think that he can reject both. But, on his theory that Christianity is a sincere religion, he cannot consistently do so. The sincerity of Christ and His interpreters lies in this, that they have



woven a minute exposition of the entire Old Testament into their system. M. Renan has, we repeat, committed himself to the Old Testament origin of Christianity. If he honestly prosecutes his task, it is hard to tell what new light may dawn upon him. He has within what we hope we may call an indestructible reverence for the religion he is opposing. Christianity has a far firmer hold upon him than he supposes or avows, though he goes far in that confession. What if he should come to believe that after all there is no *tertium quid* between modern Judaism and catholic Christianity in the interpretation of the prophetic Scriptures? Modern French literature has known some striking palinodes or retractations. What if M. Renan should prove to have gone back to the Old Testament for his conversion, and end his life by rewriting the Origins of Christianity?

We have, however, to do with the last instalment of the old book, which our author regards with such entire complacency. It would be amusing, were the subject not so solemn, to note with what absolute tranquillity he ignores all protests, criticisms, and appeals from all parts of the Christian world. To him all these are as if they were not. He has "consecrated" his energies to the disenchantment of the multitudes who bear the name of Jesus without understanding the Name they bear. That is enough: his responsibility ends. They will persist to adore as the Son of God a fair but misguided product of their own race. They will insist that His ethical principles are based upon a doctrine of stupendous importance, the sacrificial atonement for sin. They desperately refuse to believe in a holiness before God which has not been rendered possible by a reconciliation with God. They will believe in a personal inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and in a supernatural order of which that Holy Spirit is the Administrator. They will maintain that Jesus taught men to trust in a Personal Father, with whom they are united by being united with Himself. All these are the vagaries or the superstitions of Christendom which M. Renan has done his best to charm away. If he has not succeeded, that is not his fault. He has delivered his soul. But perhaps he may be more successful in the final attempt to show that the Old Testament supports him. If his new theory of the New Testament—which is not that of Myth, or Legend, or Fabrication, or any other that has had vogue, but M.

Renan's own and peculiar—does not find acceptance, he will see what can be found in the earlier *origines* within the Old Testament.

It may be that our author will view the connection between Christianity and the Old Testament in a light to which we have not referred; that is, from the point of its entirely novel doctrines and developments. It must occur to him that some of the most glorious peculiarities of the Christian faith cannot be said to have their distinct origin in the old economy. Truth is in Jesus both new and old; in the deepest sense of the word, truth as well as grace "came by Jesus Christ." M. Renan may, however, ignore this; and turn the absence of these high doctrines from the Old Testament into an argument against Christianity. If he does, his failure will be as complete in the second effort as it was in the first. There is a sense in which he may fairly seek the origins of Christianity in the earlier covenant. But there is a sense in which he will have no right to seek them there. The Christian doctrine rises sublimely above a merely Hebrew or Judaic origin. To attempt to prove, and to succeed in proving, that the religion of Christ surpasses the limits of the ancient revelation, is lost labour in an argument against the catholic Christian faith. We may grant by anticipation all that M. Renan will have to say. The reasoning will be sound, and the conclusion valid; but it is a defeat in which the advocates of Christianity glory. That is, all its truest and soundest advocates: undoubtedly there are many indiscriminating apologists who carry their complacency too far in this respect. They give in to the too common habit of ranking Christianity as a daughter of Judaism, an offshoot of the Semitic branch in the stock of religions, and the purest development of Hebrew religious ideas. This is a great mistake. Its *origines*—to use M. Renan's leading word still—go further and deeper into the history of mankind than the father of the Hebrews. They go further back than any religious truth known in history. They are literally "from above." And when the Christian revelation was given by its Divine Oracle, it pronounced truths which it had "never entered the heart of man to conceive." The secret had been hidden, not only in the ages and generations, but from the ages and generations. The mystery of God and the Father, which is Christ, had not really its origin in the Old Testament. We repeat, therefore, that if M. Renan

is now at work upon the task of showing that Christianity, the genuine and unadulterated Christianity, is and ought to be only an evolution of the germs that lie before the Hebrew scholar in the Semitic texts, he will lose all his pains. We admit at once, and without hesitation, that if the religion of Jesus is to be accepted only as far as it is the legitimate human development of Old Testament words, humanly studied, the great majority of Christians are in error. M. Renan and the whole company of whom he is the most brilliant representative are right, and we are wrong. Unless the Great Revealer has brought to light things which were not simply in the shadow but really unrevealed, we have no authority for our views of the Christian faith. But Christianity is not the fruit of a continuous, equable, steady evolution by processes of infinitesimal accretion. It is an evolution; but, like the evolution of the earthly cosmos, an evolution with a new and grand intervention; like that, so to speak, which finally broke in upon the settled order when man was brought into the world. It is because this has been forgotten that so many heresies have sprung up within the Christian Church. The neglect of this truth has too often weakened the hands of Christian apologists, and the total oblivion of it has given an enormous advantage to the promoters of the modern science of religion. Well were it for M. Renan, but ill for the continuity of his labours, if the thought were injected by some friendly genius into his mind—we speak about him in his own French style—that there is no Christianity worth his philosophic pains which does not profess to be a revelation of new truth. His *origines* have been carried up to Jesus, they are now going on to the prophets; but in both, and with both, and beyond both, they should go up to heaven.

Thus far, however, we have been dealing rather with a prospective work than with the work that now is. The present volume well deserves careful study. It is very largely historical; and the tableaux of events which cluster around the epoch of which it treats are very skilfully arranged. It could not be otherwise as coming from M. Renan, who not only lives in the midst of his authorities, and gives faithful references for every fact that he records, but makes one central idea govern the whole in an artistic manner that leaves nothing to be desired. His central idea is that with Marcus Aurelius the old heathen

world ends at its best, and the new Christian world begins in its strength. Without much artifice, and without forcing the meaning of facts, or with only a legitimate and venial manipulation, he makes most of the deeply interesting phenomena of the second century converge to or spring from the imposing twenty years of the philosophic emperor. We will condense his introductory chapter, which brings Marcus Aurelius on the scene.

When Antoninus died, and left the empire to his adopted son, he left a reputation not paralleled among his predecessors, and eclipsed only by that of the great man who followed him. His piety, his clemency, his sanctity, were the object of unanimous eulogy. It was remarked that throughout his reign he had never shed a drop of Roman or of foreign blood. He was compared with Numa for his piety, his religious observance of ceremonies, and also for the happiness and security he had given to the empire. He would have had, M. Renan thinks, the reputation of the best of sovereigns without a competitor if he had not appointed as his heir a man who had all his excellences, and added to these the charm that makes the character live in the remembrance of mankind. But Antoninus is less known than Aurelius through the absence of self-scrutiny and self-consciousness. He had not his successor's demon of scrupulosity and fever of desire to be perfect. "We should not have known Antoninus if Aurelius had not transmitted to us the exquisite portrait of a man whom he makes better than himself." To sum up, we are told that "Antoninus was like a Christ who has no Gospel; Marcus Aurelius is like a Christ who has written his own."

M. Renan is a hero-worshipper. After his own fashion he has a worship for the Master of Christianity; upon whom indeed such praises are lavished as no other personage receives at his hands. But there were traits of character in the last of the philosophers which were wanting in Jesus. At least our historian allows us and intends us to infer this. Aurelius is painted at full length, with the lights and shadows upon the figure, and all the drapery artistically disposed; not however in the highest style of which the author is capable, and certainly not with the pains we might have expected from so intense a devotion. We shall introduce a few sentences that will depict him as a philosopher, the character which alone brings him into close relation for good or evil with Chris-

tianity. It is matter of profound interest to know what was the discipline that formed a man whom the world has agreed so highly to honour; and what was the kind of philosophic training that made him a rival, and, as we are told, more than a rival, of the best representatives of Christian ethics:

"His youth had been calm and sweet, divided between country pleasures, Latin rhetorical exercises after the rather frivolous manner of his master, Fronto, and meditations in philosophy. . . . In this last he was soon an adept. To Rusticus he owed his acquaintance with the works of Epictetus; and Claudius Severus, the Peripatetic, gained him definitively to philosophy. Philosophy was at that time a kind of religious profession, implying mortifications and rules of life almost monastic. From the age of twelve Mark wore the philosophic cloak, learned to lie hardly, and to practise all the austerities of stoic asceticism. It required the earnest solicitations of his mother to make him spread a few skins on his couch. His health was more than once endangered by the excesses of his rigour. That, however, did not hinder him from presiding at the festivals, and fulfilling the obligations of a prince of youth with the air of affability which was with him the result of the highest detachment. His hours were divided up like those of a monk. Despite his frail health he was able, thanks to sobriety and regular habits, to lead a life of labour and hardship. He had not what we call *esprit*, and he had but few passions. *Esprit* is seldom unaccompanied by malignity; it is wont to take up things in a way which is not always that of perfect goodness or perfect genius. Marcus understood only duty. What he lacked was the kiss of a fairy at his birth, the art of yielding to nature, which learns and understands that the *abstine et sustine* is not everything, and that life might as well be summed up in *smiling and enjoying*."

It seems strange after this to find that the "wonderful and rare goodness of his nature" saved Aurelius from the harshness which such a philosophy would engender. His severity was exercised only on himself; the fruit of his extreme philosophic self-restraint was no less than an "infinite benevolence:" an assertion which it is hard to reconcile with some parts of his conduct. We are told that the study of his whole life was to requite evil by good. After experiencing during the day some bitter taste of human perverseness, he writes in the evening: "If thou canst, correct these men; if not, then remember that thy benevolence has been given thee to be exercised

towards them. The gods themselves are benevolent towards these beings; they aid them (such is their great goodness!) in acquiring health, riches, and glory. It is permitted to thee to act like the gods." These are noble sentences. They show that the heathen emperor had a glimpse of the grandeur of the vocation of man, which, only an aspiration in him, is the very commonplace of the Gospel. But he knows nothing of the doctrine of regeneration, although towards that also his meditations sometimes seemed to point as it were unconsciously: "Such is the order of nature; people of this character must needs, by a deep necessity, act thus. To wish that it were otherwise is to wish that the fig tree should not produce figs." We remember at once the highest of all words on this subject, which it is hard to suppose that the philosopher had not heard. But a renewal of human nature by the same sovereign power that created it never dawns upon his thought. In his despair he cries: "Remember, in a word, that, in a very short time, thou and he and all will alike die; soon afterwards our names will no longer survive." The beautiful thoughts of Aurelius suggest on every page the reflection that a great secret is wanting. One single truth of the New Testament would have cleared up all his difficulties, solved all his enigmas, and reconciled all the contradictions which trouble the flow of his meditations. A very slight change in the following sentence would have made an infinite difference: "Thou hast forgotten what a holy relationship unites every man with the human race: not relationship of blood and birth, but participation in the same intelligence. Thou hast forgotten that the reasonable soul of each man is a god, a derivation from the Supreme Being." Everywhere the Christian reader feels that "one thing is needful;" precisely that one thing which the Founder of the Christian faith placed in the foreground of all His teaching. But M. Renan, though he knows this as well as we do, makes no reference to it.

M. Renan finds only one fault with his hero. He was a great soul, but was he *un grand esprit*? He was, so far as "he lived in the infinite depths of duty and conscience." But, alas, he wanted decision in one point. "He never dared absolutely to deny the supernatural." Our historian can hardly forgive to his memory that defect. "Certes," he says, "we share his fear of atheism; we understand



well what he means when he mentions his horror of a world without God and without Providence; but what we cannot understand is that he should talk seriously of the gods as intervening in human affairs with particular volitions." The apology, however, is suggested, that his scientific education was neglected. Moreover, he had not the mental alacrity of Adrian or Lucian to protect him against vulgar errors. And then his errors were without practical consequence to himself. "The supernatural was not the base of his piety." It was limited to a few sanitary superstitions, and a patriotic condescension to ancient usages. "His virtues," M. Renan exults to think, "like our own, reposed on reason, on nature. His character was the honour of human nature, and not of a determinate religion. Whatever may be the religious and philosophical revolutions of the future, his greatness will never be touched; for it absolutely rests on what will never perish, his excellence of heart." Meanwhile, Marcus Aurelius himself quietly rebukes all this jargon by his own revelation of his thoughts, knowing himself better than his patronising apologist knows him. "To live with the gods! He lives with the gods who shows them always a soul satisfied with the lot they have assigned, and obeying the genius which Jupiter has detached as a part of himself to serve to us as a director and a guide. This genius is intelligence and reason in each man." "Either the world is only chaos, successive aggregation and dissolution; or it is unity, order, Providence. In this latter case, I adore, I rest from myself, I have confidence in Him who governs all."

The philosophic emperor found himself embarrassed at all points in the administration of an empire which based its pleasures on cruelty, and had Christianity in its midst on which to exercise that cruelty. In his relation to the public games of the amphitheatre, the horrible scenes of which no theory of morals could tolerate, he was obliged to succumb. His sublime ethics were unequal to the strain: they were not supported by the Christian principle, the first and lightest word of which would have forbidden to him any compromise. But his life was a constant compromise. He almost provoked a rebellion by arming the gladiators for the Germanic war, thus taking away the human material of the people's pleasures. The frequenters of the amphitheatre were the only persons who did not love him. He protested in every way, strove to mitigate the

horrors and the dangers of the arena, but he did not attempt to suppress them. He attended them himself, though no oftener than absolutely necessary. During the representations he affected to read, to give audiences; and this in despite of the public raillery. But his influence, on the whole, and the influence of the many philosophers who helped him in his government, did literally nothing for the amelioration of the public tastes in this respect. Philosophy in government did its best, and was found wanting. Instead of following our own reflections on the subject, let us hear M. Renan's admissions, as they glimmer through the following striking remarks:

"The public had, like the princes, its regular lessons of philosophy. In the important towns there was a regular official eclectic teaching with lectures and conferences. All the ancient school denominations were still in existence: there were the Platonists, the Cynics, the Epicureans, the Peripatetics, receiving equal salaries, on the sole condition that they proved their teaching to be in accord with that of Plato, Pythagoras, Diogenes, Epicurus, and Aristotle. Mockers, indeed, asserted that certain professors taught several philosophies at once, and were paid for playing different parts by turns. . . . We are apt to forget that the second century had a veritable preaching parallel with that of Christianity, and in many respects harmonising with it. It was not a rare thing to see in the circus, in the assemblies, a sophist arise, like a Divine messenger, in the name of the eternal verities. Dion Chrysostom had already given the model of these homilies, stamped with a polytheism much mitigated by philosophy, and which recall the teachings of the fathers of the Church. The Cynic Theagenes, at Rome, attracted crowds to the course which he gave in the gymnasium of Trajan. Maximus, of Tyre, in his *Sermons*, presents us with a theology, fundamentally monotheistic, in which the figurative representations are retained only as symbols necessary to humour weakness, and which only the sages could dispense with. All cults, according to this eloquent thinker, are an impotent effort towards a unique ideal. The varieties which they present are insignificant and ought not to arrest the true worshipper."

We cannot follow M. Renan in his general estimate of the good and evil of this "veritable historical miracle, the reign of philosophers." His account seems, in our sober judgment, a tissue of inconsistencies. "It served wonderfully to advance social and moral progress; humanity and sweetness of manner gained infinitely; the

idea of a state governed by wisdom, benevolence, and reason was founded once for all." A few pages afterwards, in the midst of a lamentable catalogue of quasi-religious institutions favoured by philosophers, we read: "At Rome, Alexander established mysteries which lasted three days: on the first day the birth of Apollos and Esculapius was celebrated; on the second day, the epiphany of Glycon; on the third, the nativity of Alexander; all with pompous processions and flaming torches. Scenes were enacted throughout of a revolting immorality. . . . Thus intellectual progress did not respond to social progress. The attachment to the State religion nourished only superstition and hindered the progress of a good public instruction. But this was not the fault of the emperor; he did well all that he could. The object which he had in view, the amelioration of man, demanded ages. Those ages Christianity had before it; the empire had them not."

Here first expiring heathen philosophy is brought face to face with the new and vigorous life of the true philosophy which the Light of the world had already kindled among men. The noblest representative of the wisdom of this world, surrounded by a band of such wise men as he was, and seconding him in every possible way, proved in every possible court and by every possible test the utter incompetence of earthly maxims to regenerate society. Heathenism must at last abdicate, as M. Renan reluctantly confesses. It had not the ages before it, simply because the ages were weary of it and would not trust it any longer. Christianity was in possession. But here it is to be observed that dying heathen philosophy did its very utmost to arrest and destroy the power which could do what it had failed to do. Marcus Aurelius, the paragon and ideal of this book, cannot by any special pleading be rescued from the imputation of having hated the religion of Christ and sought its extinction. Many pages are devoted to this subject, which evidently causes the author much embarrassment. The sum of them is as follows: we give in our own words the pith of M. Renan's plea.

Philosophy, which had the whole heart of Aurelius, was hostile to Christianity. His preceptors nourished in him this sentiment. They were, as a class, jealous of the power of Christian teachers over the young, and denounced Jews and Christians alike as enemies of the gods and disturbers of society. When raised to full power, it was

his high and supreme principle to maintain all ancient Roman maxims in their integrity. Thus the Stoic and the Roman in him were at one; and the best of men committed that saddest of faults through excess of conservative severity. "Ah! if he had possessed a little more of the bluntness of Adrian or the laughter of Lucian." It cannot be pleaded for him that he was ignorant of Christians; they were always near his person. But the fact is that he despised them too much—despite all his serene philosophy—to admire their purity. Their kind of supernaturalism offended his taste. We cannot, however, consent to believe that "no copy of the Gospels fell under his eye, and that the name of Jesus was probably unknown to him." Did he not read the Apologies offered to him and his imperial house? It appears that the sublime courage of the Christian martyrs impressed his mind; but that he forced himself to condemn and even ridicule their demonstrative eagerness to die for their Master. Among his thoughts we read: "Let me have the disposition of mind always ready to leave the body, whether by extinction, by dispersion, or by persistence in being. When I say ready, I mean that it should be as the effect of deliberate judgment, not in the spirit of pure opposition, as among the Christians; it must be a reflective art, capable of persuading others, without mixture of tragical display." M. Renan cannot refrain from a touch of satire, for we suppose he meant it so: "The true liberal must refuse everything to Fanatics, even the pleasure of being martyrs." Certainly Aurelius was no martyr himself. Well for his memory had he made his hard prejudices a sacrifice to the better instincts of his heart, or the Divine within him which he acknowledged, the voice of which he is never weary of appealing to as prompting to make the good of others the highest object.

It is urged in favour of the emperor that he mitigated the persecutions which he could not suppress. Though he did not abolish entirely the laws against *collegia illicita*, he narrowed and restrained their application. And the Christians of a later generation paid their tribute to the tolerance of his spirit and the toleration of his government in the matter of informers. "Consult your annals," Tertullian says to the Roman magistrates, "and you will see that the princes who have been fierce against us are those whom we think it an honour to have had among

our persecutors. On the contrary, of all the princes who have respected Divine and human laws let one only be named who has persecuted the Christians. We can cite one who declared himself their protector, the wise Marcus Aurelius. If he did not openly revoke the edicts against our brethren, he destroyed their effect by the severe penalties which he inflicted upon their accusers." The current estimate of Christian writers continued long to be very favourable to the character of Aurelius in this respect. We cannot help thinking, too favourable; and M. Renan is evidently of the same mind. This is his apology:

"It must be remembered that the Roman empire was ten or twelve times larger than that of France; and that the responsibility of the emperor, in the case of judgments passed in the provinces, was very slight. It must be borne in mind especially that Christianity did not simply challenge for itself the liberty of worship: all the cults which tolerated other cults were quite at their ease throughout the empire. What placed Christianity and before it Judaism in a place apart was their intolerance, their spirit of exclusiveness. Liberty of thought was absolute. From Nero to Constantine there was not a thinker, there was not a savant, who was in any measure embarrassed or restricted in his researches."

This was, in a certain sense, true. But we cannot read the accounts of the pleadings and sufferings of the second-century Christians—this volume being evidence—without coming to the conclusion that the avowal of Christianity, or in the Lord's own words the "confessing His name before men," was the final and capital delinquency. The reason of the emperor's complicity in these sad persecutions was his anxiety not to offend the people. The same feeling that made him play the hypocrite—however in that case venially—in the amphitheatre, made him keep back the word that would have ended the shedding of Christian blood. Had he spoken that word, he would have been unpopular with the whole empire. Some of his interferences with the laws as to gladiatorial exhibitions had shaken the confidence of many, in Rome especially: the same kind of interference directed to the protection of Christian lives would have shaken his hold on the public affection to a much larger extent. We have only to appeal to the Apologists on the one hand, and the martyrdoms on the other, for confirmation of this. Before referring to them, how-

ever, let us hear a few words more of M. Renan, which have an interest for modern as well as for ancient times :

"The law was persecuting, but the people were still more so. The evil reports circulated by the Jews, and kept alive by malicious missionaries, poisoned the minds of the most moderate and sincere. The people held tenaciously to their superstitions, and were indignant against those who attacked them by sarcasm. Even the more enlightened sort, such as Celsus and Apuleius, thought that the political declension of the time sprang from the progress of incredulity in the national religion. The position of the Christians was like that of a Protestant missionary established in a very Catholic city of Spain, and preaching against the saints, the virgin, and the processions. The saddest episodes of the persecution under Marcus Aurelius arose from the hatred of the people. With every famine, every inundation, every epidemic, the cry, 'The Christians to the lions,' echoed like a sombre menace. Never had a reign witnessed so many calamities ; all men thought that the gods were angry ; devotions were redoubled, and expiatory acts were diligently performed. The attitude of the Christians, in the midst of all this, remained obstinately disdainful, or even provocative. Often their insults offered to the judge precipitated their condemnation. Before a temple, or an idol, they breathed vehemently as if to repel something impure, or made the sign of the cross. It was not a rare thing to see a Christian stop before a statue of Jupiter or Apollo, accost it, and strike it with a staff, saying, 'Your god, you see, does not avenge himself!' The temptation was strong to seize the sacrilegious man, to crucify him, and retort, 'And does your God avenge Himself?' The Epicurean philosophers were not less hostile to the vulgar superstitions, and yet they were not persecuted. It was never to be seen that a philosopher was forced to sacrifice, to swear by the emperor, and to bear the torches. The philosopher would not have consented to these vain formalities, and that was reason enough for their not being demanded of him."

M. Renan does not, as a philosopher, make allowance enough for the special obligations under which the baptismal vow brought every Christian. He evidently grieves over the perverseness and obstinacy of the early Christians as having needlessly involved them in all the consequences of persecution, and rendered it necessary that the good emperor should allow the old laws to be executed against them. As an historian he is anxious to discover evidences that Christianity brought its calamities on itself. As an artist he seems vexed that they should, by their fanatical



thirst for martyrdom, have been the occasion of the dark stain that rests on the character of his favourite hero. Undoubtedly he is right in the assertion that many courted death when they might innocently have escaped. He is able also to produce some passages in which the conduct of Christians who offered themselves for martyrdom was condemned even by their own pastors and guides. There can be no doubt that in Africa the passionate desire to die for the faith was the secret of much wild fanaticism. And the melancholy satire of the proconsul in Asia, Arrius Antoninus, is well known and well authenticated. When he had issued a decree for the rigorous search after the Christians, he found to his amazement that all the faithful of the city presented themselves in a body before his tribunal, demanding the fate threatened against their religion. Enraged at this, he sent a small number to punishment, and dismissed the remainder with the words: "Go, then, ye wretched! If you are so bent on dying, there are precipices enough, and you have cords at hand." But all M. Renan's skill is spent in vain on the endeavour to make mere fanaticism the source of Christian devotion and its deadly consequences. He knows very well that the Founder of Christianity has made Himself responsible for much of His disciples' fervent love of martyrdom. Some of His words which warn against shrinking from the confession of His name, and some of them which seem to promise a special reward to fidelity in the hour of persecution, are of such a character as to warrant very much of what the historian mourns over as fanaticism. It is hardly fair to attack the Christians for having sprinkled the page of history with needless horrors, and to forget the essential principles to which their Master had bound them: the confession of His name and of His religion before men, after the example of His own confession.

But M. Renan—who lays this whole matter very seriously to heart—uses something like the same argument in defence of the persecution. Though without any earnestness or warmth, he pleads that the heathen, on their part, were defending their gods and religion by destroying the defamers of both. He exaggerates the effect of the extravagant prophecies of the Montanists and the Phrygian fanatics: it was perfectly well known that these did not represent the Christianity found in the high places of the empire. That the Christians did not spare the idols, and

the empty worship paid them, and the grievous, however unmeaning, dishonour done to the one God whom they worshipped by the national religion, is undoubtedly true. But here again the responsibility rests upon their holy books, which allow no compromise with the spirit of idolatry. Moreover, it ought to be taken into account that the most sacred truths of Christianity were made matter of constant and undisguised mockery throughout the empire. The most abominable calumnies were invented, and spread, and believed in. Detestable enormities were declared to be practised in the secret assemblies of the Christians. The "grotesque crucifix of the Palatine" still remains as a memorial of a time when Christians were supposed to worship, like the Jews before them, an ass: a peculiar legend this, which has never been thoroughly accounted for. M. Renan details, in various parts of his volume, with offensive and almost prurient particularity, the general currents of slander that were greedily accepted as to the relations of Christians to each other, and their holy kiss, and the relations of the priesthood to the female part of the congregation. All this we turn from with something like disgust: introducing the matter only to show that the Christians were strongly tempted by the attacks to which their religion was subject to retaliate in kind. While there were many who understood the Christian law too well to return evil for evil, there were some, no doubt, who were not careful to suppress their contempt for the absurdities which were called religion.

Certain it is, after all, that the crime for which such multitudes were destroyed was simply that of being Christians. No account was taken in the indictment of anything that might be regarded as subordinate. The consequence was that throughout this philosophic reign the Christian faith required its professor to live in a state of constant suspense or apprehension of death. Denunciations poured in from all quarters, especially from slaves and Jews and pagan husbands. The police, knowing well the places and the days of the Christian assemblies, made sudden irruptions, against which there was no resistance. The horrible punishments of the Roman law were applied in all their rigour. The Christian, as *humilior* and even as *infamosus*, was punished by the cross, the beasts, the fire, the rods. Death was sometimes exchanged for condemnation to the mines and deportation to Sardinia,—a

cruel mitigation. "All this," says M. Renan, despairing of the apology he attempts, "is a desolate spectacle. No one suffers more from it than the true friend of philosophy. But what could be done? A man cannot do at once two contradictory things. Marcus Aurelius was a Roman; when he persecuted, he acted as a Roman." In sixty years, an emperor equally benevolent in heart with Marcus Aurelius, but less endowed with genius, Alexander Severus, will realise, without regard to any of the Roman maxims, the programme of true liberalism; he will grant complete liberty of conscience, will abolish restrictive laws, and set free the right of association. Now what has M. Renan to say for this contrast? Nothing but that Severus was in some sense a Syrian, and unacquainted with the traditions of the empire. This is itself a strong testimony against the boasted philosophy which is constantly exalted above the Semitic traditions. The philosophic genius of Aurelius could not do, did not attempt to do, or even desire to do, what the poor Syrian at once accomplished. After him, such restorers of the empire as Decius, Aurelian, Diocletian, returned to the strict Roman principles of Trajan, Antoninus, and Aurelius; and persecution, and terror, and savage cruelty were all that philosophy, administering Roman laws, had for the defenceless Christians. We hardly know when M. Renan is indulging in satire. He seems to be doing so in this sentence: "The perfect peace of these men's consciences ought not to surprise us; it is evidently with absolute serenity of heart that Marcus, in particular, dedicated in the Capitol a temple to his favourite goddess, Benevolence."

The most affecting chapter in the history of Christian martyrdom is that of the persecution of the Churches of Lyons and Vienne, in Gaul. M. Renan pays these early French Churches a special tribute, and gives the history of their sufferings and heroism with a minuteness and enthusiasm which are very suggestive. "It was in the seventeenth year of his reign. The emperor changed not; but obstinacy irritated him. The scourges which raged and the dangers which menaced the empire were regarded as due to the impiety of the Christians. On all sides the people invoked authority to maintain the national cult, and to punish the contemners of the gods. Unhappily, authority yielded to the persuasion. The two or three last years of Marcus Aurelius were saddened by spectacles

altogether unworthy of so perfect a sovereign." The whole chapter is worthy of diligent study as a most effective piece of historical art. One or two extracts we must give :

"The idea that Christ suffered in them filled them with pride, and made them, instead of the most feeble creatures, like supernatural beings. The deacon Sanctus, of Vienne, shone amongst the most courageous. As the pagans knew him to be the depositary of the secrets of the church, they sought to extract from him some words which might form a basis for the infamous accusations brought against the community. They did not succeed in making him even tell his own name, or the name of the people, or the name of the city, which he came from ; nor did he say whether he was a slave or free. To every question urged his one reply was in Latin, *Christianus sum*. That was his name, his country, his race, his all. The pagans could not draw from his lips any other confession than that. This obstinacy had only the effect of doubling the fury of the legate and the inquisitors. Having exhausted all their methods without vanquishing him, they conceived the idea of having applied to the most sensitive parts of his body plates of copper of a white heat. Sanctus during this time remained inflexible, and never forsook his desperate confession, *Christianus sum*. His body was all one wound, twisted and contracted, and without any semblance of the human form. The faithful triumphed, saying that Christ knew how to make His own insensible to pain, and put Himself in their place when they were undergoing torture. What was still more horrible, some days afterwards they renewed the torture of Sanctus, . . . thus hoping either to conquer him or to see him die in agony, to the terror of the rest who beheld. But all in vain ; Sanctus resisted so manfully that the second torture was said to have restored to him the human form that the first had taken away."

There is a wonderful fascination about the fate of this devoted Christian, the record of whose superhuman endurance came to the emperor in due course, but was offensive to him as betokening nothing better than obstinacy. When the public tortures proved insufficient, the angry authorities strove to reduce their steadfastness by unheard-of barbarities in the prison. Multitudes died of asphyxia in the holes which they were forced into. But, occupied all of them in encouraging each other, they seemed to be animated by a Divine strength. This was especially the case with those who had undergone previous torture. The more recent prisoners nearly all died under

the incarceration. M. Renan's account lets us into the secret of the prison conferences, in which the wonders of Montanism and the extravagances of the Phrygians were discussed. And this gives him occasion for a pleasant criticism of the well-known letters which they sent to the Churches of Asia and Phrygia. The story of Pothinus is invested with a rare interest by our author :

"The veteran bishop Pothinus was failing day by day ; but the desire of martyrdom sustained him. He breathed with difficulty on the day when he had to appear before the tribunal, but had breath enough to confess worthily the Christ. It was plain enough from the respect paid to him by the concourse of the faithful that he was their religious chief ; hence a great curiosity attended this case. In the passage from the prison to the tribunal the authorities of the prison followed him ; the soldiers had difficulty in delivering him from the press ; while cries of every sort were echoed around. As the Christians were called sometimes the disciples of Pothinus, and sometimes the disciples of *Christos*, many asked if this old man was then the Christ. The legate put the question to him, ' Who is the God of the Christians ? ' ' Thou wilt know Him, if thou art worthy,' was the reply of Pothinus. He was dragged on with great brutality ; without any regard to his great age, those who were nearest struck him with their fists and with their feet ; those who were at a distance threw at him what they could find ; all acted as if it would have been impious not to join in the common outrage ; thus alone could they avenge their insulted gods. The old man was taken back to prison half dead ; in two days he expired."

We have the case of the few who, under the pressure of torment, denied their Master, dilated upon in a manner that does credit to the historian. These unhappy men were not released always ; for the charge of being Christians sometimes involved other offences against the law. They were still left with the faithful, and underwent the severities of the prison discipline with them. But how different their condition ! By their confession they had made themselves responsible for crimes they had not committed. On the way to the tribunals it was always easy to mark who were the apostates : " The confessors advanced with a tranquil and a radiant air ; a sort of gentle and gracious majesty beamed from their faces ; their chains were like their bridal ornaments, and they even declared that they perceived among them the literal ' odour of Christ.' " Very different were the poor renegades. Ashamed, and with depressed

countenances, they went along like the vulgar convicts; the pagans derided them as cowards and self-convicted murderers; the fair name of Christian, which made those proud who paid for it with their life, was no longer theirs. Sometimes they grandly recovered themselves. A poor Syrian slave, of fragile form, had denied the name of Christ. She was afterwards put to the torture, in the hope that her weakness would divulge those secret enormities which were charged against the Christians, but the proofs of which were hard to find. She revived while on the rack, and, as if awaking out of a profound sleep, denied with great fervour all that was charged against the Christians. "How," said she, "can you suppose that people who are not permitted to eat the blood of animals should eat children?" She avowed herself once more a Christian, and was martyred with the rest.

M. Renan has devoted many pages to the relations of slavery and Christianity. The name of Blandina, the slave-heroine of the Lyons martyrology, kindles him to enthusiasm. There is no account of her wonderful confession for Jesus superior to that of this volume. It is difficult to disentangle it from the mass of the history, but is worth an attempt. According to the custom in criminal proceedings of this nature, the slaves were arrested at the same time with their masters. Of course, many of these were pagans. They were frightened by the tortures which they saw inflicted on their owners; the soldiers of the court whispered into their ears what they must say to escape torture. Hence they declared that infanticide, eating human flesh, the practice of incest, were true charges against the Christians. The exasperation and fear of the public knew no bounds; nor was any refinement of torture spared that might extort the confession of such crimes as should make Christianity one of the monstrosities to be cursed and forgotten. There seemed a preternatural hatred of Christianity abroad, and there was certainly a preternatural joy in the confession of the name of Jesus.

Blandina belonged to a Christian lady who had taught her the principles of the religion of Jesus. "The true emancipation of the slave, emancipation by heroism, was in great part her work. The pagan slave was always regarded as a wicked and immoral being. What better way of rehabilitating their class than that of showing it capable of the same virtues and the same sacrifices as the



free!" These are just reflections; but M. Renan is a little too anxious to put into poor Blandina's heart some of the subtleties of his own reflection on the subject. Be that as it may, this feeble creature, whom all, including her mistress, thought incapable of any strength of resistance, absolutely wearied out the executioners who plied her with torments from morning to night. They confessed that they could do no more. The suffering confessor renewed her strength by the very act of perpetually naming the name of Jesus. "It was to her an invigoration and an anæsthetic to say, 'I am a Christian, and among us no harm or evil is done.' Scarcely were these words spoken than she seemed always to renew her vigour, and present herself fresh for new combats."

These prisoners of Lyons and Vienne have made themselves an eternal memorial. They present on the whole the finest example of the active and passive graces which suffering for Christ, hallowed by the thought of suffering with Him, has ever evoked. The day was at hand when the consummation of their fidelity should come. The heathen raged furiously, and, impatient of the slow martyrdom which the atmosphere and other terrors of the prison inflicted, clamoured and yelled outside the gates for Christian blood to be shed in the combat with wild beasts. To the disgrace of the philosophic empire these horrible spectacles were more in vogue than they had ever been. They came round at set intervals; but the prefect was wont to appoint a special festival occasionally for the gratification of the people when human victims happened to be in abundance. The cries of the mob singled out the names of Maturus, Blandina, Sanctus, and Attalus for the combat unto death; and the prefect durst not refuse their demand.

But in all this we have the emperor's conduct in view; and the name of Attalus gave occasion for a special reference to him. The day came, so eagerly desired by the crowd. Maturus and Sanctus had once more to go through the terrible ordeal. "Then they let loose the beasts: the most exciting moment of the day. The beasts did not at once devour their victims: they plunged their teeth into the naked flesh, and dragged the victims along. At this moment the spectators became mad with delight. They clamoured for the chair heated red-hot, the most infernal invention of the executioner, and in it Maturus and

Sanctus were seated." While the people were delighting themselves in the odour of roasted flesh, the question was applied, to which the always repeated answer was "I am a Christian." The beasts seemed to avoid the martyrs, and they ceased not to suffer until they received, like gladiators, the *coup de grâce*. Attalus was then cried out for; and soon was sent round the amphitheatre with a tablet on him having the words *Hic est Attalus Christianus*. His calm dignity maddened the crowd, who demanded the worst torments. But suddenly the prefect learned that he was a Roman citizen, and this fact broke up the proceedings of the day. Once more appeal was made to the emperor: the number of the accused was daily increasing, and many of them were, like Attalus, Roman citizens. Now was the time for Marcus Aurelius to show all the goodness that was in him, all the benefit of his philosophy.

The answer could not arrive for several weeks. During that time the poor prisoners were in a state of heavenly excitement. The example of the martyrs was contagious. Many of those who had denied came back and received strength from fellowship with the confessors, whose words seemed to be channels of special grace. We must quote a sentence here which does honour to M. Renan.

"It was most admirable in these Lyonnese confessors that their glory did not dazzle them. Their humility kept pace with their courage and holy liberty. These heroes who had proclaimed their faith in Christ in two or three great crises, who had confronted the beasts, whose bodies were covered with marks of burning and scored with wounds, would not claim for themselves the name of martyrs, nor suffer it to be applied to them. They would have the name martyr reserved for Christ, the True and Faithful Witness, and then for those who had by death had their title to it finally sealed. As to themselves they were only humble confessors, and prayed their brethren to ask for them faithfulness unto the end. Far from showing themselves proud, and hard to the poor apostates, as the Montanists and Novatians were, they wept over them with incessant tears before God. They accused none, prayed for their tormentors, absolved and condemned not. Some rigorists thought them too indulgent to the renegades: they replied, 'If Stephen prayed for those who stoned him, may we not pray for our brethren?' Their good sense was not less remarkable than their courage and charity. They heard of the excesses of Montanism; and could not altogether condemn the Montanist ardour for martyrdom; but they deplored its extravagances. Alcibiades held fast his diet of bread and water; but

the confessors were not pleased with this, and Alcibiades submitted to eat what was given him, thanking God."

The imperial rescript came at last. It was hard and cruel. All those who persevered in their confession were to be put to death, and the renegades to be set free. The approaching annual fête in honour of Augustus was to see the end of the Christians. Before a public tribunal the long procession passed; and one question was addressed to all alike, "Are you a Christian?" The answer being affirmative, decapitation followed in the case of Roman citizens, and all others were reserved for the beasts. Every artifice was employed to procure apostasy. But there were very few, indeed, who at this supreme moment denied the faith. And it is most touching to read that the chief solicitude of the devoted was not about their own sufferings but about the fate and recovery of those who had lapsed. We must again abridge M. Renan's touching account: observing that the slave Blandina is once more the heroine of the day.

"On the morning of August 1, in presence of the whole of Gaul, gathered in the amphitheatre, the horrible spectacle began. The people were bent on the punishment of Attalus, who seemed to be after Pothinus the real head of Lyonnese Christianity. It is probable that Attalus could not verify his Roman credentials, as certainly he and Alexander went into the sandy arena and passed through the successive torments ready for them. Alexander, holding communion with God, spoke not a word. When Attalus was seated in the red-hot chair, and the odour of his burning flesh went out, he cried in Latin, 'It is you who are eaters of human flesh. As to us, we do nothing amiss.' The two martyrs were at last despatched. Every day two others were introduced, to go through the same horrible ordeal. At length Blandina and Ponticus, a youth of fifteen years, were brought out: these having been reserved for the last day. It was greatly hoped that, having seen the daily tortures, they would yield, and philosophy would be spared the being put to shame by a Christian slave. Every day a desperate effort was made to extort an oath by the gods: every day this was met by disdain. While Ponticus was undergoing his agony, Blandina had no thought but for his fidelity. When he died, and she remained the last victim, it seemed as if in her person was to be demonstrated how much love could suffer for the Lord. She went through the entire ordeal, including the odious chair, a second time, was repeatedly tossed by bulls, and did not die until the soldiers finished what the beasts left undone.

As the crowd dispersed, they were heard to say: 'Never in our country was a woman known to suffer so much!'"

Meanwhile the emperor is writing his pious reflections on the subjugation of human passion: "not in the manner of the obstinate Christians, but with reflective philosophy." It is hard to understand how it was that a certain reverence for the goodness of Aurelius emboldened many Apologists to address him. This volume gives a good account—to which, however, we cannot do more than refer—of the works of these pleaders; just as it describes, fairly and strikingly, the writings of Celsus and Lucian, who made the religion of Christ their sport. M. Renan is tempted to discuss these last names as representatives of a philosophical attack on Christianity which died out under Aurelius, to be revived on a future day by men whom he all but names. Just after the pathetic descriptions of the Lyonnese confessors unto blood, in the description of which it is hard to think that the historian is not deeply moved, we find him writing thus:

"Lucian had certainly a strange idea of the 'Crucified Sophist who introduced these new mysteries, and succeeded in persuading His adepts to adore none but Himself.' He pities such credulity. How could the wretched ones who got it into their heads that they will be immortal have been other than led away by their fantasies! The cynic who *vaporises* himself on Olympus, the Christian martyr who seeks death to be with Christ, appear to him fools of the same order. In presence of these pompous and voluntary and far-fetched deaths, his reflection is that of Arrius Antoninus: 'If you are so bent on being roasted, do it at home, at your ease, and without this theatrical ostentation.' . . . Lucian was the first appearance of that form of human genius of which Voltaire was the complete incarnation; and which, in many respects, speaks the truth. Man, being incapable of solving seriously any of the metaphysical problems which he has the imprudence to raise, what should the sage do in the midst of the wars of religions and systems? What but keep aloof, smile, preach tolerance, humanity, benevolence without ostentation, and gaiety? The only evil is hypocrisy, fanaticism, superstition. To substitute one superstition by another is to render a very moderate service to poor humanity. The radical remedy is that of Epicurus, who at one stroke sweeps away religion with its object and the evils it brings with it. Lucian seems to us to be like a wise man, a sage, wandering about in a world of fools. He hates nothing, he laughs at everything, except serious virtue."

Before he enters on his account of the noble apologies of the second century M. Renan thus relieves his mind. What he makes Lucian think, he thinks himself. He does not say that he is the modern Lucian: that honour he has assigned to Voltaire. But he is himself one of his modern disciples, and is trying hard to persuade his own mind, and to persuade the world, that the supernatural is a synonym of superstition. He sighs to think that with Aurelius and his wits the reign of free thought for a long time ends. "The defeat of good sense was accomplished. The fine railleries of Lucian, the just criticisms of Celsus, will have no more weight than as powerless protestations. In a generation man, entering into life, will have only a choice of superstitions, and soon he will not have even that choice."

M. Renan ends his gallery of the Apologists with the noble figure of Minucius Felix, one of the great Africans, and the patriarch of the Latin Apologists, if not of all ecclesiastical writers in that language. This is indeed taking a good deal for granted, and settling a grave matter of chronology after a rather peremptory fashion. Some of the best editors, following Jerome, place this writer between Tertullian and Cyprian, that is, a couple of generations later; and our own admirable edition, that of Holden, takes that view very decidedly. But M. Renan cannot afford to let this name slip. He observes, in the place of other argument, that it is Tertullian who imitates Minucius, and not Minucius who imitates Tertullian; and without further scruple, introduces him into what we may call his Aurelian era. It is well for us that he has done so; the picture is a very beautiful one under the hand of our artist, and teaches some important lessons. Perhaps there is some exaggeration in the estimate of Minucius. Not only is he set down as the first writer of theological Latin, but as giving evidence that the Latin, theologically inferior to the Greek, is about to surpass and displace the Greek through the *nuances* and the virility of style. This is a sweeping assertion which it would be difficult to defend. Letting that pass, it cannot be doubted that the sketch given of the Octavius is just; and the artist shows his skill in making every sentence tell upon the main purpose of his own work. But, after all, our historian is not so much at home with the Apologists as he is with the Vituperators. Minucius is well drawn, but it is in the sketch of Celsus and Lucian that his genius expands.

And now our author turns from its enemies and apologists to the new power risen in the affairs of mankind. He regards the epoch marked by the death of Aurelius, A.D. 180, as the date of the full-formed embryo of Christianity. After that begins Ecclesiastical History, as essentially distinct from the history of the Christian Origins: these latter being the analysis of the successive transformations which the germ deposited by Jesus underwent before it became a complete and durable Church. We find some points here well worthy of observation, both as to their truth and as to their error.

It is certainly true that the Christianity of the year 180 exhibited all its perfect characteristics. When compared with the next two centuries, as well as with our own, the result is that the succeeding ages have added very little. The New Testament was really closed; not a single new book was afterwards added. While the dogmas are not fixed in their ultimate expression, the germ of all exists; not an idea will appear which the authorities of the first and second centuries may not be cited to support. The Trinity of the doctors of this time is in some sense undecided: that is, the Three Persons are not arranged in their relations as they will be; but the Father, the Son, and the Spirit are already marked out as the three terms which must be for ever kept distinct, without however dividing the indivisible Jehovah. All this M. Renan shows with much vigour. But he cannot suppress his bitterness when he looks forward to the grand labours of the Christian noontide. And this is his style:

"The Son will become greater and greater immensely. This kind of vicar which Monotheism was pleased, at a certain epoch, to assign to the Supreme Being, will singularly becloud the Father. The *bizarres formules* of Nicea will establish equalities contrary to nature. The Christ, the sole active person of the Trinity, will take on Himself the whole work of creation and Providence, will become Himself God. But the Epistle to the Colossians is only one step from that doctrine: these exaggerations are necessarily reached if a little logic is used. Mary, the mother of Jesus, is herself destined to grow colossally: she will become, in fact, a person of the Trinity. Already the Gnostics have divined this future, and inaugurated a cult which will develope into unmeasured importance."

These last sentences are a sample of the mixture of good and evil to which we referred. M. Renan has well



shown that the leading doctrines, usages, and worship of Christianity had reached a certain fixed and normal development immediately after the times of the Apostles, or at any rate during the succeeding century. He admits that the Divinity of Christ, for instance, was completely established, though the formulas for its expression were wanting; and that the work of future theology would be that of choosing among many types, and not of creating any. But in almost the next sentence he tells us that the exaggeration of Nicæa would make of Jesus the Son of God a very God Himself. There must therefore be a subtle distinction in the author's mind between "divinity" and "God." He is frank enough to admit that nothing but logic was wanting to derive the full doctrine from the Epistle to the Colossians; and might have said the same of other epistles and writings which he acknowledges to be the fundamental documents of apostolical Christianity. In short, he does admit, and lays great stress on the fact, that the body of truths which we hold to be fundamental formed the heart of theological belief in the middle of the second century; and that the books to which appeal was made were precisely the same which have been generally appealed to from that time as forming the canon of the New Testament. But, while exhibiting this both in its true light and in all its force, he introduces some perplexing and contradictory paragraphs which forbid our taking much comfort from his admission, and show that the author would rob it of its force as a testimony to the uninterrupted tradition of the faith. In fact, an uneasy suspicion forces itself on our mind that M. Renan has determined that heathen philosophy should make its most honourable exit with Aurelius, and Christianity at the same time make its entrance, fully equipped. The dramatic presentation would have been spoiled if the supplanting power had not been in full vigour. Accordingly, it was to him most convenient to find in the middle of the second century all the vital doctrines in their strength. What was convenient to his artistic taste was precisely what his historic fidelity discerns in the facts. And we may be sure that when M. Renan's tastes and M. Renan's investigations are of one mind, the result will be fairly and beautifully given. But there are methods of giving the fair results and getting all the benefit of them for the theory, while robbing them of their great value for the orthodox. The following sentences will

serve to illustrate this combination of striking truth with striking error :

"The Christian doctrine is then a whole so compact that nothing essential will be hereafter added to it, and no considerable retrenchment will hereafter be possible. . . . In the Christian Church of the end of the second century, everything has already been said. Not an opinion, not a tendency of thought, not a fable, but has had its defender. Arianism had its germ in the opinion of the Monarchians, the Artemonites, Praxeas, Theodotus. What this age of unrestrained liberty lacked was only what afterwards was introduced by the councils and doctors ; that is to say, discipline, rule, and the elimination of contradictions. Jesus is already God, though many recoil from so terming Him. The separation from Judaism is accomplished, though many Christians still practise Judaism. Sunday has replaced the Saturday, which, however, does not prevent many believers from observing the Sabbath. . . . The Bible and the writings of the New Testament are the basis of ecclesiastical teaching ; while at the same time a multitude of other books are adopted by some and rejected by others. The four Gospels are fixed, though many other evangelical texts are in circulation and find favour. The majority of the faithful, far from being enemies of the Roman empire, are expecting no less than the day of reconciliation, and already are admitting the idea of a Christian empire ; while some continue to vent against the capital of the pagan world the most sombre predictions of the Apocalypse. An orthodoxy is formed and serves already as the touchstone for detection of heresy ; but, when this appeal to authority is challenged, the Christian doctors have their refuge in what they will come to call 'the multiplicity of error.' The primacy of the Church of Rome begins to be sketched ; but even those who submit to this primacy would protest if told that the Bishop of Rome would one day aspire to the title of sovereign in the universal Church."

Exulting in what seems to him like a discovery, M. Renan condemns the tendency among his fellow labourers to find in the age of œcumenical councils and symbols the period when Christianity was definitely established as a system. He asserts again and again that Christianity was entirely formed before Origen and the Nicene Council. To the men of the third and fourth centuries he would give all honour ; but he thinks that they did no more than formulate a little more definitely what was already fixed in the faith and habits of the Christian world. Of course, we entirely agree with him in this, and thankfully accept his tribute

to a truth of vital importance in the study of ecclesiastical history and the history of Christian doctrine. But we cannot follow him in the exaggerations of his argument. We cannot agree with him that the Christian faith was fixed by a "multitude of great unknown or anonymous," by "unconscious groups of writers," and by "authors with no names or pseudonyms." He says that the unknown author of the epistles supposed to have been written by St. Paul to Timothy and Titus contributed more than any council whatever to the constitution of ecclesiastical discipline. He here just misses the truth that the reason of the settlement of the Church's ministerial discipline was that the Pastoral Epistles were the Spirit's final prescriptions by the Apostle. Increasing in vehemence, he takes the Gospels and our Lord Himself under his patronage, and protests against their being robbed of their true and deserved honour. We ought to be able to thank him for this just vindication. But how can we approve of the ally who writes the following sentences?

"The obscure authors of the Gospels have obviously more real importance than these most celebrated commentators. And Jesus? It will be confessed, I hope, that there was some reason why His disciples loved Him to the point of believing that He had risen from the dead, and of seeing in Him the realisation of the Messianic ideal, the superhuman Being destined to preside over the complete renewal of heaven and of earth. Invention here goes for nothing. The maxims of the Sermon on the Mount are as old as the world: no one has a literary property in them. The great thing is to realise these maxims, and to make them the basis of a society. That is why, with a religious founder, the personal charm is the capital point. The *chef-d'œuvre* of Jesus was to make Himself loved by a score of persons, or rather to have made them love the idea in Him to the degree which should triumph over death. It was the same with the Apostles and the second and third Christian generations. The founders are always obscure; but, in the eyes of a philosopher, the glory of these unnamed is the true glory."

He is no philosopher who writes thus of the primitive documents on which the Christian faith reposes; nor would philosophy own the man who could thus estimate the place of Jesus among the founders of religion. It would be sufficient here to appeal from M. Renan in his rhapsody to M. Renan when his subject is the Gospels in another volume.

But it appears only too obvious that profound conviction has no part in his entire work upon Christianity. He is always at the mercy of a superficial generalisation; and never enough commanded by principle to resist a temptation to astonish his readers by a startling analogy. The last sentence we shall quote on this subject will justify what has been said. It is in our judgment one of the most offensive that the entire series of his volumes contains; and would not be translated were it not that our readers ought to be made acquainted with the true spirit of an author who exercises so strange a fascination.

"The same reflection may be applied to the writings which have come down from these antique ages. They are flat, simple, gross letters, analogous to those letters without orthography which are written in our days by the communist sectaries who are objects of our contempt. James and Jude recall to us Cabet or Babick, fanatics of 1848 or 1871, convinced, but not knowing their own language, and expressing in touching ways to the conscience their strong aspirations. (In a journal of the Commune, *La Nation Souveraine*, of April, 1871, may be seen a letter of Babick which very much reminded me, when I read it, of the primitive Christian Epistles.) And, notwithstanding, these are the things of the common people which have become the second Bible of the human race. The tent-maker Paul wrote Greek as badly as Babick wrote the French. . . . The time of origins is a chaos, but a chaos rich with life: it is the fruitful slime in which a being is preparing for existence, still a monster, but endowed with a principle of unity, and of a type strong enough to defy impossibilities in order to give itself essential organs. What are all the efforts of conscious centuries when compared with the spontaneous tendencies of the embryonic age, the mysterious age when the being in course of its own formation now casts off a useless appendage, creates for itself a nervous system, and pushes out a new member? It is at these times that the Spirit of God hovers over His work, and that the little company which works for humanity may truly say: 'Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.'"

M. Renan takes great liberties with his readers when he writes such sentences as these. He presumes on his popularity, and forgets that he is writing for other than French readers. He must perfectly well know that the acknowledged writings of St. Paul and St. Peter and St. James and St. John are, as merely literary documents, immeasurably above what he represents them to be. The

writings of the New Testament are not the chaos which many besides this writer think them. The eye that is prepared may see the dogmatic hand everywhere, shaping and defining and protecting a circle of doctrines to which nothing essential has been added, and from which nothing essential has been taken away. The reference to the Pastoral Epistles is very suggestive. What M. Renan says is perfectly true, and furnishes an undesigned argument for their authenticity and apostolical authority. There were no men without a name going up and down in the Church who could have written this wonderful collection of ecclesiastical papers. And there is literally a great gulf fixed between the books that the Church has always accepted as of the Apostles and the highest literature that followed.

M. Renan's chapter on "The Causes of the Success of Christianity" is the most elaborate in the volume. It, of course, suggests comparison with Gibbon's chapters, to which our historian never refers. Were it worth while to collate the two, it might be shown how totally different is the infidelity of M. Renan from that of Gibbon. Our author is in his deepest heart on the side of Christianity, though he knows it not: that cannot be said of the English sneerer. Let one paragraph illustrate our meaning:

"A religion founded, like that of Apollonius of Tyana, on a faith in the visit of a God to this earth, had special chances of success. Humanity is in quest of the ideal: but it must have in that ideal a person, for it does not love an abstraction. A man, the incarnation of the ideal, whose biography might serve as a framework for all the aspirations of the time,—that is what the religious opinion of the time demanded. The gospel of Apollonius of Tyana had only a half-success; that of Jesus succeeded completely. The needs of the imagination and the heart which agitated the peoples were just those to which Christianity gave a full satisfaction. The objections which spirits brought by rational culture to an impossibility of admitting the supernatural had no existence at that time. In general it is more difficult to hinder men from believing than to make them believe. And there never was an age more credulous than the second century. Everybody admitted the most absurd miracles; the current mythology, having lost its primitive meaning, reached the last limits of folly. The sum of the sacrifices which Christianity demanded of reason was less than what Paganism may be regarded as having demanded. To be converted to Christianity was not then an act

of credulity: it was relatively an act of good sense. Even in a rationalist point of view, Christianity might be regarded as a progress: it was the man religiously enlightened who adopted it. He who was faithful to the old gods was the *paganus*, the peasant, always refractory to progress, behind his age; just as one day, in the twentieth century perhaps, the last Christians will perhaps in their turn be the *pagani*, the rustics."

Not a word need be said on this remarkable paragraph. M. Renan perpetually reveals a secret respect for Christianity which must be put to his account in our severe estimate. But we must draw to a close. It is always matter of interest to note how great and influential writers take farewell of the works which have deeply stirred and engrossed them. M. Renan poses just as might have been expected: perhaps not quite so dramatically, and perhaps with more tokens of emotion. There is not a word, as we remarked at the outset, about the public opinion of Christendom; not a word about the possible injury he may have inflicted on multitudes of simple readers; not the faintest shadow of consciousness that any error may have intruded into his discussion of the most solemn, and, at the sametime, the most difficult subject of human thought. Never was a book written with a more sublime self-confidence, or with less deference to human opinion. Yet there are not wanting evidences that something in his nature has been fighting against him all through: that there is a traitor within who points many sentences, and throws a specific glow into many descriptions which would otherwise have taken a different form. This internal duel gives the whole work one of its special characteristics. It sometimes prevents our regarding the author as the enemy he really is. It takes the edge from the sword when it is aimed with deadly purpose, and gives to arguments intended to bring Christianity under suspicion precisely the opposite effect to that for which they were constructed. But its influence is chiefly to be seen in a certain inconsistency, the evidences of which might be gleaned from almost every page. Our last quotation showed that our historian takes altogether the side of Christianity as against the heathenism of the second century. His closing remarks show pretty plainly that the conflict in the nineteenth century is equally in favour of the religion of Jesus.

There is one thing that stands in the way. Were that removed, M. Renan would condone many things in the



Christian cause. He is philosopher enough to see that the corruptions of what is called Catholicism do not affect the fundamentals of the Christian verity. His remarkably able discussions of the Counsels of Perfection show that he distinguishes between the ideal of Christianity and the poor reality which is struggling towards it. But there is one great obstacle in the path; and that is the obstinate Supernaturalism of Christianity. He thinks that the religion which our fathers practised with such full content can never now be accepted; because the "negation of the supernatural has become an absolute dogma for every cultivated mind." Science constrains—as he thinks—any thoughtful person to regard the history of both the physical and the moral worlds as a development having its causes in itself, excluding the miracle, that is to say, the intervention of any particular will or designing intelligence. But the calamity is that Christianity makes the history of the world nothing but a series of miracles. The creation, the history of the Jewish people, the rôle of Jesus, even when passed through the sieve of the most liberal exegesis, leave a residuum of the supernatural which no manipulation can avail either to suppress or to transform. M. Renan grows angry with the Semitic religions. They are at the root enemies of all physical science, which to them must appear like a diminution and almost a negation of God. "God made everything, and makes everything still: that is their universal solution." Though Christianity has not exaggerated the idea to the same extent as Islamism, it does involve the necessity of revelation, that is to say, of miracle in the sense that science has never confirmed. In fact, between Christianity and science the struggle is inevitable: one of the two adversaries must succumb.

Our author throws a swift glance over the past, and mourns that Christianity has been so slow to accept the instruction and warning of science. From the thirteenth century, when, in consequence of the study of the books of Aristotle and Averrhoes, the scientific spirit awoke and revolted in the Latin countries, down to the sixteenth century, the Church succeeded in crushing her enemy. But in the seventeenth century scientific discoveries became too glaring to be suppressed. The Church was strong enough still to trouble the life of Galileo, and to harass or disquiet Descartes, but not strong enough to hinder their discoveries from becoming a law to all the intelligent. M. Renan

forgets that the immortal representatives of science in that age were all, or nearly all, the most devoted and loyal friends of Christianity. But he is in full career, and will not stop. "In the eighteenth century reason triumphs; scarcely an intelligent man living believes in the supernatural." He remembers, however, the grand reaction from the desolation of the last century; but steadfastly believes that the Supernatural is daily losing its adherents. The evil was that the Reformation, which reduced the daily amount of it, which returned to primitive Christianity, and limited the idolatrous and pagan elements in the worship, still held the principle of miracle, especially in regard to the inspiration of the sacred books. And now there is no chance that Protestantism can successfully reform and at the same time preserve the existence of what is to be reformed. It must become perfect Rationalism, and adopt the following programme:

"Great and glorious is the world; and, despite all the obscurities which surround it, we see that it is the fruit of an obstinate tendency towards the good, of a supreme goodness. Christianity is the most striking of those efforts which make their marks in history for the production of an ideal of light and justice. Although the origin of it was Jewish, Christianity has become, with the course of time, the common work of humanity; each race has contributed to it the particular gift distributed to itself, and all that it had of good. God is not exclusively present in Christianity, but He is more present in it than in any other religious and moral development. Christianity is, in fact, the religion of civilised peoples; each nation admits it in its moral sense, according to its degree of intellectual culture. The free thinker, who dispenses with it altogether, is within his prerogative; but the free thinker constitutes an individual case, however highly respectable; his intellectual and moral situation is by no means yet that of any nation or of humanity.

"Let us then preserve Christianity, with admiration for its high moral value, for its majestic history, for the beauty of its sacred books. These books indeed are simply books; we must apply to them the rules of interpretation and of criticism which are applied to all books; but they constitute the religious archives of humanity, and even the weak parts they contain are worthy of respect. The same with the dogma. Let us reverence, without making ourselves slaves to them, those formulas under which fourteen centuries have adored the Divine wisdom. Without admitting either particular miracles or limited inspiration, let us bow down before the supreme miracle of that great Church, the

inexhaustible mother of manifestations varied without ceasing. As to worship, let us seek [to eliminate from it some repulsive accretions : holding it, in any case, for a secondary matter, having no other value than the sentiment we put into it.

Here, again, we see M. Renan Christianising in spite of himself. This programme of the rational world is his programme : his alone, we venture to say ; for no other rejecter of Christianity talks in this strain. Were we reasoning with him in person, we might ask whence came into the soul of man that profound tendency towards the good, that high ideal towards which the world has been ever aspiring. We might ask him if he seriously thinks in his heart that there is any sense or propriety in separating from Christian morals those special doctrines on which it stakes everything, and which cannot even be approached without a preliminary and preparatory faith in the supernatural intervention of God ? To us it seems nothing less than absurd to rave about the grandeur and beauty of the religion of Christ as the religion of the world while taking from it that element the removal of which would convict it of being a great delusion or a great imposture. But, alas for M. Renan, he finds the Christian world obdurate : every communion, every sect, every earnest individual, cried out, like the martyr of old, one and only answer to every appeal, *Christianus sum* : I am a Christian, and therefore believe in the supernatural. "Catholicism continues to wrap itself up, with a hand of desperate rage, in its faith in miracle. Orthodox Protestantism remains immovable." But there is some little gleam of hope. "Popular rationalism, inevitable consequence of public instruction and democratic institutions, is emptying the churches and multiplying purely civil marriages and burials." Though a part of the old Christian body may remain, like a parallel current of dead and fetid water running side by side with the new waters of life, it is probable that still more will join the "enlightened Israel" who journey towards a religion of "spirit and truth."

"It is beyond all doubt that, whatever may be the religious future of humanity, the place of Jesus in it will be immense. He was the Founder of Christianity, and Christianity remains ever the bed of the great religious wave of mankind. Affluents from all the opposite points of the horizon are mingled in it. In this blending of waters, no source can any longer say, 'This is

my river.' But let us not forget the primitive brook of the origin, the source in the mountain, the higher terrace whence a river since become as large as the Amazon rolled once in a fold of the earth no broader than a step. It is the picture of this higher source that I have aimed to present; happy if I have exhibited in its truth what there was in those high summits of grace and of force, of sensations sometimes genial, sometimes frigid, of life divine and communion with heaven! The creators of Christianity occupy by the best right the first rank in the homages of humanity. These men were much inferior to us in the knowledge of the real; but they have had no equals in conviction and in self-sacrifice. Now it is that which lays lasting foundations. The solidity of an edifice is in the measure of the sum of virtue, that is of sacrifice, which has been laid upon the bases."

Into this one paragraph the author has condensed a fair epitome of the faults and follies and weaknesses of his whole enterprise; a full specimen of that singular medley of inconsistencies which will always mark out his work from all others. Who does not see that the name of Jesus is really supreme in this man's secret conscience, though he knows it not? But who does not see that the words about a "divine life and communion with heaven" are a direct refutation of the cardinal principle of his work, which is the elimination of all life that is from above, and the annihilation of heaven? But we have not done yet. There is another variation on the same theme:

"How many excellent stones there are, after all, in this temple which time has demolished, that might be employed just as they are to the advantage of our modern constructions! What better instructor than Messianic Judaism could we have to teach us an unwavering hope of a happy future, faith in a brilliant destiny for mankind, under the government of an aristocracy of the just?"

"Is not the kingdom of God the perfect expression of the final aim towards which the idealist is always aspiring? The Sermon on the Mount is for ever its finished code: reciprocal love, sweetness, benevolence, disinterestedness, will be always the essential laws of the perfect life. The association of the weak is the legitimate solution of the greater part of the problems which the organisation of humanity brings forward; Christianity has on this subject a lesson for all ages. The Christian martyr will be to the end of time the typical defender of the rights of conscience. The difficult and dangerous art of governing souls will be conducted on the model furnished by the first Christian doctors, if it is ever reached at all. They had secrets to be learned only in

their school. There have been professors of virtue more austere and more firm, it may be; but there have never been masters to rival them in the science of happiness. The joy of souls is the great Christian art, to such an extent that civil society has been obliged to take precautions against men's being swallowed up in it. Country and family are the two great natural forms of human association. They are both necessary; but after all, they do not suffice. There must be maintained by their side an institution in which the soul receives nourishment, consolation, and counsel; in which charity is organised; in which may be found spiritual masters and a director. That is called the Church. It can never be dispensed with, unless at the cost of reducing life to a desperate impoverishment, especially for women. All that is necessary is provision that the ecclesiastical society does not weaken the civil society; that it is always a free resort; that it has no temporal power to sway; that the State keeps clear of it, neither controlling nor patronising it. During two hundred years Christianity gave, in its little free assemblies, the consummate models of all this."

It is doubtless true that time will demolish, though it has not yet demolished, that temple of Christianity which M. Renan has in view; or, what is perhaps nearer the truth, will witness the cleansing of that temple and the restoration of it to the "ideal" which is spoken of on almost every page of this volume. Unhappily, we cannot persuade ourselves that he means the Roman Catholic Christianity from which he early revolted. It cannot be pleaded that M. Renan knows only a corrupt form of the Christian religion. He is as intimately acquainted with Protestantism as he is with Catholicism. He has no excuse whatever of that kind. He really means that "time has demolished" that venerable and blessed temple of doctrine and worship and life which the labours and sacrifices of the second century built on the foundation of the Gospels. Here in almost the last paragraph of his long work the writer unconsciously uses the term "time" when he means science and criticism, and the books of which *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme* is one. M. Renan has no doubt that he has done very much towards the desolation of the temple of Christianity; he thinks that he and others like him have really signed the decree which will in the beginning of the "twentieth century" be found to have been decisive. Not one stone will be left upon another. But many of these stones shall—and this is the patronising

promise of his charity—be used in the future structure which the philosophers shall raise. Alas for M. Renan's prophecy; his philosophy has never yet shown any faculty for building either with its own or with other materials. It can destroy with great skill and dexterity; construct it cannot. But we have a confidence which has been, if possible, made more confident by the careful reading of all these volumes, that philosophy will never be called upon to give a new religion to the world. "The Son of God is come;" the foundation He has laid. He is watching the slow and painful but certain process of the building, and the completion of the temple is the one business of time.

---



- ART. V.—1. *Letters, Literary and Theological, of Connop Thirlwall, late Lord Bishop of St. David's.* Edited by the Very Rev. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., Dean of Peterborough, and the Rev. LOUIS STOKES, B.A., Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. With Annotations and Preliminary Memoirs by the Rev. L. STOKES. Richard Bentley and Sons.
2. *Letters to a Friend.* By the late BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S. With Preface by DEAN STANLEY, Richard Bentley and Sons.
3. *The Remains of Connop Thirlwall, late Lord Bishop of St. David's (including Charges).* Murray.
4. *Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's.* "Edinburgh Review," April, 1876.

LORD MELBOURNE has a character something worse than that of Gallio. The pink of politeness, but pleasure-loving and cynical, he would certainly not have selected the same kind of men for bishops as those who approved themselves to, let us say, Lord Salisbury. It would be unfair to affirm that in appointing Thirlwall to the bishopric of St. David's, the witty, epicurean premier was influenced by what is the chief "event" in a very uneventful life, the attack on college chapel services in the course of the controversy about admitting Dissenters to the University. Such an attack, coming from a tutor of the chief college at Cambridge, led to Thirlwall's somewhat uncereemonious dismissal, owing (he thought) to the influence with the Master, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, of Hugh James Rose, whose contribution to the controversy was a pamphlet, entitled *An Apology for the Study of Divinity*. But of this more anon, when also we shall have to speak more of the tone of mind which comes out so often in the earlier letters, and which prompted such expressions as "my disinclination to the Church has grown from a motive into a reason," expressions likely enough to have pleased one who, like Lord Melbourne, would, in choosing a clergyman, have said, *surtout point de zèle*, but not such as are generally held to show that a man has in him the stuff out of which bishops are made.

Bishop Thirlwall, however, did unexpected justice to Lord Melbourne. If he is to be ranked as a partisan bishop, party considerations never led him to swerve one hair's breadth from the line along which he had for years been moving, while his industry and mental powers were such as might have been expected from the wonderful promise of his boyhood. As Dean Perowne truly says: "The masterly Charges in which he reviewed, as no other could do it, the history of the Church," and his speeches, far too few, but (like that on the disestablishment of the Irish Church) always exceptionally powerful, were his chief public utterances. After the second edition of his *History of Greece*, he published little; but, though the letters to Lord Houghton were burnt at Fryston, those which remain range over such a variety of topics, and give us so much insight into the literary politics of the long period covered by the bishop's life, that they quite make up for the scantiness of specially literary performance. Everything in turn comes under Thirlwall's criticism, and no wonder, since at the age of thirteen he was writing letters which are more like essays, and in which topics of all kinds are discussed with singular acuteness; while towards the close of his life he wrote: "I can read literally from morning to night without any interruption but that of professional business. Sitting, walking, or driving, I have always a book in my hand."

He was a notable exception to the rule laid down by Archbishop Whately, that "there is nothing less promising than in early youth a certain full-formed, settled, and, as it may be called, adult character." Born in 1797, son of Thomas Thirlwall, successively minister of Tavistock Chapel, Long Acre, lecturer of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, and rector of Bowers Gifford, Essex, he soon was able to read English so well that at three years of age he was taught Latin, and at four read Greek with ease and fluency! At seven he began composition, and in 1809 was published "*Primitiæ: Essays and Poems on Various Subjects, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining*. By Connop Thirlwall, Eleven Years of Age." The book is very rare, for later in life the author tried to suppress it, and destroyed all the copies he could lay hands on. The sermons are childishly grandiloquent, the style taken, at first or second hand, from Blair; there is a tale, of which the Edinburgh reviewer says it might have passed muster in *The Rambler* (the boy had evidently studied

*Rasselas*). Even satire is attempted, Pope and Dryden being the models. Here is a sample which does credit to that imitative power which, throughout the volume, is much more notable than any originality of thought :

“ Clara is Fame’s vicegerent here in Town,  
And amply shares the lying dame’s renown ;  
Her hundred tongues in Clara hold their seat,  
And make a one-tongued chatterer complete ! ”

The most interesting thing about the volume is the portrait which adorns it, and in which the almost disproportionately developed forehead, and the traces of humour about the mouth, are an index to the character as it grew to be. Life at the Charterhouse was no doubt very valuable in checking what might else have developed into priggishness. In spite of the claims of school work and school play, he found time for a wide correspondence, of which this (date 1810) is a sample :

“ If you have visited Oxford, you have seen, in spite of what I said of my father’s prepossessions, by far the finest of the two Universities. You should, as I have done, have visited Cambridge first. Its inferiority would not then have appeared so striking. I shall belong to the former. Your conjecture respecting Kirke White is, I think, a very probable one. He would have been a second Cowper, although he might not have enjoyed so long the use of his transcendent powers. From such studies and such honours may I always be free. I prefer a long life a thousand times to such immortality. Your compliment, however elegant and polite, will, I am afraid, be undeserved. Whatever honours I may reflect on Alma Mater will not, I believe, be acquired during my continuance under her maternal wing. In fact, the old lady must excuse me if I differ with her on some points. I do not really think the classics, alias the dead languages, objects of such infinite importance that the most valuable portion of man’s life, the time which he passes at school and at college, should be devoted to them. And, furthermore, I am absolutely of opinion that there are other studies and pursuits which may render a man a more useful member of society than these. I even think that a man who is not acquainted with a syllable of Latin and Greek may be more useful to the world than the profoundest scholar.”

The closing sentence is noteworthy because it is so opposed to the writer’s views in later life. Dean Perowne gives us a good many letters to this correspondent, Mr. John Candler, of Ipswich, of whom we are told “ nothing further is known

than can be gathered from the letters." This is disappointing. One would gladly know how the correspondence with this particular friend came to be preserved; and one feels most strongly the need, so invariably felt in cases of this kind, of some letter on the other side, to show us what manner of man he was who called forth so much youthful criticism on such a variety of topics. For, as Dean Perowne says: "These early letters show the extraordinary extent of Thirlwall's reading, the manner in which he had already begun to weigh everything in the balance of his singularly judicial mind, the gradual ripening or modification of his ideas." Already, at thirteen, he had decided that the great value of going to college was not to get a grand degree on either subject, but to gain such seclusion from the world's bustle as "to enable you to collect materials for the benefit both of yourself and the world in your after profession." "I do not imagine (he says) that any great advantage will result to the world from my classical studies. And if I do not think my own happiness will be increased by them, surely I am justified in rejecting them." French poetry he criticises, and compares Pitt's *Æneid* with Dryden's ("Pitt has attended more to the beauties of versification; Dryden, hurried along by the force of his genius, neglected the gratification of the ear"). Of Crabbe he says: "His description of the ocean strikes me as rather natural than poetical." He was political, too, and thought it served Sir F. Burdett quite right when the sympathising crowd contented itself with breaking the ministerial windows, pelting the soldiers with brickbats, and leaving Sir Francis to his meditations in the Tower. "What I have read of Mr. Brand's speech I highly approve of," says this sucking politician, who predicts it will be a long time before the anomalies of pre-Reform-Bill representation are put an end to, and sums up with arguments in favour of pocket-boroughs, among others: "It is extremely convenient for a minister, when attacked by a strong Opposition, to be able to purchase votes at an easy rate." Here is a sample of his criticism: "Johnson has, it must be confessed, laid his paws rather too heavily on *Lycidas*, although I assent to several passages of his criticism. There is nothing in it pathetic; and pathos ought to be, I conceive, the principal charm in such a production." Candler had, it would seem, suggested that "poetry can be arrived at mechanically;" against such a flagrant contradiction of the

old Latin grammar saw the young correspondent protests most vigorously. He is quite aware of the discursive nature of his letters, and thus accounts for it: "Thoughts crowd upon thoughts, and when paper and ink are at hand the temptation of fixing their volatility is too strong to be resisted. I strike the iron while it is hot; the misfortune is it grows cool before I have finished." How grand this bit of Johnsonese: "Epistolary correspondence is little more than a species of more methodical conversation;" and how incredible to the boy of to-day, whose mind (all that school work leaves of it) is wholly given to football, or cricket, or general athletics, the discussion on solitude which winds up with: "On no subject have men been more grossly and frequently disappointed than on this; nor is there a more pitiable object in nature than a man who has expected happiness in retiring from the busy scenes which once occupied his sole attention, and who, in view of the repose which he had anticipated, finds himself the slave of the hideous monster for which, perhaps, because it is a stranger to us, we have invented no title, but have been compelled to borrow the foreign one—*ennui*." In the next letter he says he has been reading "the meditations of Mr. Pascal, a truly pious, learned, and ingenious character, who, after thirty, gave up every other pursuit, and devoted the rest of his life to the study and elucidation of the Scriptures. How greatly would the imitation of so excellent an example redound to the honour and advantage of every scholar;" and he goes on to assure his friend that if he lives he shall do what Pascal did. In speaking of Cowper's *Tirocinium* he criticises his identification of Emulation with Envy, pronouncing the former to be only active, the latter both active and indolent. He admits the evils which Cowper deploras in public schools, but lays them to the fault of boarding-houses, from which as a day scholar he is exempt. *Paradise Lost* he so admires that he believes it "almost an indignity to call it human." He is strongly in favour of the education of the poor, believing, with the Edinburgh reviewer of January, 1811, that "till learning shall fill the purse or the stomach, its universal diffusion will not deprive our plains of husbandmen or our shops of mechanics." He has "rarely met with a poem which has more elevated, surprised, interested and amused" him than Southey's *Curse of Kehama*. One is glad to see that at this time, during which he was

looking forward to "entering the ministry, after having acquired a competent familiarity with the Hebrew, so as to be enabled to compare the original dictates of inspiration with the translation that forms the groundwork of our faith," he had a just contempt for the not uncommon practice of going to the University to get a fellowship and then settle down into "a life of indolence dishonourable to the liver and unprofitable to mankind, thus converting literature and science into instruments for procuring the gratification of our sensual appetites."

It is curious that to none of his school contemporaries, including Grote, Julius Hare, Henry Havelock, Cresswell Cresswell, the two Waddingtons, and others who have since made their mark, have any of the elaborate letters (some in Latin and French), which he was in the habit of inditing, been preserved; but we are thankful for what we have. The boy is in this case father of the man in an unusual degree: there is no great genius displayed in the letters; they mostly echo in sonorous phrases sentiments which the writer heard from Dr. Raine, or at his father's table. They are more like what an educated Hindoo might write to his fellows than the far wittier and more humorous epistles which some young Scotch or Irish student is sometimes guilty of; but they are the prelude to something great by-and-by. The Hindoo gets a Government post and relapses into obesity. The Scot takes to trade, perhaps joins a great mercantile house in the Pacific, perhaps gets into that London mill which has ground down so many aspiring minds. The Irishman goes into the priesthood or takes to agitation. In each case there is nothing to answer to the promising beginnings; whereas Thirlwall went on as he began, as judicial in tone of mind, as sure of his own powers, as unyielding to authority as in the days when Candler was his correspondent.

At the end of 1813 he left Charterhouse and entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in his biographer's words, "he happened on another golden time." Besides some of his old schoolfellows, Hare and the two Waddingtons, he had in the same generation of undergraduates Whewell, Sedgwick, Hugh James Rose, Kenelm Digby, Dean Hamilton, and E. B. Elliott. He was no mathematician, only ranking as 22nd senior optime in the final examination; but, though the classical tripos was not instituted till 1824, his classical excellence was sufficiently



attested by his gaining the Craven and Bell Scholarships and the Chancellor's Medal. After being elected fellow in 1818, he went abroad for a year, visiting Rome, and there forming that close friendship with the Bunsens which lasted half a century. In a letter to Candler, written during his first long vacation, he talks of still keeping up his practice of writing Latin letters; says he would rejoice at Lord Byron's conversion could he bring himself to believe that his doubts had ever been sincere; and comes to the conclusion that his own powers, if he has any, are more adapted to prose composition than to poetry. "When I am tempted to wake again the strings of my long-sleeping lyre, that horrible and appalling denunciation of our master Horace rings in my ears, *Mediocribus esse poetis.*"

We have lingered long over the Candler letters, because they give (as we said) much insight into the writer's character. Next in importance, in this respect, are those to his uncle John Thirlwall, of Alnwick. In one of these he ventures the opinion that in morals an University follows instead of leading public opinion. "In proportion to the progress of refinement and decorum in the great mass of the community will be the advancement in those respects in the places of polite education." To him he enlarges on his looking forward to foreign travel, and says: "A fellowship I shall content myself with endeavouring to earn without suffering my tranquillity to be very much disturbed either by eagerness for the possession, or regret for the loss of it."

The Candler letters still go on; in one he combats the notion that Cicero was a timeserver, and answers the allegation drawn from his encomium on Cæsar in "Pro Marcello," by denying the authenticity of that oration. He says, very characteristically: "My aversion and contempt for the artifice of concealing ignorance of a subject under vague and general observations upon it will prevent me from saying much upon Locke." He also stands up for heathen philosophy which his friend had been depreciating; he holds that "Christianity has introduced with it no innovations at all in ethics, and laid down no principles of morality which had not been acknowledged and inculcated by either all or the best heathen writers long before. . . . Christianity improved the practice of morals, not the theory, especially by bringing into notice some of the less conspicuous virtues." This is not original. Both Butler

and Paley had said much the same thing; but it is forcibly put (the whole letter, protesting against attributing lower motives to heathen statesmen, is well worth reading), and it marks a line along which the writer moved consistently to the very last. Very pleasing it is to find in some of these Candler letters a reference to what was written years before. When he first came across Pascal, young Thirlwall thought there was nothing so commendable as to give up literature and science at thirty, and to take to theology. Writing from Florence in 1819, he says: "I read with a smile the extract you give me from my early letter. I recalled with pleasure the ardour of resolution, the sensibility of the great and beautiful in morality, which was one of the best features of my boyhood." He has now, he says, read Pascal at Rome, and hopes that he is fulfilling his boyish vow in spirit though not in letter. He also tells Candler that he is more and more disinclined to enter the Church, and means to follow his advice, and devote himself to the bar. It will be a very great sacrifice; he had meant to be a college fellow, not idle, but working in his own way, seeing much of other lands, and now he must "mix in the crowd of those who are pursuing one sordid object." It was not that he feared the cramping influence of the Church, for, writing to his brother Thomas, just ordained (1819), he remarks: "The English Reformers, in selecting from different confessions the tenets they thought necessary, opened a door into the Church towards opposite quarters of the theological horizon. Paley is right in giving them credit for perceiving that on articles which are subject to opinion there never can be an universal uniformity. The misfortune is that any article which is subject to opinion should have been admitted into any creed." To his father he points out that the Roman Catholic worship supplies a want for which the Anglican ritual makes no provision. "I think some appeal to eye and ear ought to be made to excite religious feeling in those who do not happen to bring it with them. The Church of England form of prayer, as it is the only public manifestation of a religious sentiment, is, whenever the sentiment is not felt, an empty ceremony, a ceremony which from its extreme simplicity is properly adapted to the expression of devotion where it exists, but which can scarcely excite it where it lies dormant." It is a pity the bishop did not extend to those attempts to give life and

spirit to Anglican Christianity the charity which the graduate here expresses towards Romanism. While at Cambridge he makes no reference (so far as the collected letters testify) to Charles Simeon and his work. His calm unemotional temperament rather draws him in the path already traced by Hey, the Norrisian Professor, whose lectures on the Articles were then a text-book for ordination. Already, too, his fondness for languages had led him to make acquaintance with German theology, which Bishop Marsh had been one of the first to bring before English students. Of this acquaintance the first fruits were the publication, with an Introduction, of Schleiermacher's *Essay on St. Luke*. This was in 1825, five years after he had entered at Lincoln's Inn. "His aversion to the law was never concealed, nor his total absence of ambition in that profession." He worked hard (as he did at whatever he undertook), studying conveyancing for two years under Mr. Bassevi, brother of the architect, uncle of Lord Beaconsfield, and relieving his drudgery by lengthened autumn tours, by studying German, and by sharing in the brilliant intellectual society which included Mill, Macaulay, Charles Austin, Samuel Wilberforce, &c., and by-and-by F. D. Maurice and John Sterling. The letters to Hare on the Schleiermacher translation attest the wide range of his German reading. "Indeed," says Dean Perowne, "he and Hare were probably the only Englishmen thoroughly versed in German literature." This publication was an epoch in the history of English theology; and it is remarkable (as the Edinburgh reviewer says) that two men, Thirlwall and Pusey, who afterwards diverged so widely, should about 1825 have both been occupied with the same studies, and should have hoped for their wider spread in England. When Dr. Conybeare, the Bampton lecturer, denounced German theology, Thirlwall ironically noted that "at Oxford it seemed the knowledge of German subjected a divine to the same suspicion of heterodoxy which was attached some centuries back to the knowledge of Greek;" while Dr. Pusey (*Historical Inquiry*) reminded men that "even the teaching of Kant might be a schoolmaster leading to Christ; and that there may be the same Christian feeling in very different forms of expression, the basis existing, though the intellectual development of it may be impeded by the intricacies of an earlier admitted system of philosophy, and that in the sceptical struggle after truth there

may be often more of the Christian spirit than in an unhesitating traditional belief." Dr. Pusey, indeed, looked forward to the evangelical Church of Germany being once again "in religious as well as scientific depth, amongst the fairest portions of the universal Church of the Redeemer." That Dr. Pusey afterwards went so counter to his early opinions was due mainly to the influence of Cardinal Newman. Thirlwall remained fixed in his first position; he wrote in 1861: "I would never consent to the narrowing by a hair's breadth that latitude of opinion which the Church has hitherto conceded to her ministers."\* Schleiermacher then held a rank which he has certainly failed to keep. His *Plato* had won him the regard of many young and ardent thinkers; Hare (in those *Guesses at Truth* which we cannot help looking on as an overrated book) spoke of him as "the greatest master of irony since Plato," and it was probably Hare's influence which determined Thirlwall's choice of a subject. His Introduction deals with the now "burning," then just smouldering, question of inspiration. He was opposed to all distinctions between the inspiration of the historical and the dogmatic parts, and was content "to fall back on the old opinion that the whole of Scripture proceeded from the constant and uniform operation of the Spirit, seeking that operation not in any temporary physical or even intellectual changes wrought in its subjects, but in the continual presence and action of what is most vital and essential in Christianity itself." This may well be compared with the defence (in the Charge for 1857) of Dr. R. Williams's statement, that "the Church is before the Bible, as a speaker is before his voice," and that "Holy Scripture is not so much the foundation of the Christian faith as its creature, its expression, its embodiment."

But besides marking an important epoch in the theological history of the day, and in the growth of Thirlwall's mind, the work played an important part in his future prospects. Lord Melbourne, despite his nonchalance of manner, was a scholar and a student. Lord Houghton (in the very interesting life of that statesman published in the *Fortnightly*, April, 1878) says he never gave preferment with-

\* It must not be forgotten that at the same time he was signing the censure on *Essays and Reviews*, a step singularly unfortunate, for it laid him, whose liberal tendencies were so well known, open to the charge of signing out of personal animosity against Dr. Rowland Williams.

out reading everything the claimant had written, and forming a judgment on it. In this he differed widely from premiers who, like Sir R. Peel, had as great a character for industry as he had for idleness. He read the translation of Schleiermacher, and never lost sight of the translator. But we are forestalling events. Among the new correspondents of the Lincoln's Inn period is Bunsen, to whom he sometimes writes in German (not apologising, as he does by-and-by to Dr. Schmitz, because he wishes for "a little practice in the written character"). To Bunsen he deplores "the commercial spirit which in England, more than elsewhere, leads men to regard everything from the side of utility, or rather of gain. . . . Whether (he adds) I shall succeed in keeping up the appearance of worldly wisdom without betraying all that I really value, or whether I shall at last be obliged to tear off the mask, and withdraw from the stage, time alone will decide." It is notable that to Thirlwall, as to so many other Liberals, his wide views were useful in a worldly sense—brought that very gain which he found it so vexatious a thing that others should seek. There is, of course, not a question of his sincerity; but his very uneventful career never gave the chance of showing whether he was of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

That he was meditating a change of profession comes out in another letter to Bunsen. The law—which in losing him lost a first-rate equity judge, but which, during his short apprenticeship, so fashioned his mind that he carried the practice of equity on to the episcopal bench—was growing unbearably irksome. "The unity of my intellectual life is utterly broken. I am under the painful necessity of giving the greater part of my time and attention to what appears to me petty and uninteresting, and making the great business of my thoughts an accidental and precarious appendage to it. . . . Some kind of University employment would be, as you rightly suppose, infinitely more congenial to my inclinations; but in order to fill any station there that would be more than temporary it would be necessary to enter the Church, a condition which would deprive such a situation of that which constitutes its chief attraction for me."\* To Hare he hints that, but for his withdrawal from

\* To Mr. W. J. Bayne he says: "My great objection to the law is that all the labour and all the ability I bring to it are utterly wasted and useless to

Cambridge, he might (instead of Dobree) have succeeded Monk as Regius Professor of Greek.

Nevertheless, he did take Orders (on his Fellowship) as a necessary prelude to becoming College lecturer on "Whewell's side" (as the Trinity phrase is), his Schleiermacher having been accompanied by a translation of quite a different kind—two tales of Tieck (*Verlobung* and *Gemälde*), which Taylor, the London University publisher, declined, lest publishing them should be "an injury to the cause of godliness." Work as a lecturer and with Hare in the *Philological Museum*, which was started between them, and in which appeared Thirlwall's masterly paper on "The Irony of Sophocles," occupied him till the one event, his biographer calls it, in his otherwise uneventful life, the quarrel about the admission of Dissenters to degrees.

This is how he apologises to his uncle for his change from the Thames to the Cam: "Society possesses two or three strong, stiff frames, in which all persons of liberal education who need or desire a fixed place and specific designation must consent to be set. Which of these frames is best adapted to the nature of the individual, and allows the largest and most commodious room for exerting his powers for his own and the public good is a question not in every instance very easy to determine. Fortunate are they to whom it presents no difficulty, when the promptitude of decision arises from clearness of conviction and not from absence of thought; on the other hand, it is not always just to attribute even a long fluctuation to levity or caprice." The *Philological Museum* brought him into connection with Keightley, the now too much forgotten pioneer of that comparative mythology which has, under new leaders, taken such rank in the field of thought. Thirlwall's high appreciation of Keightley proves the latter to have been a man who only wanted the *status* and friendships of an English University to have raised him to high places. In 1833 there is an important letter to Chevalier Bunsen on impending changes in the Church. Thirlwall refers to Dr. Arnold's "Principles of Church Reform," which (he justly observes) "shows great want of information as to the views and feelings of the Dissenters,"

---

society. I learn only what others know, and I do only what if I were not in being there would be hundreds to do just as well."



and to Dr. Pusey's "Remarks, &c., on Cathedral Institutions."

Then comes his pamphlet, a thunder-cloud in the clear sky of his calm life, which roused the anger of "the dons," not on account of its liberal tone, nor because it laid bare the weak side of college chapels—"to the great majority not a religious service at all, and to the remaining few the least impressive and edifying that can well be conceived"—but because it exposed the futility of calling *the University a place of religious education*. Historically the colleges were no doubt survivals of religious houses, having been founded to educate men for the priesthood, and at the same time to provide masses for their founders' souls. But practically the theological teaching had gone the way of the masses; and what "theology" was taught was well fitted to call forth the scorn of such a mind as Thirlwall's. At divinity examinations he points out that the questions are on history, antiquities, chronology: "that there should be one question on any point of doctrine is a most rare exception." It was this feeling of the hollowness of the University teaching which led him, when a bishop, to welcome the attempts of the new Oxford party, as he already had welcomed those of the Germanisers, to put theology on a surer basis. His pamphlet called out answers from Dr. Turton, Regius Professor of Divinity, from Professor Selwyn, from Whewell, the Senior Tutor, and others; above all, it prompted the present Bishop of Lincoln, then Master of Trinity, to invite Thirlwall to resign his tutorship. This he at once did under protest, displaying in his various replies much of the delicate irony whereby so often, in later life, he angered his opponents. Dr. Wordsworth had spoken about "the alternative between a compulsory religion and none at all:" \* Thirlwall replied, "The difference between a compulsory religion and no religion at all was far too subtle for his grasp." The assertion that to admit Dissenters would subvert the Universities as ecclesiastical establishments, he met by roundly maintaining—"We have no theological colleges, no theological tutors, no theological students." On the value of attendance at chapel as "discipline," he "has

---

\* Of course this ignores the whole argument of his adversaries. They meant that by chapel-going a habit was formed which was valuable by-and-by.

never been able to understand what kind of discipline is meant, whether of the body or of the mind or of the heart and affections." The whole thing reminds him either of a military parade, or of "the age when we were taught to be good at church." We cannot help thinking that Whewell has the best of it when he pleads for "not excluding religion from every domain except its spontaneous range in our own thoughts, but rather providing occasions which may bring it to our thoughts; not drawing a harsh line of distinction between religious impressions and all that has a mixture of earthly cares and notions, but throwing (as far as may be) a religious character over all the business of life." The controversy, which Dean Perowne gives at full length, is interesting; and to Thirlwall it at once brought preferment. Lord Brougham gave him the valuable Chancellor's living of Kirkby Underdale, vacant by the suicide of the last rector, and thenceforward the Cambridge group of North countrymen which included himself, and Whewell, and Sedgwick, and Wordsworth, lost one of its ablest and most pugnacious members.

The words of Lord Brougham, when the first Melbourne Ministry was breaking up, were characteristic: "I think (said he) I've fairly provided for all the clergy who have deserved well of our party except Sedgwick and Thirlwall." Next morning came the news that a stall in Norwich and the rich Yorkshire living were both at his disposal; so the two exceptions were, after the usual fashion, at once done away with. Thirlwall was glad to leave Cambridge. As he wrote to Keightley, whose now strangely neglected *History of Greece* he welcomed with well-deserved praise: "εχθρὸν μὲν ἵπποτα πάντα καὶ πεδιὰ τὰδε." Moreover, in his moorland solitude he found just the leisure that he needed for the *History* which he had been asked to contribute to *Lardner's Cyclopædia*. This work marks an epoch in English classical literature, as did the translation of Niebuhr's *Rome*, which he and Hare had published several years before. It has been superseded by Grote and Mommsen, and it suffered from its connection with the *Cyclopædia*, which fixed limits quite incompatible with the author's singularly exhaustive method; but it remains the most impartial though not the most picturesque of our Greek histories, standing to its vehemently partisan successor in the relation in which Hallam stands to Froude.

With less than three hundred people, Thirlwall had

abundant leisure; he often worked sixteen hours a day, and not his study only, but every room in the house, was overflowing with books. "Eating, walking, or riding, he was never to be seen without a book." Yet his parish work was by no means neglected. The congregations grew full and attentive, swelled by incomers from villages round; the school was often visited; there were meetings for extempore prayer, such as the flock, mostly Dissenters, were used to; and the sick and poor had careful attention. Once he sent a mother with her little daughter in his own gig to the seaside, to see if change of air would save the child from consumption. How he kept himself aloof from the petty scandals always rife in a village, is thus expressed by an old parishioner: "The rector would always say, 'I never ears no tales.'" The old feudal feeling was strong in the parish. Sir Francis Wood was the great landowner; and of him an old woman remarked, speaking of her son, "My boy would no more say anything wrong when left to himself, than he would in the presence of Sir Francis or of God Almighty." Here for five years he lived pleasantly and profitably, till further preferment overtook him as he was on one of his autumn rambles.

As we have said, Lord Melbourne had read Thirlwall's "*Schleiermacher*," that first step towards the modern way of dealing with the Gospels; but despite his apparent indifference, he was, Lord Houghton assures us, very careful in his clerical appointments: "His Erastianism kept him straight; he would no more have put into a bishopric a man who might be suspected of undermining the Church, than he would have appointed to Chatham an engineer likely to blow up the Government works."\* He referred Thirlwall's book to Drs. Allen and Otter, then bishops of Ely and Chichester; and, as they pronounced against its orthodoxy, he left the Liberal Churchman for a time in his moorland rectory. When Bishop Jenkinson died, Lord Melbourne found the Archbishop (Howley) took a milder view of the book than the bishops had done; he did not agree with it all, but he sent it back covered with notes, and with the verdict, "There is nothing heterodox in it." "I should not have appointed you" (said Melbourne) "if the archbishop

\* This made him specially annoyed at the outcry which greeted his appointment of Dr. Hampden to the regius professorship of divinity at Oxford. "I gave it him (he said) because he had the best metaphysical head."

had found you unorthodox. I don't like heterodox bishops." So Thirlwall became a bishop at the early age of forty-three. When the news reached Kirkby he was away, none of the servants knew where. An intimate friend undertook to find him; and after searching some days in vain, was attracted by the shadow on the window blind of a village inn which he was passing at nightfall. "My man, at last," he said; and entering, found the bishop-elect. It took a great deal of persuasion from his friends to make him accept; but, having accepted it, he got from Lord Melbourne (who was in bed when his visitor was introduced) a caution against unorthodoxy,—“which he looked on as an appeal to his sense of religious honour;” \* and which may partly account for his attitude during the Rowland Williams controversy.

Whether or not, had he escaped a bishopric, he would have left his mark more deeply on the theology of the day, and have helped in solving some of the problems which still await solution, no one can tell. Certain it is that his removal to Abergwili Palace marks the cessation of his literary work. He finished his *History*, the German translation of which he had been revising; but he undertook no other *magnum opus*; indeed, he wrote nothing except sermons, letters, pamphlets, and those charges which contain such a masterly summary of events and prospects in the Church of England.

In some respects, we are told, the appointment was as unsatisfactory as possible. The amount of sympathy between the bishop and his clergy was necessarily very small. They had nothing in common; and an amusing story is told of how, at a churchyard consecration, while waiting for the incumbent, he stood apart with his hands behind him calmly surveying the group of neighbouring clergy who had gathered to welcome him, but who remained huddled together, and too much in awe of his presence to venture on a word. In another respect, and one which Welshmen were likely to feel keenly, he failed from want of thought rather than want of feeling. His kindly nature, evidenced by his love of children, the tenderness which underlay his outward sternness, would surely have combined with the apostolic precept, “a bishop should be given to hospitality,” to make him careful of the bodily wants of

---

\* Torrens's *Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne*.

the clergy who came long distances to consult him, had he given the matter a moment's thought. For domestic pets his fondness amounted to eccentricity. After a meal, he would go round the table sweeping the bits of bread into his napkin to carry off to his favourites. One of his great delights was feeding his geese. The weather hardly ever kept him from them; they needed him most, he would say, when the snow was thick on the ground. Writing one very bitter day, he laments that he cannot get out to them; what will they do without him? \* All this, and the ways of his privileged library cats, and his dogs,—the terror of Welsh curates whose awkward shyness had perhaps escaped stumbling over the cat-basket,—and his love of flowers and of music, is delightfully told by the lady to whom were addressed the letters edited by Dean Stanley. The same lady has contributed what is the most interesting part of Dean Perowne's preface—a charming sketch of the man as he was, the giant mind as it condescended to weaker mortals. From this we gather that it was really self-distrust which gave him the reserve that to superficial on-lookers seemed to be coldness and want of sympathy. "He believed that, owing to defects of manner, he was unattractive and without power to interest others in himself. In reality no one valued affection more deeply than he, or returned it when given with greater truth and intensity of feeling. All that concerned a friend was to him as personal as if it related to himself individually." In his study ("Chaos," as he called it) or, in summer, under the trees, he read and read as he had done at Kirkby Underdale. For his confirmation tours he had a carriage built with one seat for himself, and another opposite for the vast assortment of chiefly foreign books that he carried about with him. But his library overflowed far beyond the limits of the room appropriated to it, nearly every room in the house being requisitioned for its storage. Here is the lady correspondent's account of the study:

"Who that has seen it will not remember 'Chaos?' Its quiet lights, its dim recesses, the cat purring on the hearth, the chairs all unavailable until cleared of the books and pamphlets with which, like the tables, they were crowded; the drawers full of unarranged letters, papers, MSS., into which the bishop, opening

\* He had three pike in a small pond. One day it was found that the biggest had eaten up the others. "I never looked at him again," said the bishop sadly.

them, looked with pitiful and perplexed eyes, yet when offered help, would invariably answer, 'I can seldom find anything in them now; but if they were set to rights for me, I should certainly find nothing in them!' And over all the presence that made peace and pleasantness, the life in its outward seeming eventless—within how eventful!"

Seldom has so little come of such a vast collection; it was, like the care of animal pets, an eccentricity. The wonder is that, while plunged constantly in such a sea of literature, he should have been always ready to say just the right word in regard to all the controversies of the day. Of his fondness for children, and power of adapting himself to their ways, there is abundant evidence. Dean Perowne gives a long letter to his little nephew, in which he writes: "Perhaps you will want to know why I am glad to hear that you like Quebec better than St. Vincent's. Now that is because I think it is a proper taste for you to like a place where you can be stirring about and doing something, if it is only shovelling about the snow. Very hot weather is apt to make one fond of lounging; and I judge from what you say that you are an active boy, and I shall be very glad indeed to find that I have guessed right." He would take part with keen zest in "school treats," and a story is told of an admirable address he made at one of them: "Boys are like tops; some give no trouble—only need to be set spinning and they'll go; these are like good boys. There are other tops which can only be kept going by constant whipping; these are the naughty boys."

His first official letter was on a topic after his own heart. A clergyman had refused the Sacrament to some of the congregation on the ground of their having gone to the theatre. He "beseeches him to consider if such an innovation is consistent with Christian humility in one of the inferior ministers of the Church; if its principle is in harmony with the spirit of charity in which the Church was to deal with her children, &c." To his judicial calmness almost every page of Dean Perowne's collection bears witness. He corrects his chaplain for calling the tradition, that each of the twelve contributed one clause to the Apostles' Creed, "a contemptible legend," and goes into a long discussion on the authenticity of the passage in St. Augustine, on which the popular belief is founded.

He rated theological newspapers very low: "There is



not one of them connected with the Church which does not *studiously* keep its readers in the dark as to everything that is said or done in German theology. . . . We talk with mingled indignation and contempt of the Papal Indices Expurgatorii; they are indeed poor things compared with our methods of compassing the same object, while we are able to talk big about light and freedom." He soon found that the poverty-stricken look of a Pembrokeshire peasant's house was no proof that the inhabitants were badly off; "*culm*, i.e., coal-dust and earth made into balls or bars, supplies cheap fuel—the people live hardly, but save money, and very often buy a little land; and, as they still go on living the same, they are, as small farmers, in less jeopardy from the vicissitudes of the seasons and the fluctuation of prices than others who make a better show." He strongly opposed the union of the North Welsh bishoprics in order to provide for the proposed bishopric of Manchester. "If there is any advantage," he argued, "from bishops sitting in Parliament, the Welsh may contend that they have not more than their fair share of episcopal representation." His journeys through his large diocese were incessant. He describes a visit to Kerry in Montgomery, and to Ystrad Menrig, the famous old school where, before Lampeter, a great many of the Welsh clergy used to be educated, and tells how he passed a tollgate destroyed in the Rebecca riots. Much of what he says about this applies to recent events in Ireland as fitly as if it had been written about them. To show the impossibility of getting Welsh juries to convict, he cites the case of an old woman into whose head several men, angered at her recognising them when they were setting a gatehouse on fire, discharged their guns. The verdict was—"Natural death from suffusion of blood in the chest!" Landowners—even those whose liberal principles and kind treatment of their dependents had before secured their popularity—were now so threatened in life and property that some of them sent their families out of the country; others went nightly into Caermarthen to sleep. The cause of the disaffection, too, was in each case the same; "not abuses in the turnpike management, nor in the administration of the new poor law, but the weather of the years 1839-40, in one of which the crops were wholly, in the other very nearly destroyed. The farmers, originally poor, have never recovered from the blow; their distress has rendered them almost reckless and desperate. Believing themselves aggrieved in some points,

they resort to illegal combinations, at first with a specific object, but now, it would seem, with a general indefinite view of amending their condition by means of a system of intimidation, pursued, notwithstanding the presence of a large military force, with complete success." A more exact parallel to the events which ushered in the Land League agitation it would be hard to find.

His patriotic feeling towards his adopted country led him to employ Welsh presses for printing his Charges, despite the exceedingly slow rate at which the work was done. It also prompted him to add Welsh to his already numerous stock of languages. Six months were enough to give this born linguist a certain fluency. The Welsh were delighted; that a bishop should preach and confirm and administer the Sacrament in their tongue was the nearest approach to a miracle their minds could conceive. And they praised the bishop's efforts without measure, urging him to print sermons, and averring that he must have been a Welshman born, instead of Welsh only on the mother's side; and though more cold-hearted critics have disputed his success in this by no means easy accomplishment, it is certain that he wrote Welsh in a scholarly way. He was fond of polyglot writing. To a girl of fifteen who sent him an Italian letter from Rome he returned an elaborate answer in the same language. To Mrs. Bayne he begins in Dutch one of an interesting set of letters describing his Dutch tour, though he soon confesses that "on the whole he finds it more convenient to finish in English," in spite of his having "milked a Dutch Jew on board the steamer to such an extent on the pronunciation of the language, that I can now both make myself understood and understand pretty well what is said to me." His sense of humour comes out in these as in all his descriptive letters, whether he is describing how, in the parish church of Kerry, it is the sexton's office to carry round a bell during service and ring it loudly in the ears of any sleeper, or is painting the horrors of a rough passage home from Rotterdam, during which he sat at the crowded cabin "as calmly as in his study, amidst sights and sounds of unspeakable anguish." There was nothing exclusive in his love of nature. He speaks rapturously about the waterfall of Terni, to have a full enjoyment of which he slept in the goatherd's hut above it; but he was also able to enjoy the characteristic quaintness of a Dutch street, "to be met with nowhere else in Europe, save in a Dutch picture." The

Dutch trip called forth several letters to Keightley on Dutch gutturals and other sounds, one of which closes with perhaps the only uncharitable remark in the whole series: "The slaves of the Southern States are scarcely so brutalised as the masters who roast them alive, while Methodist preachers protest against the inadequacy of so lenient a chastisement, and call out for red-hot pincers and slow dismemberment." It is more pleasing to dwell on the account of his cats given to Miss Bayne: "I wish there was a cat-post. I could send you a lovely tabby who received his education from the daughter of a neighbouring squire, who taught him, among other things, to scramble up your back and perch on your shoulder. This enables him, if you are writing, to check any rash movement of your pen; and, if you are at dinner, to intercept any morsel which seems to him likely to go the wrong way. Though his name is Lion, he is the most good-natured and friendly creature in the world. But his young life has been embittered by the implacable animosity of an elder Tabitha; and he consequently divides his time between the kitchen, where I believe he is a favourite, and the open air, where he pursues the sports of the field with great ardour."

To his young nephew, in a humorous account of his journey up to London, he betrays his own fondness for novels, especially for Dickens; tells how he and his fellow traveller, Inspector Jellinger Symons, discussed the origin of the phrase, "I'm badly off;" and, urging him "not to mope while I am away," recommends King Alfred's *Boethius* as a sovereign cure for melancholy. These are the lighter touches which relieve the letters to Dr. Whewell on Hegel, to Lord Arthur Hervey on Hebrew particles, to Dr. Perowne on hard passages in the Psalms, and the discussion—anticipating twenty-one years ago a good deal that has lately been before us—of the proposal for a revision of the Bible, and strongly deprecating any modernising or popularising of the style. He thinks—"The Dissenters have acted in a spirit of Christian charity as well as wisdom in abstaining from the introduction of any New Version for public use, for I am persuaded they could have done nothing which the Church of Rome would have witnessed with greater pleasure."

Though no one questions Thirlwall's activity in his diocese, the freeness of his charity, and the unselfish way in which he devoted to the enlargement of small livings,

the building of parsonages, &c., nearly £30,000, which he might well have claimed as his own, his conduct in the management of his see was not suffered to pass unchallenged. In 1851, in a debate on Church Extension, Sir B. Hall attacked him in the House, asserting that, among other high-handed proceedings, he prevented his archdeacons from acting. Dean Perowne touches very lightly on this matter, which, however, undoubtedly concerns the fitness of the man for his office. To the strange departure from his habit of acting alone and giving reasons for his action, evidenced in his signature of the famous bishops' Encyclical against *Essays and Reviews*, the Dean devotes more space. It was unfortunate that the matter seemed almost to hinge on personal feeling, for, while writing quite bitterly about Dr. Rowland Williams (to Keightley he speaks of him as worse than Chubb, who wrote "the true Gospel of Jesus Christ"), he apologised for the not widely dissimilar views of Bishop Colenso. Both in his Charge of 1863, and in his arguments with Dean Perowne on the authorship of Ps. cx., he rejects the notion that casual references in the New Testament are conclusive, and warns those who think the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch are guaranteed by our Lord's citations from it, that they are rushing into a labyrinth of mysterious and insoluble problems. Great pressure, no doubt, was put on the whole bench by the late Bishop of Winchester to obtain a unanimous verdict; indeed, the secret history of the Encyclical involves a mystery "known to a very few, among whom I know only of one" (clearly Thirlwall means himself) "who would wish it to have been divulged." The bishop's letter drew forth a pamphlet (attributed to George Eliot) entitled *Essays and Reviews Anticipated*, the anticipation being found in his own translation from Schleiermacher. The writer twits him with deserting his old paths: "His lordship has been so fortunate as to discover a royal road to orthodox faith, a solution of every difficulty, a confutation of every heresy; but, unhappily, this royal road opens its magnificent portals only to twenty-six individuals out of twenty millions." On another subject touched on in *Essays and Reviews*, and which has since occupied a great share of public attention,—eternal punishment,—he thus acknowledged a sermon on *Spirits in Prison*, by Professor Plumptre: "I do not know how to thank you sufficiently for your admirable and memorable sermon,

one, I think, of the most valuable gifts the Church has received in this generation." It is a striking instance of the irony of circumstances that Professor F. D. Maurice was expelled from King's College for precisely the same views which twenty years later a King's College professor published with applause.

Another controversy was that with the Bishop of Winchester in regard to the Athanasian Creed; while with Professor Plumptre he thus discussed the vexed question of absolution:

"There is only one point in which I cannot go along with you, or at least adopt your language in what seems its most obvious sense. I have never been able to reconcile myself to the hypothesis which I remember seeing maintained by Archbishop Sumner, that the Apostles received any 'special inspiration' by which they were enabled to 'read the hearts of men, and thus authorised to remit or retain sins.' I understand you to distinguish this gift of 'more than natural insight' from the general operation of the Holy Spirit in its enlightening and sanctifying influence. And this is the distinction for which I see no sufficient grounds. In our Lord Himself this insight must be presumed to have been infallible (though this opens several difficult questions). But in what sense did He Himself forgive sins? Not, I apprehend, as by an act of power, but by a declaration concerning the state of the sinner, that it was one of forgiveness. And nothing short of an infallible insight could warrant such a declaration."

Of Confession itself he says, even its most strenuous opponent would not deny that there may be cases in which it is practised with beneficial effects, though it may be that the evil preponderates immensely over the good. On all these points we simply quote his views, without endorsing them.

One great difficulty as to the Welsh Church arose from its poverty. The bishop did his best with his Augmentation Fund, but he found very little help from the landowners; while, as to the people, his testimony is: "They greatly prefer that preaching which is most exciting and sensational, while they have little relish for the Church's services in themselves; and in the best-worked parish, while they thankfully accepted the clergyman's good offices, they would, if left to follow their own inclination, attend the meeting-house." Neither from rich, therefore, nor from poor, was there much encouragement; and, at the same time, the Welsh college had, in the Bishop's view, gone so thoroughly

wrong, in spite of the ability and earnestness of its Vice-principals, that he was in a continual struggle with its governing board. In 1874 he resigned a post which, despite his manifest unfitness for it, he had filled usefully and conscientiously. "I feel now," he said, "that no act of my episcopate will have proved more useful to the diocese than my resignation." He felt "the contraction of his own power of work," St. David's being a see which appeared to him to need the full vigour of two active bishops."

As to Ritualism Thirlwall's views were very decided. He was sorely annoyed at the Resolutions which Mr. Gladstone strove to substitute for the Public Worship Regulation Bill, considering them a device for party ends. The feeling with which he at first welcomed the Anglican movement, on account of its intellectual character, soon gave way to utter distrust. Speaking of one of Newman's explanations of Scripture, he says: "It only illustrates his great intellectual deficiency, the utter want of historical tact and judgment which alone enables one to believe the sincerity of his professed all-absorbing credulity." He clearly showed, in his Charge of 1854, that, while the Catechism of the Council of Trent goes beyond the scholastic dogma of Transubstantiation, "the morbid rhetoric and half delirious verse of the Ritualistic school in speaking of the visible Presence, goes even beyond the language of the Council, or the *latens Deitas* of Roman hymns." Yet he keenly felt the charge brought against him by Mr. Malcolm M'Coll of having hounded Dr. Newman on to Rome. So keenly did he feel it, that he got, through Professor Plumptre, a complete disclaimer from Newman himself. Indeed, the charge involved a confusion of dates. The first of his anti-Ritualist Charges was delivered at Cardigan at the end of September, 1845; Newman seceded on October 8, before the Charge was published. In the previous Charge of 1842, the bishop had been at much pains to defend Newman's position against all assailants.

After his resignation his life in Bath was a slow decay of physical power, blindness and paralysis of the right hand being added to the deafness to which he had long been subject, while the power of mind continued unabated. To the last he was learning, translating Sanskrit as it was read to him by one member of his family, Italian, Portuguese, German, and French, as read to him by others. "Even the little ones were employed in reading history



and chemistry to him." There was still the same insatiable appetite for new facts, though he knew well there was no more time for drawing from them new conclusions. While in Bath, he had the opportunity of contradicting the rumour that credited him with the authorship of *Supernatural Religion*, when he had not even seen the volume. He wrote and sent to Professor Plumptre the paper printed in the *Remains*, vol. iii. p. 481, in which he vindicates himself from the imputation of being "Broad Church." Above all, he severely criticised Mr. Gladstone's article on "Ritualism and Ritual," in the *Contemporary* for October, 1874. If such a subject were to be handled at all, it should be from the statesman's point of view; and the all-important question is: "Shall any section of the Church be permitted to conduct the public services of the Church in such a way as to make it appear that the Church gives its sanction to a doctrine—that of the Sacrifice in the Romish and Tractarian sense—which the greater part of her members reject as false and mischievous. So long as the Church is secured from this flagrant wrong, I am willing to allow the widest possible latitude both as to quantity and quality of ritual."

So sound was the last fruit of this goodly tree. The end came in July, 1875. In Dean Stanley's words: "With one call for him who had been as his own son on earth, with one cry to his Lord in heaven, he passed, as we humbly trust, from the death of sleep, and from the sleep of death, to the presence of that Light in which he shall see Light." \* Never were words more deserved than those on his tomb: *Cor sapiens et intelligens ad discernendum judicium*;" and never was a labour of love more successful than that of the late Dean of Westminster in putting together his friend's letters. For they form far the more delightful volume of the two. Dean Perowne sets before us the scholar and the collegian; Dean Stanley takes us into the intimacy of the man, shows us "the kindly genial heart which lay beneath that massive intellect, his innermost feelings on the great moral and religious questions concerning which in his published writings we have only the external and judicial expression."

Men absorbed in intellectual work have constantly found solace in the friendship of women, often of women much

---

\* *Letters to a Friend*, Introduction.

younger than themselves. Our completer domesticity has made this rarer in England than abroad; but still abundant instances have occurred in which the daughterly tenderness on one side, and the paternal solicitude on the other, have worked to the comfort of both, without a breath of the scandal which, as in Goëthe's case, sometimes poisons such attachments. The world is much richer for this friendship between the bishop and the young Welsh lady; for his letters touch on every topic, from his doings at the London season to the view of suicide held by the Stoics. Etymologies, antiquities, prophecies of Merlin, discussions as to whether there was an historic Arthur, accounts of dinners with the Queen (for, like most of us, Thirlwall was at heart a courtier, and was immensely flattered when her Majesty praised his speech at the unveiling of Prince Albert's Tenby statue, and declared that he was one of the very few who had understood her husband), talk about the personal reunion of friends in a future state, about the conduct of Governor Eyre, about the weather and his animal pets, about the ailments of his brother's children, and how one of them, bad with measles, insisted on a brush and red paint to give dolly measles too,—these are only a few of the topics which crowd every page of this delightful volume. And everything that is touched on is always treated, no matter how lightly, in that perfectly fair spirit which Dean Stanley claimed as his logical "differentia," applying to him the epithet "judicious," which in its true (not in its pettier modern) sense was applied to Hooker. If we were to make an exception to this perfect fairness, we should say that the bishop is a little hard on Roman Catholics. He thinks the Irish priesthood are not anxious for State pay, because peculiarly they are better off without it; and in the Franco-Prussian war he says, "All our Roman Catholics would wish success to France even if the war was between France and England." The other instance of unfairness creeps out in reference to Governor Eyre: "His misfortune (we are told), whatever may have been his fault, was not that he authorised the killing of so many negroes, but that he provoked the hostility of a powerful denomination which could enlist on its side the whole dissenting interest, and could force the hands of the Government." His fun never flags; at one time he talks about staying so late to dinner at the Mansion House that he was half an hour behind time at the concert at Buckingham Palace: "It was an

agreeable surprise to find that the Prince of Wales had had the goodness to keep the company waiting for me (and for himself) for about the same time. Likewise the Bishop of Oxford, though not expecting me, had kept an excellent place for me, commanding a perfect view of the whole scene." At another time he tells how he "performed one of the greatest pedestrian feats on record," taking three hours to go round the backs of the Cambridge Colleges, a walk which, at a gentle ordinary pace, might have taken half an hour. Even when his infirmities are creeping on he can say: "I learn to appreciate the goodwill of St. Paul's Galatians, though suspecting that they were not sorry to be unable to make the sacrifice."

It is impossible to analyse a book of this kind. We can only hope every one who cares to see the bishop at his best will get hold of it. Once begun, it will seldom be laid down till the last page is reached. One of the pleasantest traits in Thirlwall's character was the way in which he adopted the music, the literature, the antiquities, as well as the language of his new country. "I am a hybrid (he said). My name speaks of a time when some of my forefathers were thirling their way with might and main through the old wall; but I share whatever of Welsh blood flows in Radnorshire;" and his interest in Welsh harping was deep and unfeigned. Another pleasant trait is his love of nature; he talks of his intense enjoyment of the spring; of the desire to escape out of town coming on him with irresistible force, and urging him to be rowed up from Richmond to Teddington; of "all London, except a martyr bishop or two, being out of town; not only the figures of the season but the very cyphers;" yet he can appreciate the Thames Embankment, setting it, for picturesque effect, far above the Paris quays.\* The range of his reading, stretching from *Kitty* (which Lord Houghton said was the best novel ever written) to *Ecce Homo*, comes out in almost every letter. His correspondent, by the by, must also have seen almost every new book; sometimes she names one of which even the bishop has not heard. She was also, in the judgment of one who, while praising gracefully and without stint, certainly does not flatter, excellent at description. We should like to see the accounts of the

---

\* He goes into raptures at the Menai Strait, calling it a Cimmerian (Cambrian) Bosphorus. An anthem at St. George's, Windsor, he calls a musical picture of the Crucifixion.

doings at Knebworth, &c., which call forth such high encomiums from so good a judge as the bishop.

Among the more serious topics treated of is the character of Napoleon I., as to whom Thirlwall agreed wholly with Lanfrey, coming to the conclusion that nothing which was believed of the Emperor, during the time that English feeling was most embittered against him, was as bad as the base as well as cruel reality.\* Ritualism he treats in a serio-comic style: "The Ritual plague has broken out at Tenby, imported by a new rector, in a mild form indeed, but yet accompanied by fever, restlessness, ill-blood, and other bad symptoms." Despite his sympathy with modern thought and research (shown in his high praise of Tyndall's lecture on Faraday), he never moved one hair's breadth towards materialism. When Huxley seems to put no difference between man and "those merely sentient machines the animals," he sees more clearly than ever "the breadth and depth of the gulf which separates his standing-point from mine." To him the question is settled when one has asked: do we credit the watch with veracity for telling the exact time? or is the bee doing right when it extracts honey, or the cat wrong when it plays with its mouse? And, though he of all men was sure to give their due to the sages of old, "I should like to know (he asks) where is the ancient philosopher who ever broke out into such a paean as: 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'" thus putting Christianity in its true place as compared with heathen morality. At the same time his logical mind made him refuse to admit that death is not to be called a punishment because it leads to better things. "Were it nothing worse than a forcible interruption of an otherwise continuous development, it would still be in the nature of a punishment. . . . If a man in order to reach a pleasant field is forced to take to the water, instead of going over the bridge, may not that be considered a punishment?" He rated Pius IX. very low, and treats the young Welsh lady to a good deal of the gossip about him, out of *Janus*, and other books of the same class (his saying, for instance, when told that his new dogma was against the

---

\* Yet, anti-Napoleonic as he was, he clearly saw that Prussia had forced on the war of 1870. He had no sympathy with the nephew of the man he so despised; yet he says: "It may be Napoleon's misfortune more than his fault that he has put himself so glaringly in the wrong, and roused not only all Prussia, but almost all German feeling against him."

tradition of the Church, *la tradizione son io*) which was current at the time of the "Infallibility" Council.

His fair correspondent professes great anxiety to read his Charges, which, giving (as we have said they do) such an excellent judicial summary of successive epochs of contemporary Church history, could not but have interested one of her mental calibre. He playfully recommends her to get her father's copy of Fearne on *Contingent Remainders*, or Saunders on *Uses*, as even lighter reading than those pamphlets for the sake of which she was eager to make "such an heroic sacrifice to friendship."

Here are a few lines which bring the man home to us, or rather admit us to his *penetralia*: "Yesterday there was an evident struggle between Wind and Snow—Wind acting as policeman, and saying in a very gruff voice, 'Snow, you must keep off.' One therefore supposed that when, notwithstanding, Snow came down, it would bring Wind down with it. But lo! Snow has come down with Wind on its back. How am I to get to my geese? I know what you will think of my going to them on such a day. But when, if not now, can they be glad to see me, and miss my coming more?" It must have been a wrench, when he came to Bath, to give up, not only the geese and the peacocks (among them "the Tycoon," a Japanese bird), but all the four-legged occupants of the Abergwili library. Yet he accepted the inevitable with no word of complaint except the pathetic farewell; "their beloved faces I shall never see again."

Any notice of the *Letters* would be incomplete without reference to Thirlwall's love of stories. Dasent, Campbell (of the *West Highland Tales*), Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, are among the books he most strongly recommends to his correspondent; and he sometimes treats her to a tale with its variants in a way which shows that he delighted in it as a tale besides valuing it as a bit of comparative fable lore. The freshness which he throws into these narratives shows how applicable to him is the laureate's line:

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

And yet, when his touch is lightest, it is firm and decided. Even in subjects which might have seemed beyond his range he is usually right. Thus, telling how he had looked at the designs for the Law Courts, he says: "I was rather inclined in favour of Street's, which had been evidently,

and I think happily, affected by his study of Spanish architecture, showing itself in a plain and massive style well suited to the purpose of the building."

"One thing we are sure all will rejoice at; the book contains expressions of kindly feeling to Dr. R. Williams. Writing in February, 1870, Thirlwall says: "I am much obliged to you for the sight of Mrs. Williams's letter. It is very sad to think that such a union should have been so short-lived. It is a comfort to me to reflect that my intentions towards him were always most sincerely friendly, and that the breach between us was caused by a strange misapprehension on his part. Poor fellow! he had the *défauts* of some of his *qualités*, and the irritability which usually accompanies a very fine organisation." The Charge which angered Dr. Williams, strangely enough, offended his opponents also; one of the bishop's archdeacons staid away from the visitation dinner on the ground that in it his diocesan had "thrown his shield over Rowland Williams."

Any personal quarrel of this kind was most foreign to a nature of which the keynote was sympathy. We quote the following from Dean Perowne's book, not only on account of the great beauty of the language, but also because it helps to set forth that side of his character of which the world saw so little. No one could have written it who was not full of that human kindness of which those who knew him best knew that Bishop Thirlwall was full, despite the cold, distant manner which deceived the chance observer. It is to Dr. Schmitz, on his son's death:

"You will at least be sure that my condolence comes from one who really in a measure shares your grief, as retaining a lively recollection of him whom you have lost as he appeared in his amiable and hopeful boyhood. How gladly would I add a word of consolation. But I, feel there is something presumptuous in the attempt. I can only point to that which springs out of the depth of the sorrow itself, that there would have been less cause for it if its object had not, as far as Providence permitted, fulfilled all the hopes which your affection had ever formed for him; if his career, within its appointed limits, had been less successful, less complete. That is indeed a thought which at first may rather aggravate the bitterness of the bereavement, but yet it contains the germ of a most solid and abiding comfort. It may or may not be a blessing to die full of days. It can be so only so far as all have been well spent, and leave none but happy and honourable memories behind. But when that is the case, how little



does the highest value of life depend on its length? He was all you could wish; that is the best thing, which can never be taken from you. He might have been so longer, but he could not have been so more."

His *Remains* contain matter enough for a separate article. We do not profess to do more than point out their value to those who would understand the controversies of the times. When the ecclesiastical history of the last forty years comes to be written, his Charges will be found to contain a thoughtful, judicious summary, full of far-reaching views, and singularly fitted to check extravagance in both directions. This, in these days of a twofold excitement, gives them their special value. He was such a contrast to those divines who in their fussy narrowness are so apt to look on restlessness as a sign of growth. Dean Stanley may or may not be right in saying that such a divine (with the deficiencies which he does not note, as well as with the excellencies on which he expatiates) belongs specially to the Anglican Church. Only in it, the Dean says, is there room for men of his temperament; and it would be a loss to our common Christianity were any change to close the door on men so rare, and in their way so valuable. "One main attraction which drew him and characters like him to the sacred ministry of our Church was its national character, and, involved therein, its comprehensive, varied, and onward destiny. To nothing short of this, to no meaner service, beneath the dogmatic or ceremonial yoke of no lesser communion, would the giants of those days have bowed their heads to enter. Other advantages, moral or national, may be furnished by the separated, disintegrated, or exclusively ecclesiastical sects or churches of our own or other countries. Many are the excellent gifts possessed by our Nonconformist brethren which we lack, and perhaps shall always lack. But they themselves would confess with us that such as he of whom we speak would have found, and could have found, no abiding place in their ranks. Only, or almost only, in a national Church, where the permanent voice of the nation, and not only a portion of it, takes part in the appointment of its highest officers, was such an appointment possible, or at least probable."

Whatever we may think of this, and of the Dean's praise of Bishop Thirlwall's effort to remedy the evils of the Irish

Establishment by concurrent endowment (*i.e.*, Lord Derby's "levelling-up"), or of the almost too high-strung phrase "that long and honoured existence bids us not despair of our Church or of our faith," all will agree with Dean Stanley that there is a satisfaction "in the thought that at least one great Churchman by general consent found his way into the innermost circle of the sages of our time—that amidst the cynical and critical analysis of our modern philosophy there was at least one Greek to whose lofty intellect the religion of Jesus Christ was not foolishness—and amidst the craving for scholastic distinction and oratorical or ceremonial exaggeration which marks our modern theology, at least one reverent believer to whom its reasonable service, its unfathomed depth, its wide-reaching charity, its unadorned simplicity, were not stumbling-blocks, but attractions."

It is certainly well that there should be some Thirlwalls, though not too many, among the ministers of the Church universal; men whom few would accept, as Dean Stanley seems to do, as typical Churchmen, but who are needful witnesses against the narrowness of an establishment—a narrowness as enslaving as, though different from, that with which the sects are so often taunted. Bishop Thirlwall usually had the courage of his convictions.

Was he a Broad Churchman in the ordinary sense of the word? When we read his posthumous paper in the *Contemporary* for October, 1875, we feel sure that he would have refused to label himself with any party badge. "There is," he says, "an opposition between High and Low Church; there is none between Broad Church and either." To his logical mind it was an instance of "cross division," the true opposite of Broad being narrow. His own Broad Churchmanship he did not define, simply describing it as "not merely a charitable and conciliatory disposition, but an intellectual peculiarity, exhibited in old time by Jeremy Taylor, in our own day, by Archdeacon Hare." Dr. Littledale attributed the shortcomings of the Broad Church school to ignorance of theology, and said that "theology grows clearer with the advance of knowledge." On which Bishop Thirlwall ironically remarks that if by this is meant that, as knowledge advances, more becomes known, the statement is a truism: "But if it means that as theology becomes more definite and syste-

matic, it carries deeper conviction of its truth to minds which have ever been used to discriminate between what is human and what is divine in it, it would hardly be possible to frame a proposition more entirely contrary to all the results of my study of ecclesiastical history, or to those of my personal experience." On the other hand, he strongly deprecated the notion seemingly implied in one of the *Essays and Reviews*, that a man "who held no form of creed, but sat apart contemplating them all," could honestly remain a minister in a national Church calling itself Christian. His voting for the Public Worship Regulation Bill, a measure which to several distinguished Broad Churchmen savoured of unfair narrowness, he grounds on his belief that such legislation "must sooner or later lead to a revision of the Canons, and to some relaxation or enlargement of the terms of communion."

But we must draw to a close. We lingered long on the early period of his life because in its records we can trace how he grew to be the self-contained, unenthusiastic scholar so different from that other historian of Greece beside whom he was buried, and to the superior attractiveness of whose work (in which, by the way, Mrs. Grote had so large a share) he bears such frank testimony. We have only just touched on the controversial questions which are inseparable from his later career. Our business has been with the man, not with the controversialist. It was enough to point out how in these, as in other things, he had "a right judgment," discerning, for instance, why Dr. Newman went over to Rome, not urged by force of argument, but through a longing for peace which the claim to infallibility exactly answered.

Dean Stanley notes that, of all the remarkable group of scholarly Churchmen of whom he was one—the men who first made us acquainted with German criticism—"he alone, at least in England, mounted to the highest ranks of the Church and visibly swayed its councils." Was he the last of his kind? Our generation has seen the last of one kind of prelate. Of prince-bishops, Sumner of Winchester—appointed when the almost royal revenues of the see were uncurtailed—had no successor. Let us hope the scandal of such preferment as his—hurried on prematurely from dignity to dignity because he had accommodatingly saved the Marquis of Conynghame's son from a *mésalliance* by himself marrying the object of the young

peer's affections—is as impossible as a return to the old income which made “the sty of Winchester” richer than an archbishopric. Another class of bishops is extinct. A man is no longer promoted because he was tutor to a Prime Minister and edited a Greek play. Thirlwall was widely different from both these, though his politics did help him up the ladder of preferment without the need of taking many intermediate steps. We may call him Erastian; he was certainly the nominee of an Erastian premier, of the depth of whose convictions (though he determined never to promote heterodox men) it is best not to inquire.\* But so long as there is a State Church, politics must help. So long as man is man, human considerations will always weigh in the appointment of bishops as well as of beadles. One is curious to know how Bishop Thirlwall reconciled himself to what strikes outsiders (and many Churchmen too) as the inconsistency of the *congé d'élire*. To the question why he was made a bishop at all, the answer is that English premiers, like American presidents, have always thought it right to reward their friends. That he was made a Welsh bishop was a mistake. He would have admirably managed a diocese like London. His unswerving integrity, and the fine sense of duty which made him now and then shrink from his formerly cherished views for fear of damaging the Church by seeming partiality, would have admirably fitted him for an Archbishopric; but among the unlettered and often strongly-prejudiced clergy of Cardigan and Pembroke, he was strangely out of place. Nevertheless he will always rank high among those Church dignitaries whom the English nation, and not the Established Church only, delights to honour. And his letters will always be delightful reading, for they are, as in this hurrying age letters seldom are, an index of his character. Whether chasing a Hebrew particle through all the meanings given it by Noldius, or talking of a vast dry-rot fungus discovered in the episcopal palace, or discussing the best style for the Revised Version, or explaining the peculiarities of Welsh congregations, he is always interesting, because in his fun as in his deepest earnestness he is always real. If, as

---

\* Horace's words, *suspendens omnia naso*, just suit Lord Melbourne. “He made fun of everything,” says Bishop Thirlwall, explaining how his letting slip the word “humbug,” made Faraday refuse the Literary Fund pension which his predecessor Peel had provided for him, and stick to his refusal till the good-natured premier wrote an apology.

we are told, he was two men, neither of the two was at all shadowy. In this there is a distinction between him and some of those whom his friendship led him to over-rate, and whose writings seem like "*Coleridge and water*" compared with his strong clear utterances. Our closing extract shows how deep an undercurrent of piety flowed beneath the humour which led him to console himself when some commonplace remark had been painfully explained to him with the reflection, "how little one loses by being deaf," and the versatile intellect which suffered him not to rest, when, for instance, he came across some such word as *gorse*, till he had discovered it in Jamieson's Scottish dictionary explained as *servulus* (he might have confirmed the meaning from the Irish word *gossoon*, the sister, not the daughter-word of *garçon*), and the gentle, stately courtesy which made him such a valued correspondent of one so much his junior. He writes to his young Welsh friend :

"What is the standard by which you measure usefulness ? How many persons do you know who contribute more than you do to the happiness of others, and who, if taken away, would leave a more sensible void in a larger circle ? If that is not being useful, it is only because it is something still better. What should you think of a rose which fretted itself with thinking : 'O dear, what a poor useless creature I am, stuck in the ground with nothing to do but bloom and scent the air, and wasting much of my bloom and fragrance unperceived.' Would it not be something worse than unjust to itself—unthankful to the fatherly goodness which had endowed it with such delightful qualities ? You wonder whether you will ever be more useful hereafter. I do not know that you need. The law of God's kingdom is, 'he that is faithful in a few things shall be made ruler over many things.' But how little it matters whether they are many or few, so long as there is the faithfulness which makes the most of the few, and can do no more with the many."

The thought is not original ; but the way in which the highest duty is playfully yet firmly connected with it, is thoroughly characteristic.

ART. VI.—*Exhibition of Works of G. F. Watts, R.A.,  
Grosvenor Gallery.*

"O THAT mine enemy would write a book!" Mr. Watts has not, indeed, quite done that. No whole volume can be laid to his charge. But he has on three occasions, so far as our knowledge extends, stepped resolutely out of the fairyland of his art, and spoken to the world in our duller prose. The first of these excursions into literature was a brief note on Haydon, written at Tom Taylor's request, and published in the third volume of the ill-starred painter's life. The second was in some sort an official expedition. The records of it are contained in the Minutes of Evidence given before the Royal Commission, appointed in 1863, to consider the "Position of the Royal Academy." The third was a paper of some twenty pages, in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1880, on "The Present Conditions of Art." All three utterances, though in a literary sense somewhat imperfect perhaps,—for Mr. Watts is far from possessing the *technique* of the pen as he possesses that of the brush,—are yet peculiarly full of character. And we are tempted to linger for a moment, listening to them, before we proceed to say our own say on the Exhibition of his pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery. For literary thought is, in some respects, more easily read than painted thought; or, to put it in another way, the expression of an artist's deepest convictions respecting his art, his own honest declaration of the ideals at which he has aimed, cannot but throw light on his works. That light may here, in some degree, be ours. The artist, as some would hold, is the critic's natural enemy, and our artist here has written—though not a book. Let us take full advantage of his indiscretion.

But first, what do we know of Mr. Watts's career? Thus much, which is about as much as we need to know: that he was born in, or about, the year 1820; that he "entered" the schools of the Academy "when very young," "but, finding there was no teaching, very soon ceased to



attend;”\* that he also, at a very early age, began to contribute to the exhibitions; that in 1843 his cartoon of *Caractacus Led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome* gained one of the three highest prizes in the national competition for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament; that with the three hundred guineas thus obtained—which so became, as it were, the endowment of a travelling studentship—he went abroad, studying much, “but in no school,” and visiting Italy; that in the second national competition he again gained one of the highest prizes by his cartoon of *Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Resist the Landing of the Danes*; that he executed, without remuneration, beyond the repayment of actual expenditure on scaffolding and colours, the large fresco that occupies one extremity of the hall of Lincoln’s Inn, and offered to decorate the great hall at the Euston Square Station on the same terms—an offer which was declined; that, notwithstanding his earlier cartoon triumphs, it was not till some twenty years ago that he fairly began to come in his full power before the general public who visit the London exhibitions; but that since then his name has been held, as it ought, ever higher “in count of honour,” so that of living English painters there is none who, take him for all in all, stands in starrier place.

And now, what of the thoughts that he has committed to paper? This first, that they are of striking elevation. Never has the dignity of art been set forth with greater conviction, never its high mission more evidently felt. Listen for a moment to what he says of the spirit in which the artist should approach his work:

“In Cerini’s quaint book on learning to draw and to paint, he gives the receipt for producing pictures. ‘Before beginning one, go down on your knees and implore the aid of the Virgin.’ In those days of unquestioning faith that was, probably, the actual habit of the workman; in these days, when everything is questioned, this is not to be expected. What ought to be demanded is, that the artist should throw his whole being into his work; that the religious fervour he may not give to the creed that saints and angels take visible interest in what he is about, he should bring to bear upon what he ought really to believe—namely, that he is practising a noble and beautiful art that is

---

\* Our quotations are from the evidence given before the Commission, and the Article on “The Present Conditions of Art.”

worthy of all his heart's love and devotion, to be thought of first when he rises in the morning, and last when he closes his eyes at night. If this is not so, let him never hope to stand with those who are identified with all that is worthiest in the history of nations."

Listen, again, to what he says of the mission of art in a state of society which, as he considers very sadly, is rapidly advancing towards a melancholy materialism :

"Material prosperity has become our real god, but we are surprised to find that the worship of this visible deity does not make us happy, and more than begin to suspect that we cannot, by any earnestness of sacrifice, bind him to us. The one thing which is more than ever clearly perceived is the density of the veil that covers the mystery of our being, at all times impenetrable, and to be impenetrable, in spite of which conviction we passionately yearn to pierce it. This yearning finds its natural expression in poetry, in art, and in music. These are ministers of the most divine part of our natures. Materialism may sneer at imperfect utterance, but through the incoherence will often thrill that note which awakens a responsive chord in the best side of humanity. Among the best gifts bestowed upon us is the sense (in the widest acceptation of the term) of beauty, and first among the servants of beauty is art."

Or again :

"All intellectual works, whether dealing with words or forms, literary or artistic, are to be valued in proportion as they supply us with ideas, or delight by beauty ; for the literature that does not add something to our intellectual store, the poetry that does not make us feel, while we are under its influence, like poets, the picture that does not fan into a glow our sense of beauty, whether as connected with charm or glory, has no sufficient reason for existence. . . . This indeed should be the test, alike in pure poetry and poetic art—that the mind of the reader or spectator should be so drawn up and tuned as to respond to and carry on the strain."

Our object in making these quotations is not at all to give them as samples of literary excellence. Mr. Watts, we have already said it, is not by training a writer. He evidently finds it difficult with his pen to convey his sense of the importance of art in helping to solve the difficult social problems which time, that mighty sphinx, has propounded to this unfortunate generation. No, our object is

only to show at what a serene altitude his spirit habitually moves.

And with this elevation, and perhaps as its consequence, are a great breadth of view, a large tolerance of judgment. We all of us know the ordinary painter's impatience of "lay" opinion, his settled conviction that none but an artist can understand or appreciate art. Some of us may even have come across a little pamphlet in which Mr. Whistler, who is a shrill person, spoke words of unwisdom on the subject, and that with no uncertain voice. We seem to be breathing a quite different intellectual atmosphere when listening to such calmer utterances as these: "I do not think that any artist paints his pictures for his brother artists only. They are to be judged of by men of intellect;" or again, "The artist does not produce for artists only or mainly, and the claim of all cultivated intellect to sit in judgment must be allowed; nay, the artist will often profit by the opinion of the uncultivated." And yet again: "I do not speak of technical qualities; but upon those qualities which are most important, and which affect the general character of a work of art, a non-professional man is sometimes a better judge than a painter or a sculptor." So, too, when advocating, as he does very strongly, the introduction of a lay element in the Royal Academy, he says:

"For myself, I am entirely in favour of it. . . . I do not think the want of practical technical knowledge in the lay members would be in the least degree an objection. . . . I think it is more likely that the non-professional man would be without predilections, not entirely, no one is, but without special taste for one or other style of painting. I think it very often happens that professional men become accustomed to look at works of art from a professional point of view, almost, if not entirely. The non-professional element would therefore be an advantage."

So, too, to pass to another matter, we all know how bitterly most painters, who are not Academicians, speak of the way in which pictures are selected and hung at the annual exhibitions. That they should do so is quite comprehensible. The fruit of a year's labour—the hope of honour, fame, bread, may have depended on the fiat of the hanging committee. Who shall wonder at the murmurs of the unsuccessful? Do we all judge our own efforts in "a dry light," untinted by any of the flattering hues of

partiality? But yet it is a pleasure to listen to words of high good sense, such as these—spoken by Mr. Watts, it must of course be remembered, before he became an Associate or Academician: “I think it extremely difficult, and, in fact, considering the limited space, impossible, to give satisfaction; it is exceedingly difficult to judge with absolute justice; I do not think there is any reasonable fault to be found. . . . Within the last five or six years certainly the selection and hanging have been very fair. . . . There has been a great disposition evinced to do justice.”

Such are some of the word utterances of the artist whose painted works fill the Grosvenor Gallery. Such is the spirit in which he has approached his art; such the breadth and equable character of his judgment. And now let us turn from the words to the works. Let us see what the latter have to tell us. They form, as we have said, a superb collection—not, indeed, altogether complete. Some of the very early pictures are not here. The *Caractacus* which gained the prize in 1843 is, we understand, mutilated and inaccessible. It is known to us only by a lithograph. And of later pictures, portraits especially, some which we remember, and would fain have seen again, are absent. But still the collection is noble, and fully representative, affording such an opportunity of studying a great artist's work in its sum and totality of power as every art-lover must be glad of. Fleeting yearly exhibitions leave on the mind but vague reminiscences. The comparison of new pictures with shadowy memories of those that have gone before, is difficult. Nor is it easy to judge how far there has been advance or falling off, when the comparison is between actualities and recollections. But here past and present meet. We take both in together at what is practically a glance. Within our own days we remember similar exhibitions of the works of Landseer and of Mr. Maddox Brown. Scarcely any kind of exhibition is more interesting. All honour to Sir Coutts Lindsay for giving us this feast of good things. There are not, of course, many English living painters of sufficient power and versatility to bear such an ordeal unscathed. But there are a few; and if, in successive years, the Grosvenor Gallery is similarly thrown open to them, then our gain will be great.

It is not, however, our intention, as the incautious reader might perhaps be tempted to suppose from the tone of the

foregoing observations—it is not our intention to write this paper throughout in a spirit of unqualified panegyric. No critic who respected himself would do *that*, else what would be the good of being a critic? And so we may as well, before going further, “make our reserves.” The temple is before us. For fear of being taken as fanatics, let us, before entering, say how far the ritual may seem faulty.

Mr. Watts, as we have seen, has a strong feeling of the important mission of art. This is at once a source of strength and a snare. It is a snare because the artist who attempts to do the work of the thinker is in great danger of failing both as artist and thinker. To teach in the same manner, and by the same methods, as the writer or speaker is emphatically not his mission. He cannot do so without violating the essential conditions of his art. Of course, in saying this we are very far from meaning that the artist should be devoid of thought. We mean no such absurdity. The more thought he has the better. But his thought must be such thought as finds its natural expression in colour and form; or, if he be a musician, in sound. Let him try to write a treatise in paint, or to establish the most profound and valuable of truths by subtle combinations of notes, and he will fail, even though he should have at his command—which is unlikely—the brush of Raphael, or the pen of Beethoven.

Mr. Watts has not gone quite so far as this. He has not, in emulation of Mr. Whistler’s “sonatas” in sage green, given us any “pamphlets in paint.” But still there is one whole corner of his art where, as one lingers, the word “mistake” does occur to the thought. And we linger in that corner, certainly not because of any pleasure in a great man’s failures—the critic really is a better-hearted fellow than is usually supposed—but because the distinction between what art should and should not undertake is of importance, and because Mr. Watts’s work illustrates so fully at once the misapplication of thought to art, and also, by many superb examples, its most legitimate use.

Let us take, for instance, such a picture as that entitled “*To All Churches: a Symbolical Design.*” What does it mean? To what facts, truths, dogmas, opinions does it bear witness? A large sexless figure sits on a cloud canopy in mid air. At its feet, in the fold of its dress, are huddled some four or five rosy babes. Behind the sky is golden. Below a wide champaign, with a city and gleaming mere,

and blue belts of distance, stretches to the horizon. There is the symbol, not, indeed, presented with any great completeness—for the picture is unfinished, as if the artist had himself grown dissatisfied with his work—yet still presented definitely enough, so far as its outward sign, its body, so to speak, is concerned. But what does it symbolise? What message does this figure wish to convey, with its one hand outstretched and the other laid on its heart? Some message, doubtless, of kindness and tolerance; but what? And while we are puzzling it out, piecing it together, our minds, instead of being, to use Mr. Watts's own words, "so drawn up and tuned as to respond" to poetic influence, are chilled, thrown into a cold analytical frame. Ah! if he has anything to tell us about the mission of "the Churches," and the attitude they should adopt towards the children of men, how much better it would have been if he had taken his pen instead of his brush. One grudges that a stroke of the latter should be wasted.

Is another instance necessary? Let us turn to an earlier work, *Life's Illusions*. Here there is no room for doubt as to the painter's meaning. He himself furnishes an explanation which occupies nearly a page of the catalogue. The "design" is "allegorical," "typifying the march of human life." To the left is a swirl of upfloating figures, of flesh and drapery and garlanded flowers. These are "fair visions of beauty, the abstract embodiments of divers forms of hope and ambition," that "hover high in the air above the gulf which stands as the goal of all men's lives." To the right, "upon the narrow space of earth that overhangs the deep abyss," and quite heedless of the "abstract embodiments"—though these are large, substantial, and very obvious—are a "knight in armour," who "pricks on his horse in quick pursuit" of a bubble, "an aged student," who is so absorbed in his book that the next step will take him over the edge of the precipice, a pair of lovers, a child pursuing a butterfly. The ground is all bestrewn with bones, and scattered gold, and sceptres, and crowns.

And here, again, one feels that the inspiration from which the work has sprung is literary rather than artistic. The picture has no coherence. Its parts do not hang together. Its composition is confused. The little plateau on which all these incidents are crowded is obviously too small. Images which in poetry or impassioned prose are admissible, and even striking, become almost mirth-inspiring



when presented to the eye in form and colour. None but a very foolish old gentleman persists in reading a book at the edge of a very steep cliff. When we *read* of the soldier

"Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth,"

our imagination never presents to us an actual bubble. Shakespeare did not mean that it should. The "bubble" here is merely a very vivid kind of adjective qualifying reputation, and imparting to it, in a particularly striking manner, certain attributes of lightness, prismatic beauty, evanescence. But show us a knight, of mature years, armed for fiercest strife, and riding madly in a very confined space, after a soap-bubble, and the image loses its magic altogether. Art is trying to do the work of literature, and doing it badly. The mistake is the same in kind as that which Dürer committed when he attempted to give visible form to the imagery of the Apocalypse; imagery sublime in its vague clothing of words, but, to any effectual purpose, unpaintable.

Similarly, and for the same reasons, we should characterise as a mistake such a picture as *Time, Death, and Judgment*, which, to our eyes, has no beauty to recommend it. And even the *Genius of Greek Poetry*, as he half reclines by the summer sea, watching "the forces and phenomena of nature pass in vision before his eyes," and trail, like human clouds, along the waters, seem to us too obviously a reminiscence of the poet's

"Lively Grecian in a land of hills,  
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,  
Under a copse of variegated sky,"

of

"The pagan suckled in a creed outworn,"

who

"Had sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
And heard old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Nor can we assign more than literary value, if that, to the notion of emphasising a "symbolical design representing the Tyranny of Earthly Love," by showing "Cupid's arrow" "half buried in the earth," as a sign that the arrow has struck low, and the love is unworthy. This,

in any form of communication between man and man, could scarcely rank higher than a conceit. So, too, we venture to doubt how far, even when finished, the large design of the *Angel of Death* will prove perfectly satisfactory. She sits there, impassive, on the world's ruins, with angel forms to guard the veil that hides the world beyond. At her feet the warrior lays down his sword, the noble his coronet, the girl her sorrows, the cripple his crutch, the child its bloom. And then, to weaken all, there is a "lion, as the type of physical prowess," also crouching, and an open book on the ground with "finis" written thereon; and, in the smaller sketch, a negro, to show, we suppose, that all races are subject to death; and thus a design, with many elements of greatness, is frozen into an allegory.

But though the cold shade of literature is still too much upon us here, we are at least emerging into art sunlight and warmth. Shall we follow the brighter track step by step, showing the why and the wherefore as we go? Nay, we are weary of fault-finding and half-admiration. Suffer us to leap at once from failure, or semi-failure, to full success—to those pictures in which Mr. Watts has shown himself a poet-artist in the highest sense—putting poetry into form and colour, not striving to torture form and colour into speech. From these sunlit summits we shall perchance see our way clearer. In any case, we ought to find pleasure in being there.

And of these masterpieces we take *Psyche* to be perhaps the chief. Poor stripling soul! The Love-god, whose passionate heart was to have been hers for eternity, has fled with the night. She stands there in the chill grey light of dawn, fronting us. Not a pure line of her body but is eloquent of undying sorrow. The arms hang listless. The head droops like a blossom touched by an untimely wind. The downcast eyes are fixed on a frayed feather or so shed from her lover's empurpled wings as he spread them forth for flight—poor feathers that are all remaining of a presence but now so full of joy and glory. What is left to her? The past is discrowned, deflowered. And the future, a future that can know no end, is thronged with bitter memories, and everlastingly shadowed by despair. Ah, poor sad soul, suffering through no fault of thine, for in that face and form is taint neither of sin nor foulness, but suffering because thou art the living breath of

God, with eternal aspirations and ideals which no earth-love can satisfy—thou standest to us as the symbol of the higher element in the twofold nature of man, and the shadow upon thee is the shadow of human life.

Or take, again, a design of almost equal beauty, the superb picture of *Love and Death*. What shrouded grey form is this that advances, solemn and resistless, through yon open portal? Shall Love, think you, stay him in his onward march? Poor passionate boy, how ineffectually he struggles! Though his glowing form seems to shrink from his adversary's chill touch, and his bright wings are crushed and broken against the lintel, he yet stands in the doorway, as a dove defending her nest might turn upon the eagle; and as the eagle would brush the dove aside, so will Death pass on as if unopposed. Ah! happy, thrice happy he into whose darkening house that shrouded guest has never forced a way, who has never, with all love's passion, struggles, entreaties, prayers, tried to bar the entrance, and felt, with breaking heart, all efforts vain as Death passed over him resistless.

And take, once more, Mr. Watts's rendering of the beautiful old story of the singer who went down into hell in quest of the woman he loved, and, by the power and magic of his music, won her back from the grim king, on condition—it did not seem so hard—that he should not look upon her face till they stood once again in the light of day. Orpheus, with the poet's fire still aglow in his face, and all love's passionate yearning, has turned; and at once, giving him but time to catch her ere she fall, Eurydice has sunk back into death, almost more than death. For living love he holds in his arms a grey and flaccid corpse.\*—A beautiful old story, did we say? A story that is old, and yet ever new, that has a changing significance for all time. In the earlier world it told of love's passionate, feverish impatience; in the new, it tells of that life beyond the grave which faith realises, and doubt smites suddenly back into a second and deadlier death.

And now—for the critic who writes, unlike the critic who only looks, is under the sad necessity of analysing his impressions—why do we say that these three pictures are

\* Perfect honesty compels us to say that this figure is the weak point of the picture. It is almost too deathly. The comparative shadow in which it is left in the sketch, seems to us a happier inspiration than the fuller light of definiteness in the finished work.

so successful as pieces of poetical art, and stand in such marked contrast to those previously described? "Why," we imagine, "some dapper little somebody," repeating, "the reason is clear enough. It is because these three pictures happen to have tickled your fancy in some way; or, more probably, because they seemed to lend themselves readily to declamatory description." But this is a view which we ourselves, with the best will in the world, can scarcely be expected to entertain. Nor, as a matter of fact, do we entertain it. The reason seems to us to be quite other, and though not obvious, yet certain. These pictures are so successful because they spring of a purely pictorial inspiration. Their primary motives were form and colour, not language. This may be read in the artist's evident pre-occupation with what will tell pictorially, not tell as a story, or theory, or argument. It may be read also in the greater simplicity of presentment. We require here no page of catalogue to explain the meaning. The stories of Psyche, and of Orpheus and Eurydice, are known to all educated persons. The triumph of Death over Love is known but too well to all men. Subtle story-telling, allegory or explanation, would be misplaced in connection with such themes. The painter is left face to face with his art alone, and the imagination that is in him finds its natural means and form of expression in brush and pigments. No doubt we can take the work so presented to us, and translate its painted thought into words—as in fact we have just been trying to do. We can do this in the same manner that we can put into language the impression produced upon us by a master's music: as, for instance, we might say that the *Gloria in Excelsis* of Beethoven's later Mass is like the uprush of angel wings,

"When God's army in rapture of service,  
Strains through its array,"

and the multitudinous rustle is blended into some strange heavenly harmony. But when we so speak it must always be with full recollection that such words are only a kind of verbal fugue upon the master's theme. Beethoven meant music, not words. And though in following Berlioz, who was a literary composer, and, in our modest opinion, too much addicted to "programme" music, there is little difficulty in finding verbal equivalents for each movement, that is only because, with all his ability, he often mistook

the true limits of his art. Botticelli, whose pictures this literary generation admires somewhat excessively, did the same. So, as we shrewdly suspect, do Mr. Maddox Brown and Mr. Dante Rossetti. So Mr. Burne Jones, notwithstanding the temptations of a superb imagination, does *not*. We all remember the story of Turner declaring that Mr. Ruskin saw many more things in his works than he had ever intended to put there, and we have most of us smiled a passing smile at the seeming incongruity. And yet, rightly understood, there is here no incongruity at all. The poet-painter painted, and gave to his art-thoughts such colour and form as no other landscapist has ever rivalled. The poet-critic wrote, giving to his word-thoughts a dress of brocade almost matchless for flowered beauty and richness. But the thoughts were different in kind, and the painter naturally did not recognise what in effect were changelings.

To return to Mr. Watts's imaginative pictures. We should much like to go through them at length, *seriatim*, but that "eternal want of space" which "vexes public writers," just as "want of pence" is said by the poet "to vex public men," urges us forward. We know only too well, by a long and bitter experience, how, as our pages become fewer, the points on which we wish to insist will increase in number and seeming importance. So we must be content to do little more than catalogue, pointing first to those pictures which seem to us most successful, and going gradually down the scale till we come back to those from which we started. And among the successes is certainly *The Wife of Pygmalion*, exhibited at the Academy Exhibition some fourteen years ago. It has lived in our memory ever since, and seems to us now, as it seemed to us then, a marvel of flesh-painting at once rich and dainty-pure. The statue bride is before us, with the flush of life mantling over face and bosom, and yet in the whole aspect a strange simplicity as of awakening marble. Nor is this the only face in which the painter has shown himself a master of expression. There is among the unfinished designs a *Death on the Pale Horse*—death not malevolently decrepid, and riding a fleshless beast, as in Dürer's wood-cut, but rushing forward in the fulness of his warrior pride, on a mighty charger, and in his eyes an unearthly seeing, and the weird light of another world. There is, too, a figure in armour—we shall have to revert to that armour—a figure with a wan, pathetic upturned face, who asks of the *Watch-*

*man, What of the Night?* Who is she, one wonders? Is she Joan of Arc trying to peer through the night of misery that has settled on her beloved France, and longing for the dawn? Is she one clothed in the whole armour of God, and looking for that day which, alas, seems not near, when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea? Then, too, there is the face of Ophelia as she peers into the pool that is to be her death. Poor Ophelia! how inveterate must be the instinct which prompts almost every living thing to "hurt the hurt," when even Olympian Goëthe could fling the moral effects of her madness at her as a reproach. Nor should we forget the face of one scarce out of childhood, who listens half in pleasure and half in doubt, and with a presage of the thorn as well as the rose, to *The First Whisper of Love*. And finer yet—even adequately fine, which is saying not a little—are the faces of those two whom Dante saw whirling for ever before the fiery storm-blasts of Hell—of those two whom love surprised as they read the tale of Lancelot, till they suddenly kissed trembling, and on that day read in their book no more. There they drive, prone on the blast, inseparable, all ashy grey against Hell's lurid darkness, but keeping yet, strangely, in the spent ashes of their being, a faint imperishable warmth of the passion that had been their doom. To find a similar rendering of passion burned out, and yet persistent, we must go to Mr. Burne Jones's *Laus Veneris*.

Truth, however, compels us to say that Mr. Watts is far from being *always* able thus to conjure up the ideal countenance and expression required. They many times come when he does call for them; not invariably. His Sir Galahad is a well-meaning, rather weak youth. *The Rider on the Black Horse* is not an imposing personage. *Esau* is hirsute, that is, *de rigueur*; but, and this is a very unusual fault with the painter, the figure is commonplace, and lacks epic dignity. Mr. Millais, who is generally a realist, and flashes so comparatively seldom into poetry of conception, yet gave us, some few years ago, a picture of *Moses*, which as a Biblical rendering altogether cast this *Esau* into the shade. Nor do we care very much for the Jacob in the *Meeting of Jacob and Esau*; and as to *Time, Death, and Judgment*, we have already expressed our opinion about them. Again, *Britomart*, notwithstanding some very admirable bits of brush-work, can scarcely be called a



good picture. The figure of Britomart is huddled; her face fails to render at all effectually either her character or the special anxiety of the moment, as she listens breathless to the nurse's account of what is passing over the magic mirror. Here, too, to return to our old theme, we have to object to the subject as not being specially adapted to art treatment. It is too recondite. We are far from meaning any disparagement to the *Faëry Queen*. Indeed, such disparagement would only lead us to self-contempt. We are quite willing to leave to Savage Landor the office of "devil's advocate" in any process against the canonisation of Spenser. For ourselves, he is a pet poet, to be turned to again, and yet again, nor have we ever felt cloyed by the perfect honey of his verse. But he is certainly not a poet whose works, in their totality, are so well known to all educated persons that you can select for illustration any passage, in entire confidence that the average spectator will appreciate your full meaning. By the time he has turned to his Spenser and made it all out, his art impression, which should be a simple product of form and colour, has evaporated. No doubt there are parts of the *Faëry Queen* not open to this objection. Mr. Watts has selected one in his picture of *Una and the Red Cross Knight*, for *Una* and the *Red Cross Knight* are household names. And though the face and figure of *Una* are weak and ineffective—she is meek to inaninity—and may be added to our sorrowfully-compiled list of failures, yet that is not here to the purpose. The failure lies in the way in which a portion of the subject has been carried out. The subject is right enough. It has that probability of antecedent knowledge on the part of the spectator which, as we should hold, is indispensable to an imaginative picture borrowed from literature; unless, better still, the picture tells its own story simply, in language that there can be no mistaking.

But we must get back to our Catalogue, from which, as will be observed by the critical and hostile reader, we are tempted, ever and anon, very sorely to stray. Of the pictures which make a direct appeal to the imagination—though, of course, any such classification is rather arbitrary—we have already spoken. Let us turn now to those which, while still imaginative, have a decorative and historical character, being intended to occupy a permanent position in some public building, and having therefore a large and monumental character. The *Caractacus Led in Triumph*

*through the Streets of Rome*, which gained one of the three highest prizes in the competition of 1843, is, as we have already said, inaccessible and mutilated. Similarly a fresco of *Our Lord in Glory*, painted, some twenty years ago, for the Church of St. James the Less, near Vauxhall Bridge, is a ruin. Gas, and London dirt and fog, have done their worst; and of a noble work, painted to God's glory without reward, nothing now remains save a space of blurred colour above the chancel arch, and a few dim figures. We have tried in vain even to piece the design together. The task is hopeless. In its present condition the picture is even more a wreck than Leonardo's *Last Supper* at Milan. Nor is it probable that the fresco in the large hall at Lincoln's Inn will ultimately fare much better. Already it has visibly darkened; and although there is no gas in the hall to add to the work of destruction, yet the dinginess of central London is quite enough to account for the invading blackness. Moreover, the gloom of the high oak roof, and the toning of the stained-glass windows, appropriate enough to the "dim religious light" of a great legal sanctuary, are not specially appropriate to the exhibition of a work of colour. There must be few days in the year, and few hours in those days, when the great fresco that occupies nearly the whole of one end of the hall, from the roof to the level of the doorway, is more than a space of rich colour in which may be discerned, nobly arranged in three tiers and well-balanced masses, symbolical forms as of Justice and Mercy, and the stately figures of the great lawgivers who have written their names upon the statute-book of mankind. That the vagueness and shadow, the very ghostliness of it all, may not have a certain grandeur, and help to raise the spectator's spirit from the atmosphere of chicanery which may be supposed occasionally to pervade that part of London—aye, raise it almost to those higher regions where Law dwells, as Hooker saw her, in the very presence of God—is no doubt true. But this finely-ordered composition is worthy of a better fate than to moulder half-seen.

Such a fate rather suggests the inquiry whether there has, on the whole, been loss or gain from the fact that adverse fates have persistently driven Mr. Watts from the execution of large monumental works. His own predilection has evidently all through life been strongly in favour of them. Though he says modestly of the fresco in Lincoln's

Inn, "I was not quite the man to do it, wanting health and many other things, but I did what I could," yet it is clear that if circumstances had allowed him to pursue his own bent unfettered, he would have decorated public building on public building. "High art," which proved so false a mistress to Barry and poor Haydon, would have taken him too—shall we say into her toils? Would this, we ask again, have been to our loss or advantage? Let us look at the question quite fairly. It is not a mere idle inquiry into what might have been. For the cry after monumental works is constantly being raised. Is it desirable that the State, as in France, or large public bodies, should create a demand for such works? Should we, in the special case of Mr. Watts, have been the gainers if he had devoted his genius and time to their production instead of the easel pictures that fill the Grosvenor Gallery?

The fate of the two frescoes which he *did* produce scarcely seems a propitious answer. One gone, and the other going—that seems a sufficient holocaust. Monumental art has claimed two victims. We should decidedly grudge more. But going farther: admitting that Mr. Watts might, with more experience, have discovered a means of baffling the London climate; and further, for this also is a necessary condition, have induced architects to dispose public buildings in view of the frescoes to be executed therein;—admitting all this, would it still have been a good thing if he had devoted the main portion of his strength to monumental art? We venture to doubt it. Of the one fresco, as we have already said, we cannot speak. It is beyond criticism. The other, as we have also already said, is a piece of finely-ordered composition. We will also admit that the figures, so far as one can see them, are dignified and imposing. But even granting better light and undimmed colour, can that be regarded as a very satisfactory scale when a picture is so large that one cannot take it in as a whole without losing sight of the parts, or examine the parts without losing all sense of the whole? There are certain essential physical conditions in art as in other matters. Again, can we be quite sure that academicalism and frigidity, those twin pests that dog the footsteps of "high art," would never have molested Mr. Watts? There is passion enough in his large picture of *Cain*, standing over the prostrate body of Abel, bowed beneath the weight of the Divine curse, driven by the angels of wrath. But then this picture, notwith-

standing its size, and the importance which, as we gather, the master assigns to it,\* is not specially a monumental work. There is no reason to suppose it was particularly designed for fresco. Take, however, a work that certainly was so designed—the *Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Resist the Landing of the Danes*. At first sight there seems passion enough here too. Alfred stands haranguing the public, with both hands pointed towards the Danish galleys, and his garments tortured by the wind. Stalwart Saxons, displaying a fine development of muscle, push off the boat and hoist the sail. There are protestations of loyalty, a whole passion of farewells, and a general impression of amazing energy. And yet, when all is done, the spectator is surprised to see how little he is really moved. These people attitudinise too much. Their excitement is excessive, theatrical. A moment's reflection shows that five minutes of such tension would have left all the actors in the scene exhausted, and a prey to their calmer enemies. The great scenes of history are not really enacted in this frenzied fashion. The Muse of History is not this wild Bacchante. We appeal to the Belgian painter, Leys. And the worst of it is that the fever of the thing is unreal—in a word, that the picture is academical, verging on what the French call a *machine*. We do not in the least mean that of its own kind, and especially regarded as the production of a quite young man, it has not very fine qualities. It has. The composition is good, the drawing is good, and though the actors rant somewhat, we are not impelled to smile at them. But we pass from before it unmoved. And a similar coldness possesses us as we look at the other pictures that seem to have sprung from the same kind of inspiration—a large Hyperion sitting on the clouds; an equally large Aristides marking his own ostracism on the shell at the shepherd's dictation; a large Satan, turning a somewhat unmuscular back towards us, as he makes his declaration that he has been “going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.”

There is another question which these pictures—the Alfred, Hyperion, Aristides, Satan—suggest. It is this, what is the amount of good which the pre-Raphaelist movement has effected? That one of the cardinal points in the creed of the “Brotherhood” was a mistake, seems to

\* It is the picture deposited by Mr. Watts as his “diploma” picture on election to the Royal Academy, and may be seen at the Academy's gallery.

us indisputable. To reproduce nature is not art, and never will be. Nature, in order to find a place in art, must first be reflected in the mirror of the human mind, and borrow from the mirror hues, reflections, side-lights, idealisations, corrections. All false, said the pre-Raphaelites, nature comes from God, and cannot be modified with impunity, still less bettered. How should man, in his petty vanity, think to improve upon the handiwork of his Creator? And this argument, set forth with Mr. Ruskin's glowing eloquence, was held to settle the matter. To contemporaries it seemed unanswerable. Robertson thought that a firm basis of art-criticism had been established for ever—a something rock-like amid the ever-shifting sands of opinion. And painters painted accordingly. And yet the argument is really very much beside the question, and, as we have already said, to our thinking, quite demonstrably false.

Right or wrong, however, one advantage the theory had. It so far induced painters to hug actual realities that there is little probability henceforward of any artist of Mr. Watts's power—such artists will always be very rare—producing pictures like two among the four last named. Similar pictures to the *Satan* and *Hyperion* we shall not see again. And this is far from meaning that Mr. Watts has ever become a pre-Raphaelite. Few among our great English contemporaries have been less influenced by the movement. He is older by some ten years than the greater members of the "brotherhood"—Mr. Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Rossetti—and he seems to have been abroad while they were in the full fervour of their proselytising zeal. So he has stood in the old paths, and remains the foremost representative of the school of the sixteenth century masters—a kind of descendant of theirs, and spiritual brother of Reynolds and Gainsborough. But yet even on him the movement has had a bracing, strengthening effect. Let us trace its influence in his treatment of what is at once the severest test of a painter's power, and the brightest crown when success has been achieved—the human form.

The human form—it can be treated in art, not unworthily, in many ways. The old Greek sculptors and the greatest of the Renaissance draftsmen corrected it to given standards of proportion and muscular development, and gave us a result which is perfect. Michael Angelo, with his puissant hand, made of it a something Titanic, super-

human, exaggerating its anatomy. Titian and the great colourists, our own Etty being of the number, gloried in its superb hues, and evanescences of tint beneath tint. Its rest, its motion, its strength, its elegance, its colour, all have had their prophets. How does Mr. Watts treat it? How does he read the riddle of this great art Sphinx, who is so ready to accept the most varied answers, but so resolute to devour those whose answers are in aught unworthy, or even inept? We have spoken of the Satan. There Mr. Watts attempts to meet the difficulty of giving dignity to the figure by taking from it the individuality of life. This Satan lacks bone, sinew, flesh. Without being realists—which in this class of subjects is, of all errors, the most fatal—we must still get closer to reality. Something more of the spirit of pre-Raphaelitism we must have. And this step, this stride, Mr. Watts takes. Look at his *Daphne*. It is a beautiful figure, statuesque and yet alive, perfectly modelled in every part, yet modelled in a spirit so chaste and so severe. She carries us back, does this maiden among her laurels, to the days of the earlier world. In the glamour of her presence it would scarce seem strange if a wood-nymph crossed our path. Nor is the *Psyche* one whit less beautiful, though the conception necessitates an altogether lower key of colour, and quite excludes the glory and delight of life's full flush as in *Pygmalion's Bride*. For fineness of execution, and unaffected grace of form, we hold the *Psyche* to be one of the noblest single figures in modern art. It may stand worthily, nor fear comparison, by the side of Ingres' *Source*. Indeed, taking the *Daphne*, the *Psyche*, the *Pygmalion's Bride*, the *Orpheus*, the upper portion of the figure of *Opportunity*, as she dances away from her toiling pursuer like a mad will-o'-the-wisp, and parts of the *Three Goddesses*, we consider that English art, at least, can produce nothing bearing a finer flower of perfection.\* Though Mr. Browning—speaking, it is true, of Sir Frederick Leighton's noblest work, the *Hercules* and *Death* wrestling for the body of *Alcestis*—said that the president of the Academy was "strong as Herakles," yet it is very seldom that Sir Frederick paints with anything like such strength. We do not remember more than one or two of Mr. Poynter's figures that by comparison are not clumsy and

---

\* The painter's *Arcadia* stands on an altogether lower level. It seems to us greatly inferior in form, colour, and the character of the head.



wanting in style. Mr. Burne Jones, who is a great artist-poet, scarcely ever works with such freedom from mannerism. Mr. Albert Moore's dainty and delicate human flowers—women-azaleas, one may call them—have not like body and substance. Mr. William Richmond does not combine so much of natural ease with the antique dignity. M. Alma Tadema, who is a modern among the ancients, looking at the old world through the eyes of to-day, has not so much of that same quality of severity and statuesqueness. Mr. Long hardly rises above the level of the picturesque and very pretty. Mr. Millais seldom measures himself with such subjects, and, when he does, his pre-Raphaelite training stands him in ill stead. For, just as the pre-Raphaelite influence was needed to brace Mr. Watts to so superb a purpose, so the counter influence would have been required to induce Mr. Millais to idealise—and the human form unidealised is nought. Not Mr. Millais's unrivalled brush-power could save his knight rescuing the lady from what, for a painter of his genius, was shame.

And now, after tracing the influence of pre-Raphaelitism on Mr. Watts's treatment of the human form, we might trace it similarly on his treatment of the human face. But his portraits offer so magnificent a field of study that we prefer, if the truth must be told, to enter upon it untrammelled by the necessity of tracing anything.

Let us first see whose portraits they are. And here we shall be immediately struck by the number of our distinguished contemporaries whom Mr. Watts has painted. We shall also be struck by the number of the portraits of these distinguished contemporaries which are lent by the *Little Holland House Gallery*. The explanation is, so runs the current report—and we see no reason to doubt it—that the artist has painted these portraits from a high, intellectual, and artistic interest in great men, and with no view to pecuniary reward, and that he intends to leave them as a precious legacy to the country. A nobler conception, a worthier dedication of a painter's power, can scarcely, we think, be found in the history of art. Moreover, it is a rare thing for great men not to be too much taken up with their own greatness to care very much for the greatness of other great men.

We can, if we are so minded, arrange these great contemporaries of ours in groups. There is the group of the painters: Sir Frederick Leighton, in red doctor's gown,

bearing right regally a head of which the chief characteristic is elegance; Mr. Calderon, like a Spanish *hidalgo* of bluest blood; Mr. Burne Jones, admirably painted, yet scarce bearing in his face the outward and visible signs of his early Renaissance imagination and refinement; Mr. Watts himself, more admirably painted still, to whose portrait we shall have to return. Then there is the group of the poets, with Mr. Tennyson, as is but right, at its head. Of him we have two likenesses—one an earlier work, fine, but not superlatively fine; the other a masterpiece of insight and subtle characterisation. It is well that posterity will thus be able to see the Laureate of our generation “dwelling in the light of thought,” absorbed in the wonderland of his own fancy. Close by is his great rival, if there be really any such thing as rivalry in art, Mr. Browning. Alas, the head has grown more snowy since this likeness was taken, but it still retains the same character of masculine strength, and is, perhaps, to the careful observer, the more striking from the utter absence of any affectation of the poetical picturesque. There is, as it were, a kind of unconscious self-confidence, fully justified, that the poet will look like a poet, with the hair, beard, and dress of an ordinary English gentleman. Sir Henry Taylor is not so well represented. But Mr. Swinburne *is*. This, again, is a master work. What there may be of morbid in complexion and general appearance is rendered with supreme delicacy of brush. And the power is there, too. Whether, as an irreverent Cabinet Minister is said to have exclaimed, the face looks “as if the devil had entered into the Duke of Argyle,” we will not pretend to say. It does not, on the whole, look so very Satanic; nay, it looks quite mild and thought-absorbed beside the energetic, almost truculent and thoroughly English countenance of Mr. William Morris; for Mr. Morris would be evidently prepared, at a moment’s notice, to shiver a lance in favour of any of his pet propositions—such as that St. Peter’s at Rome is one of the most debased buildings in the world, or that the Renaissance, from end to yet unaccomplished end, was, and is a movement fraught with all disaster and sorrow.

Shall we regard Mr. Matthew Arnold as belonging more naturally to the group of poets, or to the group of writers and thinkers? That is a matter of opinion on which “Right Reason,” as we imagine, has not yet said her imperial and final word. For ourselves we should prefer to

classify him, at any rate provisionally, among the latter. In any case he may serve as a link between the two, and this being settled, what shall we say of Mr. Watts's portrait? Why, this: that there is about it too much of the prophet's ruggedness. The "young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*," as we all remember, called Mr. Matthew Arnold a *Jeremiah*; but then it was an "elegant *Jeremiah*," and this *Jeremiah* is too vigorous for elegance. Sir Joshua Reynolds once said that a painter could not put more into a pictured head than he had in his own; and Mr. Watts, with all his other gifts, shows no signs of having any humour in his composition. But Mr. Matthew Arnold *has*, and a good deal of graceful, almost benign superciliousness, too; and, if we want to get the whole man, we really must supplement this portrait with Mr. Pellegrini's very clever cartoon in *Vanity Fair*.

So we turn, with Mr. Matthew Arnold as a kind of introduction, to the group of thinkers and authors. And of these the finest portrait—we had almost said it was the finest portrait in these rooms—is that of John Stuart Mill. It is superb, both as a study of character and a piece of painter's work. The brush seems to grip the actual facts with a giant's grasp, but to inform them with a poet's imagination. We can say, without exaggerating, that we are lost in admiration of the firmness of the modelling. The capacious forehead, the lines that thought has furrowed round the eyes and mouth, the thin lips tightened as if to repress the native sensitiveness and capacity for strong emotion—all are here. The man whose influence over a whole generation was, for good or evil, so powerful, is before us. He lives again as we used to see him in his later days. The portrait of Carlyle we admire much less. Carlyle was always shaggy—genius in the form of a Scotch terrier—but the colouring here seems to us over crude and violent. It is true that we never saw him till age had made him whiter than this with its rime. In Dean Stanley again we rise, however, to a higher art level. The peculiar refinement and delicacy of the face are singularly well rendered. All that we might object to, and the objection would lie equally against others of the portraits, and especially the very interesting, somewhat sad likeness of Dr. Martineau, is a certain greyness and want of frank, natural colour in the flesh tints. Dean Stanley's was far from a florid face certainly; it was not so livid as Mr. Watts

has made it. Then, again, among the men of thought and letters, we have Mr. Spottiswoode, the President of the Royal Society, and Mr. Lecky, but loosely handled, seemingly half finished, not very satisfactory; and Mr. Stopford Brooke, with whom—it is quite an exception among these portraits—life seems to run smoothly, and with small disturbance of pebble or rock; and Mr. Leslie Stephen, looking the keen critic that he is.

Shall we suddenly introduce among these thinkers and dreamers one of essentially different intellectual mould? Look at Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C. and M.P.; what keen alertness in face and figure! what tense readiness in the mouth! what nervous wakefulness in the hands! There is something rapier-like about the whole presence—a suggestion of quick attack, fence, parry, and ripost, a gleam as of swift steel.

And if here we have steel, in Lord Lawrence we have iron, power made visible, the energy and indomitable will that held the Punjaub in their grasp when the frenzy of mutiny was upon India put before us in bodily shape. This, too, is a masterpiece. Nor have we ever been able to pass without renewed interest the self-contained firm face, with its clear blue eye, and resolute thin lips, of the great ambassador whose duel with the Czar Nicholas was the Russian war, of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. But, apart from these, Mr. Watts's portraits of politicians and men of action are not generally among his best. Garibaldi is a mere shadow. Lord Sherbrooke's keen pink and white head is scarcely more than roughly forcible. Those lines of sorrow which sympathy for all human misery has graven on Lord Shaftesbury's peculiarly aristocratic face are, to our thinking, insufficiently marked. Guizot and Thiers are quite early works, painted before the painter had acquired anything like the full mastery of his art. They suggest clearly enough the austere strength of the one and the skilled statecraft of the other rival—*Guizot la force, et Thiers l'adresse*, as M. Victor Hugo says—but lack otherwise the interest attaching to such subjects treated by such a painter. So, too, the Duke of Argyle and Mr. Gladstone belong to a comparatively early manner, and are good, but not excellent. A later Gladstone, which hung for some short time in the Hall at Christchurch, Oxford, has, we understand, been returned to the painter for alteration, and painted out, and will probably be abandoned.

Its place is, we believe, to be taken by a portrait by Mr. William Richmond. Whether Mr. Richmond will paint a better portrait of Mr. Gladstone than Mr. Watts, remains to be seen. Mr. Millais has, we think, achieved that feat. But then *his* Gladstone is one of his finest works.

We were minded, at this point, to discuss the various manners in which painters have treated the signs of age, and specially to institute a comparison between Mr. Watts's portrait of Lord Lyndhurst, where every trace left by the hand of time is seen through a kind of respectful penumbra, and Mr. Millais's portraits of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Bright. And, if the truth must be told, we meant to charge rather heavily in favour of Mr. Watts's method. We were also minded to discuss Mr. Watts's treatment of the human hand, to which we venture to think he scarcely attaches sufficient importance as an index of character, even in dealing with men whose hands, as in the case of painters, or of Herr Joachim, the great violinist, are as important as their heads. But we must press forward; for something it is incumbent on us to say of Mr. Watts's portraits of women and children.

These are not, certainly, taken as a whole, so successful as his portraits of distinguished men. Strong imaginative insight into character, and a brush which is delicate enough in its own way, and very powerful, but not specially caressing or tender, these are what he brings to the conception and execution of the latter. And these faculties are all-sufficient; for distinguished men have strong characters, and characters which have generally moulded and scored their faces, and they are seldom in the first boyish bloom of youth. But the face of a child, or of a woman in the sweet spring freshness of her beauty, requires for adequate rendering into art a more loving daintiness of hand. Thus Mr. Watts's portrait of Mrs. Langtry, though it gives to the face more of a girlish simplicity than the portraits of other painters, misses its peculiar charm of complexion. And the same criticism might be applied to many more of these heads. Though one portrait, that of Lady Garvagh, is painted evidently in recollection of Sir Joshua's manner, yet we miss, for the most part, Sir Joshua's sweet, sympathetic touch. Indeed, where the painter seems to us most successful is in such portraits as that called *Reverie*, not surely the enchanted reverie of girlhood, but the worn musing of one whom

thought and not time has rendered weary; or as the *Study of a Head in Profile*, looking wan against a background of blue mountains; or as Mrs. Percy Wyndham, so opulently painted in her rich surroundings of dress and flowers; or as Mrs. Ionides, the charm of whose face lies clearly in character rather than girlish beauty; or in such portrait-pictures as *Lady Playing the Piano*, or *Girl at Prayer*, where something more than the face has to be rendered, something of harmony or solemnity in colour and tone. Of course these remarks are not to be taken as absolute. A painter like Mr. Watts never repeatedly tries his hand at one thing without occasionally doing it well. There are two children's portraits here at least, which for sweet, childish simplicity, that rapidly fading charm of childhood, remind us of the little ones whom Sir Joshua painted so lovingly "when George was King," and as yet High Schools were not. Sweet golden-ringleted *Dorothy*, and *Lucy* with the pensive face, shall men and women, long years hence, look at you with eyes grown suddenly tender, as we look at the "Strawberry Girl," or little Penelope, the silken primrose that faded so timelessly?

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." So stands the motto inscribed over the picture that occupies the central place in the large hall at the Grosvenor Gallery—a picture not perhaps of completest execution, but of noble purpose, and showing us *Time*, with the light of an everlasting morning aglow on his forehead, and *Oblivion*, in close companionship, shrouding all things in his mantle. And beneath this picture is Mr. Watts's portrait of himself, which scarce an old master of them all, not even the greatest, need have been ashamed to sign. And as one looks on the face, and then turns to the two hundred paintings hanging upon the walls, to the work which the painter's hand has found to do, there comes a great longing, as in some august presence, to penetrate into the mind of which that face is the outward sign, and these paintings are the visible expression. To some extent this may perhaps be possible. Let us try, in all humility. And first it is clear that we are standing here in the presence of a thinker saddened by the insoluble problems of this weary world, yet not cast down; of a poet whose imagina-



tion is equal to high flight; of an artist capable of giving form and colour to the creations of his thought and fancy; of a man possessing the large tolerance of culture: we are in the presence, too, of one full of high disinterested purpose and aspirations, and not easily satisfied—not content, as so many artists are, to realise, toilsomely it may be, some one form of success, and then grow rich in wealth, and poor in soul, by endless repetition. There is the seeker's look in those eyes. To this man life has been one long fruitful search. Of some of the fields in which that search has been prosecuted, we have already spoken—poetical art, historical art, monumental and decorative art, portraiture. But this by no means exhausts the list. He has also essayed landscape, chiefly choosing for his studies the golden-thoughted hours of evening, or the sorrow of sunless days, save once when lured into brighter mood by the blue marble mountains of Carrara. He has sketched among the picturesque Campagna peasantry and cattle. He has given monumental dignity of style and scale to so common an incident as the midday rest of a brewer's dray. He has grappled with the facts of life in their last terrible retreat of misery and squalor—not shrinking from the "one more unfortunate" left by the falling tide, face upwards, beneath the bridge in the ooze of the river; or the starved sempstress stitching, stitching still as the night turns to grey morning; or the poor human waif huddled against the stones, with no better home in the wide world than a dry Adelphi arch; or the gaunt, hunger-smitten family perishing by the wayside in the Irish famine. That these last pictures entirely hit their mark, we will not say. It would take too long to explain why, for instance, some of the works of the French peasant painter, Millet, affect us more, though treating of less harrowing themes. But this at any rate they show: a mind not limited in its outlook to the narrow world of culture, but conscious of the seething chaos of human misery and wrong that lies outside—a mind seeking and seeking still. Yes, seeking, and sometimes missing, but oftener finding, and, whether missing or finding, still striving with its whole might in view of the inevitable end. And in the striving what gain of power! Mr. Watts had great natural artist gifts—who can doubt it? His early works, the *Alfred*, especially, are there to bear witness to them. But between the earlier and the later works the difference in ease, in power of

brush, in wealth and harmony of colour, is immense. The interval that separates such portraits as those of *Prince Jérôme Bonaparte* and *Lady Margaret Beaumont* from the portraits of *Colonel Lindsay* and the *Rev. C. Beanlands*, and two or three of the unnamed lady portraits, can scarcely be measured. The superb painting of the armour in the *Watchman, What of the Night?* which makes the picture not unworthy to be named after the *Giorgione* in the National Gallery, is an achievement of later years. So are the drawing and modelling of the figures of *Psyche* and *Daphne*; so is the glory of colour in the *Love and Death*, or *Diana* as she leans, crescent-shaped, over *Endymion*. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Such has clearly been more than the painter's barren motto. It has been the ruling spirit of his life. And he has his reward—the reward not merely of congratulation, applause, and genuine admiration which this exhibition has called forth,—not merely even of feeling how many there are who, in his own words, have had their minds "so drawn up and tuned," when looking at these pictures, as to "respond to" his imaginative thought, "and carry on the strain,"—but a reward even higher still: the reward of knowing, for he scarce can help but know it, that from the lower cloud-land of his seekings, strivings, sorrowings, there rise some peaks of art achievement from which the light will not fade.

---

ART. VII.—1. *Science and Culture, and Other Essays.* By THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

2. *Scientific Sophisms. A Review of Current Theories concerning Atoms, Apes and Men.* By SAMUEL WAINWRIGHT, D.D., Author of "Christian Certainty," "The Modern Avernus," &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row., 1881.

IN the great strifes that have raged from time to time on the more important questions of faith and morals, the armoury of the human mind has often been ransacked for weapons wherewith to carry on the wordy war; and, in the haste of the emergency, care has not always been taken to select none but true and trusty swords. The gleaming rapier, good at a thrust, has not always been successful in parrying a blow: its very length, which promised to keep antagonists at a safe distance, has necessitated a slowness in its make which has caused it to be borne down by superior weight of metal: and the Toledo blade, which was to flash terror into the hearts of all beholders, has been retorted with fatal effect on its too confident wielder. So, as it seems to us, has it been in the battle now being waged between science and religion, or rather between the two hostile parties ranged under those venerable names, who, lovers alike of truth and goodness, have been supposed rightly or wrongly to pride themselves on being the sole depositaries of the former and privileged manufacturers of the latter most precious commodity. No goodness apart from truth, no truth apart from faith, no faith apart from us: these have been regarded as the steps of an infallible train of reasoning which, in the hands of infallible men, has justified every *auto-da-fé* that has sought to extirpate heresy by exterminating its misguided votaries. This representation of the attitude of religion toward science is not, it must be confessed, so far as concerns time past, to be cried down as mere misrepresentation. Many crimes have been committed in the name of religion, as many perhaps as in that of liberty. To impute the prevalence of

such a feeling, not to say such a policy, to those who now stand up for the integrity of the Christian revelation, would be an unmerited slander; nor do we suppose that any one will have the hardihood seriously to prefer the charge. But is there not some danger lest, now that the tide is turned in favour of freedom of speech and action, undue advantage should be taken of the change, and the bad example of a bygone age, in the same moment that it is held up to ridicule, should by the scorers themselves be all too closely imitated? Substitute reason for faith in the above series of propositions, and have we not a fair sample of the argument underlying the position of some of the high priests of modern culture? No goodness apart from truth, no truth apart from reason, no reason apart from us. Ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you: the retort is as old as the days of Job, and as applicable now as it was then to all who are so wedded to their own opinions as to be impervious to conviction and incapable of inquiry.

That there remains among men of faith a good deal of the old leaven of unreasoning dogmatism may be admitted. The religion which teaches meekness and gentleness of heart has not cured all its adherents of bigotry. Some of them mistake occasions on which a gracious temper would be the most becoming for opportunities to display a bulldog tenacity. In short, much of the zeal without knowledge of which not a few seem full to overflowing shows more of the infirmity of nature than of the sufficiency of grace. But from this it does not follow that all who are slow to change their modes of thought should be condemned *en bloc*, that all conservatism should be deemed obstructive, and threatened with new "rules of procedure" bearing a marvellous resemblance, *mutatis mutandis*, to those which gagged Galileo and burned Servetus. May there not be a little truth found—a few golden grains hidden among much chaff—even with those who are old-fashioned enough to believe that the world's years are not to be counted by billions, that miraculous intervention is almost as credible as non-miraculous evolution, and that man has less affinity with apes than with angels, less kinship to dust than to Deity? Or if this be not conceded, but the holders of such opinions must be regarded as left hopelessly behind in the paper-chase of modern thought, should their halting feebleness be therefore decried as peevish insubordination or covert treachery? And if any remedy is attempted,

should not the precious balms of philosophic compassion be preferred to the vials of passionate wrath? The world is moving on, quite fast enough for those whose nerves are not yet used to earthquakes. And if the eclipse of faith predicted by philosophers be only calculated with their customary precision, it will come without further interference; and the event should be awaited with the calm certainty of minds that can sweep the infinitude of space and sound the abyss of futurity as easily as they can watch the movements of animalcula, or define the constitution of an atom.

These remarks have been penned, of course, not without some reference to the works named at the head of this paper, which afford a good sample, each after its kind, of the various productions which modern controversy has called into existence. In Professor Huxley we have a well-known champion of so-called free thought. A fearless investigator of the secrets of nature, he does not shrink from the boldest speculations to which a vigorous fancy may prompt him. Starting from prejudices as other men do from principles, and employing imagination as others would sound reason, he constructs light aerial edifices which promise to future occupiers much more pleasant surroundings than the gloomy dungeons from which he would fain release them; while those who linger about their ancient habitation, preferring peaceful glimmer to a blinding blaze, and a stone-built cell to a palace of gossamer, he alarms by long blasts of vituperative sarcasm, like those of Rabshakeh before the walls of Jerusalem, or of Greatheart at the gate of Giant Despair. Of owls and bats, and moles and earthworms, so far as these find representatives in human form, he is the stern and consistent adversary. Extermination is on his banner: there is not a rookery that his axe will not demolish, nor a ghost-haunted ruin that his spells will not disenchant. Like most of his fellows, he is much more of a destroyer than a saviour: Jupiter Tonans is his style and title, not Jupiter Optimus Maximus. His promises, indeed, are fair enough, if we could trust them: what he would give seems ample recompense for what he would take away—certainty for doubt, peace for discord, steady progress in place of fluctuation, and, in the end, a well-ordered community, freed alike from bucolic dulness, priestly intolerance, and aristocratic pride, instead of the medley of conflicting

interests, beliefs and passions which now agitate the mass of uncultured, because unscientific, society. But the world, especially that part of it with which the dreams of youth no longer pass for realities, is not yet prepared to forsake its ancient landmarks at the bidding of modern adventurers. Not every one who set sail from the Old World could produce as good grounds as Columbus for anticipating the discovery of a New. And until we have better arguments for the existence of our modern Utopia than are at present forthcoming, common sense will persuade many to prefer the *terra firma* of solid conviction to the winds and waves of doubtful conjecture. The tricks of modern conjurors may still excite the curious, and their assurances of no deception gull the unwary; but the power of magic has decayed with the belief in it; and the very pessimism of the age has this advantage, that its grim earnestness needs something more than the feather of a new physical discovery to tickle it into laughter.

Indeed, we doubt very much whether Professor Huxley is himself as thoroughly convinced as he would have us believe of the reliableness of his processes of alchemy and the sterling value of its results. Sometimes, as it seems to us, like many another merry-andrew, his painted face but ill conceals a heart-ache, and from the mouth of the mask that grins so broadly there issue sounds that counterfeit a groan. However that may be, certain it is that his utterances are not all harmonious: the want of finality with which he reproaches reformers is a gaping void in him. His principles, so far as we can detect any, lead on to Nihilism, but he proposes to halt half-way. He "casts off his pack," like a valiant huntsman, with clear bugle note; throughout the livelong day his shrill tones of encouragement are heard ringing; and then, just when the poor victim has been run to earth, and tooth and claw are about to fasten on him, a timid whistle proclaims the game is over, and the breathless fugitive escapes. In other words, society is first adjudged to perish, in the destruction of everything that can bind it together, the doctrine of consequences being contemptuously laughed out of court, and then, when the *coup de grâce* should be given, courage fails for the purpose, and society is bidden to welcome as a deliverer the hand that has just relaxed its murderous grip. The men who act in this manner have either an overweening confidence or an exaggerated terror: they believe too little or too much: if



their boasted breach with the past is sound reason, then their fearfulness about the future is irrational. If the unknowable is to dominate alike in philosophy and science, in morals and religion, then truth becomes a chimera, and veneration for it a delusion. Thenceforward the man who weeps for calamity or rejoices in success is an idiot: he who prizes and uses his great prerogative to look before and after, is affected with insanity, as much so as he who worships an invisible God and expects an eternal hereafter. And those who act in this manner, men of science though they be, are guilty of the very weakness which they have denounced in men of faith—a new species of an old genus, which we may fitly designate scientific superstition.

“Professor Huxley’s New Work on Science and Culture” is not quite so much of a novelty as the advertisement suggests. The full title is *Science and Culture, and Other Essays*, and the preface explains that “the addresses, lectures, and essays gathered together in this volume have appeared at intervals during the past seven years.” We have not therefore here a series of chapters on one definite topic, but a miscellaneous collection of the author’s deliverances on science and all outlying provinces of inquiry which as a man of science he has found it useful to explore. This is the fourth such collection that has been made. Embracing as it does some of the public utterances of a man who has passed his fiftieth year, it might be expected to be marked by maturity of thought and sobriety of feeling, as well as by something like coherence and consistency. In all these elements the book seems to us to be strangely wanting. Consistency, however, is the only point on which we should very strongly insist, and the want of which, as we have intimated, afflicts us most. Consistency, that is to say, with itself; for as to the *Lay Sermons*, and even the *Critiques and Addresses*, these appeared so long ago (in 1870 and 1873 respectively), that we could easily overlook some modifications of thought arising after the lapse of such an interval as the result of fuller inquiry. It may be said, indeed, that the present collection bridges the interval, by embodying productions that extend over the last seven years; and that its apparent anomalies only present such continuous variations as we have ourselves conceded to inquiry, or even such different phases of the same landscape as might offer themselves to one surveying it from

successive points of view. In that case it would have been wise to throw the series into some sort of order, chronological or logical, so that some clue might have been obtained to the various stages of development of the author's mind, and some harmony suggested of his diverse forms of thought. The absence of such arrangement is confusing; but as the date of issue of each address and essay is attached to it, it will not be difficult to determine how far any changes of opinion are due to progress, and how far to some less warrantable cause.

One fault we must find with Professor Huxley before proceeding to criticise his last work. The book which stands second on our list is one that deals trenchantly, to say the least, with the main positions which Professor Huxley, in common with others, has defended for the last twenty years. Of the existence of that book he can hardly have been unaware. It has had too wide a sale, and created too great a sensation, and, we may add, it displays too much ability, to have either escaped observation or merited contempt. Before proceeding, therefore, to publish his new volume, it might have been worth while to make some reply to an adversary who claims to have overturned the foundations on which his system rests. Whether this feat has really been accomplished is another question. One thing is certain, that in Dr. Wainwright both Professor Huxley and the school he represents, have found a foeman worthy of their steel. He meets learning with learning, philosophy with philosophy, and sarcasm with sarcasm of the most vigorous kind. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is the law of his warfare, a law of Old Testament enactment which, where principles and not persons are contending, the New does not repeal. "Rebuke them sharply," said the great Apostle; and our modern Titus, encountering our modern Cretans, strikes hard, and does not spare. And his best weapons, or some of them, are borrowed from themselves. Darwin is pitted against Huxley, and both are confronted with Tyndall, while on the purely mental side, Spencer, Bain, and Mill are seen to be as hopelessly at variance as the builders of Babel. It is easy to let such criticism pass unanswered, in the hope that its echoes will soon die away, or be drowned by the chorus of applause that may greet a new reiteration of old errors. But what is easy is not always safe: the general public does not commit itself so unreservedly to any leader

as is sometimes supposed by his knot of enthusiastic admirers. Its judgments are always open to correction, and even its moods a little liable to fluctuation : while coquetting openly with some new candidate for favour, it may already be making secret atonement for its fault, and seeking to win back its old love. Above all, it is practical in its views, and will seldom adopt even the best-supported theory till well assured that it will pay ; and, with the sagacity of a being that knows the limits of its own knowledge, it sometimes prefers a bad theory that will work to a good one that will not. So much the worse, it may be said, for the public : this only proves the ignorance and stupidity, the utter untrustworthiness, of the average human mind. Still, it must be granted that such a public as we have described is the one we have to do with, and that it is, for all practical purposes, the ultimate court of appeal. If education can improve it, and if as the result a more patient hearing can be secured to those who cater for its interests, by all means let education proceed, and let science and its promoters enjoy the benefit.

Perhaps it was some such thought—we must now take leave of Dr. Wainwright, our principal task being with a book published since his was written—perhaps, we say, it was some such thought concerning the need for improvement on the part of the public before any general reception of his views could be expected, that induced Professor Huxley to place in the forefront of his present publication four essays bearing more or less on the interests of modern education. They are entitled, “*Science and Culture*,” “*Universities : Actual and Ideal*,” “*Technical Education*,” and “*Elementary Instruction in Physiology*.” The first is an address delivered at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason’s Science College, at Birmingham, on the 1st of October, 1880 ; the second, the inaugural address of the Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, in 1874 ; the third an address delivered to the Working Men’s Club and Institute, in 1878 ; and the fourth a paper read at the meeting of the Domestic Economy Congress at Birmingham, in 1877. While their common affinity to education may have suggested this grouping of them, as also the relation of the subject to the prospects that await the theories expounded later on, it is impossible not to see underlying these surface reasons one of deeper moment still. These four essays with the fifth—an eulogium on

Dr. Priestley\*—contain much more than the praise of education, with directions to prosecute it upon certain lines. They contain also, or plainly indicate, Professor Huxley's views on the philosophy of life. He does not here trace individual man up to his origin in the ape and the atom. He deals with man on the grand scale, as combining the units of his individual existence into the complex whole which we denominate society. It is the ideal of humanity that occupies his thought and kindles the enthusiasm of his admiration, for it inspires both his regrets for the past and his hopes for the future. We will not pause now to inquire whether, in view of his Agnosticism, to be treated of by-and-by, Professor Huxley has a right to frame any ideal at all, or how far it is fair to endeavour to prepossess his readers in favour of an ideal before he has shown out of what actual elements he proposes to construct it. Suffice it for the present to observe that the whole is presented first, and the parts afterward: let us follow his own order.

That he has an ideal may be gathered from the following sentence: "Culture means something quite different from learning or technical skill. It implies the possession of an ideal, and the habit of critically estimating the value of things by comparison with a theoretic standard. Perfect culture should supply a complete theory of life, based upon a clear knowledge alike of its possibilities and of its limitations" (p. 9). What the ideal is may be gathered from a passage in which Professor Huxley quotes Priestley's opinions, and shows how far he is in accordance with them. "As Priestley's philosophy is mainly a clear statement of the views of the deeper thinkers of his day, so are his political conceptions based upon those of Locke. Locke's aphorism that 'the end of government is the good of mankind' is thus expanded by Priestley. 'It must necessarily be understood, therefore, whether it is expressed or not, that all people live in society for their mutual advantage; so that the good and happiness of the members, that is, of the majority of the members, of any state, is the great standard by which everything relating to that state must be finally determined.' The little sentence here interpolated, 'that is, of the majority of the members of any state,' appears to be that passage which suggested to Bent-

---

\* "Joseph Priestley. An address delivered on the occasion of the presentation of a statue of Priestley to the town of Birmingham, on the 1st of August, 1874."

ham, according to his own acknowledgment, the famous 'greatest happiness' formula, which, by substituting 'happiness' for 'good' has converted a noble into an ignoble principle."

This utterance of Professor Huxley's is quite remarkable. In it he candidly avows himself a believer in a "good" that is the attainable and only legitimate end for which society exists. This "good" he distinctly marks off from "happiness," whether of few, or many, or all, characterising them, the one as a noble, the other as an ignoble, principle. What that good is he very plainly intimates at the close of the same address, where, after congratulating the nineteenth century on its improvement upon the eighteenth—an improvement amounting to "an astounding difference"—and after assigning to Priestley and others the credit of the same, he sums up in his final sentence the grand results of their labour. "To all eternity the sum of truth and right will have been increased by their means; to all eternity falsehood and injustice will be the weaker because they have lived" (p. 126).

A pure and lofty morality is thus declared to be the chief end of man, and not mere happiness according to the cheap and vulgar philosophy of the Utilitarian school. True, this ideal does not exclude even material advancement, which "has its share in moral and intellectual progress." But the former is valuable for the sake of the latter, and not *vice versa*. Moreover, it is satisfactory to be told that toward this great goal the race is actually progressing. The perfection that "Priestley believed man is capable of reaching and will eventually attain," is "not yet in sight—even from the mast head," but "it is surely true that things are much better than they were." By what means this has been brought about we must now consider. It appears to be in the main through the beneficent influence of individuals acting in conjunction with the "nature of things." This "nature of things" is an important factor in that grand product, the good of society, the sum of truth and right. It is always on the side of right, and insists on being reckoned with in the determination of the part we mean to play on the stage of life. This is a doctrine that must afford exquisite consolation to those who have never contemplated any other end than the good of society, and have never been for a moment seduced from it by the ignoble principle of happiness, their

own or other people's. Such persons have a steadfast ally in the nature of things. So certain and powerful is its assistance, that all thought of the future may be abandoned by those who invoke it.

"Kant has said that the ultimate object of all knowledge is to give replies to these three questions: 'What can I do? What ought I to do? What may I hope for?' The forms of knowledge which I have enumerated (psychology, moral and religious philosophy, and natural science) should furnish such replies as are within human reach to the first and second of these questions. While to the third, perhaps, the wisest answer is, 'Do what you can to do what you ought, and leave hoping and fearing alone. . . . On the face of the matter it is absurd to ask whether it is more important to know the limits of one's powers, or the ends for which they ought to be exerted, or the conditions under which they must be exerted. One might as well inquire which of the terms of a rule-of-three sum one ought to know in order to get a trustworthy result. Practical life is such a sum, in which your duty multiplied into your capacity, and divided by your circumstances, gives you the fourth term in the proposition, which is your deserts, with great accuracy" (p. 40).

We will not pause to comment on the curious rule for finding out what we shall get by being good, further than to remark that one part of the statement does not agree with much that we find in these essays, and another seems hardly reconcilable with the even-handed justice of the nature of things. According to the rule, reward is in the inverse ratio to the favourableness of circumstances, so that the greater the difficulties they present, the greater the merit in overcoming the same. Poverty must therefore have a direct tendency to produce virtue, by enhancing the reward which the nature of things will confer. How does this comport with the already-quoted sentence that "material advancement has its share in moral and intellectual progress?" Or how does either of these comport with the further statement in the essay on Technical Education, that "the great thing to be aimed at, I was almost going to say the most important end of all social arrangements, is to keep these glorious sports of nature [the 'exceptional people,' the 'potential Watt, Davy, or Faraday'] from being either corrupted by luxury, or starved by poverty, and to put them into the position in which they can do the work for which they are specially fitted?"



As to capacity, again: why should this enter into the calculation of desert at all, particularly as according to the paragraph from which our last quotation is made, "the great mass of mankind have neither the liking nor the aptitude for either literary, or scientific, or artistic pursuits; nor, indeed, for excellence of any sort?" It appears to us that the second factor in the formula, "capacity," was introduced for the special benefit of those glorious sports of nature, the exceptional people. And here we detect a double unfairness on the part of the nature of things, first in the selection of a few for pre-eminent capacity, and then in the remuneration it bestows for that very capacity which they have been singled out to enjoy. We are irresistibly reminded of another kind of balance which varieties of circumstance and capacity do not unduly sway—"For every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour," and, "If there be first a ready mind, it is accepted, according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." The awards of the Author of nature will to most minds be more satisfactory than those ascribed by Professor Huxley to the inscrutable "nature of things."

More doubtful to our own minds than the correctness of the formula is the utility of drawing it up. If, as Professor Huxley says, the wisest answer to the question "What can I hope for?" is "leave hoping and fearing alone," why should he in the same breath hold out incentives to their exercise? Why draw away the minds of his followers from "good" to "happiness," from a noble to an ignoble principle? Why, in short, enounce the formula which he has expressly forbidden us to use? For it is not on us that the working of it is dependent, but on the nature of things, which will make no mistakes.

As to this last point, it would look almost like treason against the nature of things to hint the slightest doubt about the matter. Yet we must raise the question, irreverent though it may seem. Irreverent, that is to say, toward the only deity Professor Huxley consents to worship. And the issue of the inquiry, we venture to predict, will not be to enhance the fame of that cold, mysterious, impersonal, but almighty and inexorable abstraction. For the inquiry must perforce be limited to the bounds of the visible universe and of the life of man. Beyond these, for reasons sufficiently intelligible to readers of Professor

Huxley, he would himself forbid us to travel. Can he then affirm, with the confidence of a man whose boast is that he honours truth and claims belief for no unproved assertion, that every man who has lived for the good of humanity has in this life got his deserts? If so, when did he get them? At the time when his greatest sacrifices were made, or some time after? And in what form did this meting out of his deserts appear? In the form of an improvement in his circumstances, to which his future deserts would stand in an inverse ratio? If so, the very attainment of deserts would seem to imperil their continuance.

It will be better to take a test case than to indulge in abstract reasonings. Our case shall be chosen not from among the "great mass of mankind," of whom Professor Huxley has spoken in such contemptuous terms, although he is "a plebeian who stands by his order" (p. 24). Nor will we look to the "host of pleasant, moneyed, well-bred young gentlemen, who do a little learning and much boating by Cam and Isis," with whom he so touchingly contrasts "many a brave and frugal Scotch boy, spending his summer in hard manual labour, that he may have the privilege of wending his way to the University, with a bag of oatmeal, ten pounds in his pocket, and his own stout heart to depend upon through the northern winter" (pp. 36, 37). These would be unfair samples of the working of the nature of things. Time might be lawfully demanded to enable the stern arbitress to adjust in these cases the relation of circumstance to capacity. We will choose one of "the exceptional people, the glorious sports of Nature," on whom she is bound to bestow deserts with the same liberal hand with which she has already lavished capacity. Take Joseph Priestley, to the honouring of whose character and memory one whole essay is here devoted.

Having described what his hero thought to be the greatest work of his life, Professor Huxley says, "to this, his highest ideal of duty, Joseph Priestley sacrificed the vulgar prizes of life, which assuredly were within easy reach of a man of his singular energy and varied abilities." What the prizes were we are not told, nor why they should be called vulgar. Perhaps such a common thing as professional success would fall under this category. If so, it is certain that Priestley did not attain it, either at

Needham Market or Nantwich, his first two charges. But whether because he "sacrificed" it, though "within easy reach," seems more than doubtful, since his panegyrist explains the phenomenon in a much more natural way, by attributing it either to "his heterodox opinions" or to "the stuttering which impeded his expression of them in the pulpit." Another authority says that he "preached his church empty in three years," a curious method certainly of "sacrificing the vulgar prizes of life." Enthusiasm for his ideal, however, led him to still greater sacrifices. He "put aside, as of secondary importance, those scientific investigations which he loved so well." Finally, "he not only cheerfully suffered obloquy from the bigoted and the unthinking, and came within sight of martyrdom; but bore with that which is much harder to be borne than all these, the unfeigned astonishment and hardly disguised contempt of a brilliant society, composed of men whose sympathy and esteem must have been most dear to him." All this is a record of what he gave up, and it is but a summary. The story of his life, as told by Professor Huxley, is one long catalogue of disappointments and disasters, culminating in the wreck of his house by a Birmingham mob, and his subsequent self-exile to that last asylum of the unfortunate, the United States of America. All these surely are not to be reckoned among the sacrifices of the vulgar prizes of life which a man of his energy and abilities might nobly despise. They form an accumulated weight of ills from which men of every variety of temperament must shrink. The capacity of Priestley was undoubted: his circumstances sufficiently adverse. So much the greater his virtue. But then what about his deserts? There is not an atom of evidence that he received them in his lifetime, and he did not know the panegyric that was awaiting him a hundred years after he was dead. Truly, the only inference to be drawn from the inquiry is, either that human nature is an object of enmity to the nature of things, or that in this instance the latter made a mistake.

Notwithstanding this damaging instance to the contrary, Professor Huxley is a stern believer in the assistance afforded to all good men by the nature of things, and in the gradual success that is being achieved through their alliance with each other and with it. "Men are beginning, once more, to awake to the fact that matters of belief and

of speculation are of absolutely infinite practical importance; and are drawing off from that sunny country 'where it is always afternoon'—the sleepy hollow of broad indifferentism." The "once more" refers to the fact that a similar awakening took place three centuries ago, under the auspices of Martin Luther, the principal difference between the two being that the modern is a "wider and deeper change."

It may be well at this point to take a glance at the past, so as to see in what way these nearer approximations to the grand ideal have been brought about. We shall better understand the onward movement of the race toward perfection, when we have seen who and what manner of men the leaders are, and what their processes and methods. Of course, it will be necessary to take Professor Huxley as our guide, though we may not be able to see with his eyes. He carries us back to a period much earlier than the Reformation,—to the days of Charlemagne. He quotes the sturdy axiom in which the Frankish king expressed his sense of the value of learning: "Right action is better than knowledge; but in order to do what is right, we must know what is right." He describes the rough-and-ready manner in which the crowned reformer made a way to his designs, and the resistance offered to his measures by the old heathenish priests. He shows how their plea for toleration was disregarded by the conqueror, and justifies his violation of liberal principles on the ground that these were not yet born, and that, after all, the questionable proceedings brought about the end in view. This sketch of the rise of modern civilisation and enlightenment a little shocks us. Not that we doubt its accuracy, but that we scarcely understand Professor Huxley's enthusiasm over it. We should have thought that sympathy with liberal principles, still far from universally triumphant, and the memory of some recent defeats sustained by them, say in the history of Joseph Priestley, or some more modern representative, would have restrained him from chuckling over their discomfiture even in the persons of these heathenish priests. A curious comment certainly upon the text, "right action is better than knowledge." In this case the action seems to have been all the better for the lack of knowledge.

It is enough, however, for Professor Huxley that by this unwarrantable harshness the interests of humanity were

eventually served. The old idolaters suffered, *i.e.*, got, we suppose, their deserts; but society flourished, *i.e.*, was righted by what seemed to be their wrongs.

That Professor Huxley should regard later developments of the persecuting spirit with the same equanimity is hardly to be expected. Whether he can stand by and see liberal principles trampled on, not only without a protest, but with a jaunty, self-satisfied air, depends upon circumstances. This becomes apparent when we proceed to the next scene in the drama, that presented by mediæval Europe at a somewhat later date. By this time the work begun by Charlemagne had become consolidated: his schools had blossomed into universities, while the Church's struggle with heathenism had given place to an easy and almost undisputed ascendancy. The attitude of the Church, however, toward that new power which did not suffer her ascendancy to be complete, is not viewed by Professor Huxley with the same complacency as the attitude of Charlemagne toward the idolaters. The Church's readiness to check inquiry by the help of the secular arm is a matter for caustic satire, and it is not pleaded on her behalf that liberal principles were not yet born.

It is at this point that the Professor's retrospect is the fullest. He gives us two distinct studies of mediævalism, and by means of them enables us to form a tolerably correct judgment of what he means by culture, and to estimate modern advances toward the realisation of his ideal, by the contrast of those days with these. The two sketches we refer to are to be found in the first two addresses. Sooth to say, they are not perfectly consistent. In his address as Lord Rector, delivered at the Aberdeen University in 1874, Professor Huxley takes a much more favourable view of mediævalism than he does in his address on the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's Science College at Birmingham in 1880. The discrepancy must be due to one of two causes. Either lapse of time must have wrought a change in his opinions, or difference of position must have influenced his expression of them. In all fairness we can but give the Professor the benefit of the doubt. Time, which usually tends to soften asperity, has in him had the opposite effect. Age has not yet brought upon him its infirmities, nor deepened his sympathy with those of other men. That the discrepancy, however to be accounted for, exists, may be seen from the following passages. They refer to the course

of study pursued at the universities in olden times, but they do this in such a way as to show what views of life at that time prevailed. In 1874, Professor Huxley said :

"And thus [as an outgrowth of Charlemagne's schools] the first University, at any rate on this side of the Alps, came into being. Originally it had but one faculty, that of Arts. Its aim was to be a centre of knowledge and culture ; not to be, in any sense, a technical school. The scholars seem to have studied grammar, logic, and rhetoric ; arithmetic and geometry ; astronomy, theology, and music. Thus their work, however imperfect and faulty judged by modern lights it may have been, brought them face to face with all the leading aspects of the many-sided mind of man. For these studies did really contain, at any rate in embryo—sometimes it may be in caricature—what we now call philosophy, mathematical and physical science, and art. And I doubt if the curriculum of any modern university shows so clear and generous a comprehension of what is meant by culture as this old Trivium and Quadrivium does (p. 31)."

This is high praise, and must have been very grateful to the modern representatives of the system thus generously enlogised. But compare with this the utterance of 1880, addressed to an assembly met for the purpose of inaugurating a new college in which science, and science alone, is to be studied, an assembly which therefore had no such traditions as those of the Aberdeen University to link it with the past. After congratulating his audience on the banishment of theology and politics from the projected curriculum, Professor Huxley thus retouches his former picture :

"At that time, in fact, if any one desired knowledge beyond such as could be obtained by his own observation, or by common conversation, his first necessity was to learn the Latin language, inasmuch as all the higher knowledge of the Western world was contained in works written in that language. Hence, Latin grammar with logic and rhetoric, studied through Latin, were the fundamentals of education. With respect to the substance of the knowledge imparted through this channel the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, as interpreted and supplemented by the Romish Church, were held to contain a complete and infallibly true body of information.

"Theological dicta were to the thinkers of those days that which the axioms and definitions of Euclid are to the geometers of these. The business of the philosophers was to deduce from the data furnished by the theologians conclusions in accordance



with ecclesiastical decrees. They were allowed the high privilege of showing, by logical process, how and why that which the Church said was true must be true. And if their demonstrations fell short of or exceeded this limit, the Church was maternally ready to check their aberrations, if need be, by the help of the secular arm. Between the two our ancestors were furnished with a compact and complete criticism of life. . . . The sum and substance of the whole doctrine was to produce the conviction that the only thing really worth knowing in this world was how to secure that place in a better which, under certain conditions, the Church promised.

"Our ancestors had a living belief in this theory of life, and acted upon it in their dealings with education, as in all other matters. Culture meant saintliness—after the fashion of those days; the education that led to it was, of necessity, theological; and the way to theology lay through Latin" (pp. 10-12).

Now, however correct this may be as a description of the jealousy of the Romish Church toward anything that might threaten her ascendancy, what can we say of its consistency with the earlier utterance as to the mediæval course of study and criticism of life? Arithmetic and Geometry, Astronomy and Music, were there enumerated as forming part of the University curriculum: now, Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric alone are made to comprise the fundamentals of mediæval education. The word "fundamentals" will suggest to some a possible explanation. The three branches of knowledge therein included formed the Trivium, or introductory course; while the other four, here omitted, constituted the Quadrivium, the higher education of those days. But Professor Huxley had no right to omit them. In both addresses he was dealing, not with primary education, but with the highest culture of the times; and he ought therefore to have given the same prominence to the higher branches of knowledge in his later as in his earlier sketch.

We will not speculate about the motives for this omission. It would be ungenerous to impute it to the difference in the surroundings of the speaker: in the one case a literary audience whose prejudices it was desirable to conciliate, and whose memories would detect a faulty rendering of facts; in the other a more popular gathering, with whom loose statements like this might pass unchallenged. Professor Huxley is not the man to withhold what he may deem unpleasant truth from any audience, as both these

deliverances show. But the unfairness of the latter representation nevertheless remains.

Between the two, however, we get some idea of Professor Huxley's views on mediæval culture. He discovers in it—its intolerance, we suppose, altogether apart—two main faults: it contained too much religion and too little science. There was too much attention given to the next world, and far too little to this. Mind and its destinies bulked too largely in the conception of human life, so largely that matter and its properties were almost lost to view. Professor Huxley may be surprised to find that we in part agree with him in this; nay more, that we at one point go beyond him, *i.e.*, in respect to any expression he has given in these essays of his sense of the mischief thereby entailed. An exclusive devotion to spiritual things tends of itself, independently of the corruption of our common nature, to produce a secular reaction more to be dreaded than any that has yet been brought about by science—the reaction, namely, of formalism and hypocrisy, which employ the trappings of religion to conceal an utter destitution of the spirit of it, and which make—not the tithing of mint, anise, and cummin merely—but even the weightier things of the law less a matter of spiritual profit than carnal merchandise. There may be profane builders of the temple as well as profane desecrators of it. And against these we would utter a protest deep and earnest as any that Professor Huxley could utter.

But we cannot accept his remedy. We cannot think that the destroyers of the temple are to be called in to undo the work of the unworthy builders. Because unholy hands have touched it, we cannot therefore join in the cry, "Raze it, raze it, even to the foundations thereof." Neither can we contentedly see the sanctuary deserted, the sacrifices unoffered, and the altar fire unlit. In other words, we admit that the middle ages had too little science, but deny that they had too much religion. There is no necessary antagonism between science and saintliness; no contradiction, but profoundest harmony, between the worship of God and the study of His works.

Yet this is what, if we rightly divine his meaning, Professor Huxley's utterances—taken in conjunction with his silence—would lead us to. True, he nowhere in these essays formally arraigns Religion. His bolts are launched, not against Religion in the name of Religion, but against

delusion and imposture, against the tyranny of authority, against whatever fetters thought and bars progress. The Reformation did a great work, but the act which commenced with it is "nearly played out." "The nemesis of all reformers is finality." Happily, there is a new race of them now springing up, and this time they will make no mistake. Their trumpets are just about to sound, and their vials to be poured upon the air.

"Change is in the air. It is whirling feather-heads into all sorts of eccentric orbits, and filling the steadiest with a sense of insecurity. It insists on reopening all questions, and asking all institutions, however venerable, by what right they exist, and whether they are or are not in harmony with the real or supposed wants of mankind" (p. 26).

Said we not truly that the Professor owed no grudge to religion in itself? He brings no charge against it of special guiltiness in the matter of the enthralling of humanity. He impeaches it only so far as it forms part of the established order of things, which he must see overturned on pain of being dogged by the reformer's nemesis of finality. But—and here our readers will begin to breathe more freely—his work is not all destructive. He has, as we stated at the outset, an ideal, and we now know how it is to be attained. There is a panacea for human ills, the failure of all past attempts to find it notwithstanding. It is not religion: that is too visionary. It is not commerce: that is too mercenary. It is not even literature, though it may play a subsidiary part. It is science, the study of nature and of nature's operations, the discovery of the laws and limitations of our physical life. The very pursuit of it is ennobling. Its first requirement is fidelity to fact. "It appeals not to authority, nor to what anybody may have thought or said, but to nature. It admits that all our interpretations of natural fact are more or less imperfect and symbolic, and bids the learner seek for truth not among words, but things. It warns us that the assertion which outstrips evidence is not only a blunder but a crime." The workers in science are our models. Words are wanting to describe their excellencies, and so the language of another Lord Rector, addressing another University, is dextrously adapted to the purpose, by the simple substitution of "workers in science" for "ancient

dialecticians," and "science" itself for "the ancient languages."

"To question all things; never to turn away from any difficulty; to accept no doctrine, either from ourselves or from other people, without a rigid scrutiny by negative criticism; letting no fallacy, or incoherence, or confusion of thought, step by unperceived; above all, to insist upon having the meaning of a word clearly understood before using it, and the meaning of a proposition before assenting to it; these are the lessons we learn from [workers in science]. . . . With all this vigorous management of the negative element, they inspire no scepticism about the reality of truth or indifference to its pursuit. The noblest enthusiasm, both for the search after truth and for applying it to its highest uses, pervades these writers. . . . In cultivating, therefore [science as an essential ingredient in education], we are all the while laying an admirable foundation for ethical and philosophical culture" (p. 44).

This quotation, from the pen of so great a thinker as John Stuart Mill, might be supposed to settle the question as to the tendency of science to exalt its votaries to the highest pinnacle of moral excellence. Unfortunately, the author of this high-flown panegyric applied it to a very different set of men—not to the scientists, but to the ancient dialecticians. What is still more important is Professor Huxley's own admission, that in this its original application he does not "doubt its justice or presume to question its wisdom." He will leave these men on the pedestal thus erected for them, if only he may broaden its base to make room for men of science. To this we ourselves can make no objection, though perhaps we might wish the base to be a little wider still. But then what becomes of Professor Huxley's argument? To be worth anything, it should assert for science, if not an exclusive, yet a pre-eminent, claim to the regard of mankind as the means of promoting their moral and intellectual perfection. For a student in an ideal university, "the very air he breathes should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning." But whence is this atmosphere to be supplied? Not certainly from the damp, dark cell of the mediæval monastery. No, nor yet from the cool, trim walks of the academic grove, or the "many-coloured portico." "After having learnt all that Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity have thought and said,

and that all modern literatures have to tell us, it is not self-evident that we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life which constitutes culture. Indeed, to any one acquainted with the scope of physical science, it is not at all evident. Considering progress only in the 'intellectual and spiritual sphere,' I find myself wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their common outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science." The air charged the most richly with enthusiasm for truth and fanaticism for veracity is the air of the dissecting-room and the laboratory. But if so, what is to be said about the ancient dialecticians? They never handled a retort or looked through a microscope. Great and grievous were the mistakes they fell into, mistakes that are not to be defended for a moment. Their views of nature could not exist without detriment to their intellectual well-being. But this did not hinder Stuart Mill from holding up these very men to our highest admiration, nor Professor Huxley from copying his example. So convinced is the latter of the truth of the "noble panegyric," that all he ventures to add is that it "applies with equal force to scientific training."

Let no one mistake our meaning. We are not calling in question the value of science, either to society at large, or to the mental powers of the student of it. What we do call in question is its value as culture in the sense in which Professor Huxley himself has used that term. The truth-loving habit is not the peculium of science: indeed, considered as a moral habit, and in reference to the relations of man to society, any connection it may have with science is almost purely accidental. It is possible that the most rigorous investigator of the secrets of nature and the laws of political economy may be in the sphere of his own life a systematic violator of the first principles of morality. It is possible that a man who never formulated a natural law, and never verified a chemical combination, may be thoroughly practised in the art of fitting words to facts, and sacrificing interest to duty. Even in as far as scientific investigations may demand self-control and fairness of mind, they only demand them in the same sense and in the same degree as many other mental exercises. The cool-headed man will always win against the impulsive man, other things being equal, whether his aim be to discover

new species of butterflies or to make a cabinet to contain them, to establish a new theory of heat or to cure a smoky chimney. The difference between the two men lies in the mental powers themselves, not in the objects they are exercised upon. No better illustration could have been furnished than the ancient dialecticians, who were babes in physical science, but intellectual giants, and some of them as distinguished for pure and lofty morals as for breadth and subtlety of thought.

Nevertheless, Professor Huxley stoutly maintains his own opinion, and cites the vast superiority of the nineteenth century over the eighteenth in proof of the same. That superiority he claims as one of the triumphs of science. The manner in which this subject is treated we cannot but regard as, to say the least, unfortunate. When we remember all that Professor Huxley has said on the demands of science for proof and verification, we are greatly surprised at the entire absence in this case of anything pretending to the name of demonstration. He seems for the time to have forgotten his own principles, to have substituted authority for argument, and to have expected us to repose in him that unlimited confidence which he would himself withhold from the *ipse dixit* of any other teacher. Let us trace his method of procedure.

The subject is the difference between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the problem requiring solution to find the causes of that difference. The first thing to be done is to state the facts, and with the statement of them we have no quarrel. There is no need for us to go over the ground: it is familiar to all our readers. Professor Huxley groups the facts into two classes, those pertaining to morality and those pertaining to general intellectual progress. First he draws a picture of the corruption, and then of the ignorance, of the eighteenth century. Then come, in pleasing contrast, sketches of the comparative purity and mental enlightenment of the nineteenth. Then finally the explanation of the change.

"If we ask what is the deeper meaning of all these vast changes I think there can be but one reply. They mean that reason has asserted and exercised her primacy over all provinces of human activity; that ecclesiastical authority has been relegated to its proper place; that the good of the governed has been finally recognised as the end of government, and the complete



responsibility of governors to the people as its means, and that the dependence of natural phenomena in general on the laws of action of what we call matter has become an axiom.

"But it was to bring these things about and to enforce the recognition of these truths that Joseph Priestley laboured. If the nineteenth century is other and better than the eighteenth, it is, in great measure, to him and to such men as he that we owe the change. If the twentieth century is to be better than the nineteenth, it will be because there are among us men who walk in Priestley's footsteps" (p. 126).

We must be pardoned for expressing our belief that to the first of the two groups into which the facts were classified this explanation does not apply. "All these vast changes" cannot be accounted for in this way. The disappearance of open immorality and gross intemperance from the upper and middle classes; the diminution of bribery in constituencies, and its extinction among members of the legislature; the purity of life and zeal in discharge of their duties of the clergy; are referred to by Professor Huxley as signs of the great moral progress of the age. What brought about all these? By universal consent the moral reformation of which these are quoted as the indubitable tokens was due to the great religious movement of the last century, with which Priestley, and such men as he, had nothing whatever to do. That movement was directly opposed to Unitarianism, and had more to do with checking its progress and reducing it to its present insignificance than any other force whatsoever. The hypothesis concerning the Divine nature of which Joseph Priestley was the steadfast champion has rather lost ground than gained it during the last hundred years. Nor can any of the views he sought to propagate be cited as those to the influence of which the national regeneration is owing, any more than the one which called forth his highest energies and brought into being his most voluminous writings. The credit of this great work is due to what is known as the evangelical revival.

As to the other group of facts, such as political emancipation and scientific enlightenment, all we need say is that it is scarcely fair, even in a panegyric upon Priestley, to ascribe so high a place among the leaders of thought to one who really occupied a very subordinate position. This Professor Huxley admits himself. His philosophical opinions were those of Hobbes, Spinoza, Hartley, and

Hume. His scientific speculations have been superseded by those of Laplace, Young, Davy, Faraday, and their successors. The progress of mankind in political emancipation is a much more complex problem, involving all the other interests that have been named; and the credit of it is not due to any one party or to any one department of thought.

Our business, however, is with Professor Huxley's ideal of life, and the share which science may be expected to contribute toward the realisation of it. In the course of these addresses he has given us a series of historical sketches, not arranged in any regular order, nor with any view to systematic treatment, but indicating his views significantly enough, though not without great inconsistency, on the bearings of this great question. Those views we have patiently traced, and we may sum them up pretty nearly as follows.

The object of life is right action: knowledge is only important as it leads to this. Society, with all its institutions, exists in order to promote its own good, which is, not the happiness of a few, or of many, or of all, but the conformity of each to the rules of right action. The highest culture is that which most fully conduces to this end. In the middle ages saintliness was supposed to be identical with culture. From the time of the Renaissance [and the Reformation?] that scheme has gradually given place, first to the humanities, or classical study, and, more recently, to science. Literature and science, combined with art, furnish a complete and compact criticism of life, a full and adequate equipment of all that man need know in order to fulfil his duty to himself and society. Religion—so we infer from Professor Huxley's silence in these Essays and from his generally negative attitude toward the subject—may be quietly allowed to die out. Its foundations are laid and its influence depends, not on truth, but authority. The spirit of the age, guided by the methods of science, is undermining those foundations and dissipating that influence. The Bible may remain, and so may Shakespeare and Milton, for the literary culture that may be got out of them, the "semi-barbarous" Moses being for purposes of this sort almost upon a level with the "half-savage" Homer. But literature, science, and art are enough for the needs of men. Science is taken, it is true, in a certain latitude of meaning, so as to embrace

"a clear understanding of the conditions of social life," that is to say, a knowledge of political economy. But "this knowledge is only to be obtained by the application of the methods of investigation adopted in physical researches to the investigation of the phenomena of society." "Religious" as well as "moral philosophy" may also be in the same way included in the list of necessary "forms of knowledge," that is, so long as it is "limited and criticised" by the scientific method which pervades the other departments. What would be likely to be left after such an operation had been performed depends partly on the sense in which we are to understand the term "criticism," and partly on the fairness with which that process is employed. So far as we can judge from the general tenor of his writings, it would seem that in Professor Huxley's mind the criticism of religious philosophy has led to its elimination. But into this we cannot enter.

Let us endeavour to compress the positive elements of his teaching into a few brief propositions. The following seem to be the main articles of his belief. First, man's duty is to do what is right. Secondly, science, literature, and art (but especially science), teach man his duty. To these two we feel bound to add another, which is, indeed, nowhere formally stated, but which is manifestly involved in them. Thirdly, if a man studies science, literature, and art (especially science), he will do his duty. We may even add yet another, which, while formally stated, is not deemed of the same cardinal importance as the rest, though equally true. Fourthly, whether a man does his duty or no, the nature of things will secure to him his deserts.

These, then, are the four corner-stones of the new temple soon to be thrown open to the weary wanderer after rest and truth. Let us see what they are made of, since no edifice can be stronger than its base. And if we find them solid granite, let us further ask from what quarry they were dug. Take the first proposition. Man's duty is to do what is right. Here there are two questions to be asked, what is the meaning of duty, and what is the meaning of right? The grand distinction between right and wrong Professor Huxley maintains as strongly as any one. And we will not do him the indignity of supposing that his conception of it is inferior in grandeur and comprehensiveness to that of the very loftiest transcendentalist.

But who gave him this conception? We do not mean by this to ask—though we might pertinently ask—who gave it to Professor Huxley as a man or as a child, who taught him to “hate all vileness” and to cultivate “that fanaticism of veracity,” “that enthusiasm for truth,” which he so spiritedly commends? But where did he get it as a philosopher? How does he account for its existence? Closely connected with this is our other question, What is the meaning of duty? How do the volitions of the individual stand related to the conception of duty, to his own conception, whether clear or dim, whether comprehensive or contracted? To this it might be replied that, if the individual does not obey the behests of duty, the nature of things will avenge itself upon him. But this only starts additional difficulties. What is the nature of things, where is it to be found, whence did it originate? How does it happen that the nature of things can reach and affect the individual? What is the warrant that its operations always tend to the defence and establishment of right? How may we be certified that its retributions afford an exact measure both of that practically infinite magnitude, moral obligation, and of that variable finite quantity, human desert? And we may add, what man ever succeeded in making his own practice such an embodiment of his own conception of duty as to be able to demand from the nature of things a surplusage of reward over punishment which he might exhibit to his fellows with pardonable pride, and say, “I at least have received my deserts?”

Such questions as these are more easily asked than answered. We shall only consider two of them. The conception of right within, and the nature of things without, whence did man obtain the one, and whence did the universe obtain the other? As to the first, it is not enough to say we find it in society. That may be, but we do not derive it from society, on Professor Huxley's own showing. We may discover it as a phenomenon in society, but that only means that we discover it in the minds of individual men. It does not explain its derivation. Man does not learn it from his parents or his teachers: that only pushes the question farther back, and, besides, attributes too much value to authority. Man does not deduce it by observing the consequences of action: that would be to build on the “ignoble principle” of happiness, and to bring in utilitarianism. It must then be an original

endowment of the mind. But, according to Huxley, man was evolved out of the ape, and the ape out of the atom. When and how did this conception spring into being?

It is idle to plead ignorance. If we are permitted to use the principle of causation in tracing up our physical constitution, through countless transformations, to the dust on which we tread, we shall employ it also in searching into the *origines* of our mental constitution. In referring the conception of right to the Being who has implanted it, the Theist only postulates a cause adequate to account for the effect. In refusing to do so, our scientist, whether Atheist or Agnostic, clamours down the exercise of a right which elsewhere for his own purposes he cries up. Both find their ultimate resting-place in the unseen, for atoms are and must ever remain as invisible as Deity. But the one argues to a cause capable of accounting for mental and physical phenomena alike, for atoms no less than conceptions of duty, and finds in his own being a spiritual substance owning affinity to the great Substance from which it sprang. The other attributes to atoms, or rather to infinitely varied collocations of them, powers and qualities which in their individuality he knows they cannot possess.

When we come to the nature of things, the case is even worse. That does not exist in individual man: if it does, where is it located? It works upon him from outside, controlling his destiny without or against his will, fulfilling the demands of right and meting out his deserts. It works with unerring accuracy and irresistible might: all the forces of the universe are at its disposal: it takes cognizance of all men's actions, and its workings are in perfect harmony with the law by which those actions should be regulated. Yet, though manifesting all the qualities of intelligence, sympathy and will which might be expected to meet in a Moral Governor of the universe, if there were one, we must stop short of that conclusion—why? For no reason that we know of except this, that we should then be asserting in the domain of moral and religious philosophy the same principle of cause and effect that in the physical domain has given birth to the wonders of science.

Let it not be supposed that we have made assertions without good reason in what we have just said about the basis of Professor Huxley's philosophy. His views on evolution are known to all the world, and they are represented in various parts of this volume. Whether he has

finally made up his mind as to the development of the organic from the inorganic we do not know; but we do not forget that he has said that at a certain point of past time he should have expected, if present, to witness it.

In science, therefore, he is an evolutionist of the most advanced type. In philosophy he is an Agnostic. Had we space, it would be easy to show this, but there is no need of detailed examination; for, so far from concealing it, he proclaims it upon the housetop. David Hume is his master, "the most acute thinker of the eighteenth century." In the *Lay Sermons* the following effusion of that "strong and subtle intellect" is quoted with approbation:—"If we take in hand any volume of divinity or school metaphysics for instance, let us ask, 'Does it contain any abstract reasoning whatever concerning quantity or number?' No. 'Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?' No. Commit it then to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion." The comment on this is, "Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important, we do know nothing, and can know nothing?" (*Lay Sermons*, p. 189). In the present volume, in the essay "On Sensation, &c.," we have the following:—"Our sensations, our pleasures, our pains, and the relations of these, make up the sum total of the elements of positive knowledge. We call a large section of these sensations, and their relations, matter and motion; the rest we term mind and thinking; and experience shows that there is a certain constant order of succession between some of the former and some of the latter. This is all that just metaphysical criticism leaves of the idols set up by the spurious metaphysics of vulgar common sense. It is consistent either with pure Materialism or with pure Idealism, but it is neither." Certainly not. It is Agnosticism. But how is Agnosticism consistent with the conception of right and the nature of things?

The inference is plain. When Professor Huxley is dealing with society and its manifold relationships, he makes use of prevailing views as to the nature of those relationships. When he comes to the experience of the individual he cuts away the ground on which those relationships rest. His ideal of society is a grand and imposing structure: the foundations on which society has hitherto reposed do not, however, satisfy him. He would remove it bodily from the



rock of universal belief in matter and mind, God and the universe, time and eternity, and relay it upon the quicksand of Agnosticism. Science is the machine by means of which he would underpin the tottering fabric, and effect its safe and easy transportation to its new surroundings. He may promise that the process shall be conducted with care, and predict that the result will be satisfactory; but men will think long and deep before they consent to try the experiment. Let science, they will say, adorn and beautify our present habitation; let her raise in us new emotions of wonder and gratitude at the wisdom of Him who hath established it; but let her not attempt to usurp the supremacy of Him that made us, or to cajole the witnesses of His working into giving evidence against His existence. Least of all let her invade and threaten those primary beliefs which alone can give stability to the foundations, and coherence to the framework, of society; lest a revolution more terrible than that brought about by the philosophy of Hume and Voltaire in the last century should check the boasted advancement of this, and precipitate nations and peoples that have never realised the horrors of that awful time into a gulf in which truth and right, goodness and purity, reverence for order and natural affection, shall be overpowered in the unequal conflict with selfish greed, brutal license, and universal lawlessness.

---

# LITERARY NOTICES.

---

## I. THEOLOGICAL.

### WATTS'S NEWER CRITICISM.

*The Newer Criticism and the Analogy of the Faith. A Reply to Lectures by W. Robertson Smith, M.A., on the Old Testament in the Jewish Church.* By Robert Watts, D.D., Professor of Theology in the General Assembly's College, Belfast. Edinburgh: Clark. 1881.

THE school of Biblical criticism, which at no distant period was called "Modern" and "Higher," has now received from Professor R. Smith the designation "Newer." This last denomination is suggestive of transition, and even more pathetically than the others reminds us of the rapidity of evolution and the violence of vicissitude to which the system is liable. The brief and sensational career of the Professor himself supplies ready evidence of the celerity with which its phases are accomplished. In his now famous article on the "Bible" (*Encyclop. Brit.*, vol. iii., 1877), he stated that the critics were then debating a very important point. This referred to the date of the Levitical legislation which constitutes the greater part of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers. Some authorities believed that it originated before the production of the Book of Deuteronomy in the reign of Josiah; others held that it was later than Ezekiel. "Here," he says, "arises that great dispute which divides critics, and makes our whole construction of the historical books uncertain. The Levitical laws give a graduated hierarchy of priests and Levites. Deuteronomy regards all Levites as, at least, possible priests. Round this difference and points allied to it, the whole discussion turns; . . . the solution of this problem has issues of the greatest importance for the theology as well as for the literary history of the Old Testament."

We are now assured by the "Newer Criticism" that this great problem is solved. No longer can it be said of this question, *lis*

*sub judice*. The Levitical legislation is found, according to this authority, to be later than the Deuteronomy of Josiah's reformation, and to be the development of the Ezekielian scheme of ritual by Ezra. So far from the Levitical ordinances having been ordained by Moses in the wilderness, they were only completely settled by Ezra a thousand years after. According to this, the Maccabean tradition that the whole Scripture had been lost, but that Ezra re-indited it by inspiration, would have in it a germ of truth. And tradition, often fabulous, has given the renown of this legislation to Moses, who henceforth must shrink to much smaller dimensions in historical fame, in favour of his injured but more eminent successor and imitator, Ezra.

It is not necessary to dilate upon the importance of the results which such a theory would bring to "theology," as Professor Smith himself indicates. He cannot complain if Dr. Watts replies to the "Newer Criticism" chiefly by a reference to its theological consequences. Certainly, creeds and confessions can only have a *quoad* authority. Historical, metaphysical, and scientific arguments against religious doctrine can be met effectually only by arguments of the same category. It is only by a candid agreement to render to archæology and to philosophy that which is theirs, that religion can reasonably expect eventually to be served by both. The "Newer Criticism," therefore, cannot be refuted or corrected by the "Confessions" of the Scottish Churches. But since Professor Smith and his friends complain that he has received hard usage in being excluded from his position in the Free Church, in which he yet retains the status of minister, Dr. Watts certainly has the right to show how his conclusions in Biblical criticism contradict the standard which he has accepted. If Lord Randolph Churchill should ever become an advocate of "Home Rule," or Mr. Chamberlain of "Fair Trade," few people would expect them to retain the confidence of the political parties to which they belong. In no country has the Bible been read and pondered so extensively by the people as in Scotland since the Reformation. The new theories of "Robertson Smith" have startled the nation, which, ever since their promulgation, has not ceased to discuss them in public and in private, while the Free Church Assembly has been crowded every day of its annual meetings by those interested in this all-absorbing question. This agitation has not been equalled by anything in England—not even by that in the case of Bishop Colenso, or by that of the *Essays and Reviews*. Yet Mr. Smith has not gone much farther than these his predecessors in the path of criticism. He has the faculty for minute learning which distinguishes the dignity of Natal, and he relies upon the identical authorities for the support of his views to which Dr. Colenso refers in every crucial instance. Where Nöldeke, Wellhausen, and Kuenen have spoken,

these writers echo their affirmation; and where they suspend opinion, these hesitate also.

We cannot, in a brief notice, review the whole of Professor Watts's attempt to reply to the "Newer Criticism." Like Dr. Smith's lectures, it is an appeal to the "larger public." The schemes which learned men elaborate in seclusion must, at length, be subjected to the tests of the popular judgment, unless they are to die where they were born. Therefore, as Professor Smith has appealed to the world-wide circle of persons who read the Bible in vernacular, the rejoinder is adapted to the same class. Mr. Watts says little to guide the English reader to more accurate views of the transmission of the text. He finds that his strength lies in exposing the weakness of the new theory rather than in the refutation of the destructive criticism by which it is introduced. He assumes that if the "Newer Criticism" fails to furnish undeniable evidence of the correctness of its theories, the older views must be maintained. Dr. Marcus Dods said at the trial of Professor Smith before the last Assembly that "he no more believed in Dr. Smith's views of the origin of the Pentateuch than he did in the traditional." But Dr. Watts evidently believes that the old tradition must keep its place if the newer theory be subverted.

The new theory is that "worship by sacrifice and all that belongs to it was no part of the Divine Torah to Israel. It forms, if you will, part of natural religion which other nations share with Israel." "The law, in its finished system and fundamental theories, was never the rule of Israel's worship, and its observance was never the condition of the experience of Jehovah's grace." He says that the only "law" which "was given by Moses" (John i. 17), was the Decalogue, and this contains no positive directions for sacrifice or worship. There was a priestly party in Israel which was ever seeking to introduce a ritual system; but the prophets as incessantly protested against the institution of sacrificial worship. The latter taught the people that all which God required from them was "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." In the reign of Josiah the Book of Deuteronomy was discovered, or fabricated in the name of Moses, but it did not contain the full Levitical system. This was the invention of Ezekiel, but was developed by the men of the captivity, and perfected by Ezra. In this way the moral teaching of the prophets was associated with the ritual of the priests, and the latter for the first time assumed the status of a Divine institution.

Dr. Watts's reply to all this is discursive rather than systematic. For the convenience of the reader the chapters are divided into paragraphs with separate headings, and, except for this mechanical distribution of its contents, the book would lack method and arrangement. The sentences are often Alexandrine in their pro-

portions—extending to seventeen or twenty lines occasionally—and the style lacks the perspicuity and picturesqueness which have made his opponent's lectures palatable to popular audiences. Dr. Watts is also sometimes unfortunate in his epithets. For instance, the reader learns in due time that by the "Ezekielian hypothesis" he does not mean the hypothesis framed by Ezekiel, which would be the sense according to usage, as in "Newtonian," or "Darwinian." He means by it the hypothesis which supposes that Ezekiel was the founder of the Levitical system. These, however, are but exceptional blemishes in an earnest book, in which the author usually conducts his reasoning with calm cogency. Occasionally, a certain Celtic fervour of emotion is displayed. Upon the very feeble case which Dr. Smith endeavours to establish respecting the Ark of the Covenant, because it is not mentioned in the Deuteronomic code, and because Jeremiah (iii. 16, 17) forbids men to search for it, he thus comments: "Such is one of the grand generalisations of the scientific criticism over which handkerchiefs are waved by young ladies, and in honour of which public breakfasts are given by men affecting to represent the culture and the Biblical scholarship of the Free Church of Scotland. With such, the system which arrays prophet against prophet, and, as in this case, priest against priest, and even the Jehovah of pre-exilic times against the Jehovah of post-exilic times, may pass for Biblical science; but in the estimation of the true representatives of that grand old Church, and in that of the genuine piety and culture of Christendom, it will be regarded as neither more nor less than the science of Biblical disparagement" (page 229).

We ought not perhaps to be surprised at this warmth; though it may be doubted whether the young ladies "waved their handkerchiefs" precisely because they thought the juvenile professor had scored a great victory on this particular point, or that it was his supposed success on this subject which decided his brother professors to invite him to breakfast. It is more satisfactory to notice that Dr. Watts does not overlook that which is the very manifest weakness of the "Newer Criticism." It builds too much upon the assumption that because the Levitical code was not the universal and habitual rule of worship in Israel through all the ages between Moses and Ezra, it had therefore no existence, nor any Divine authority. Dr. Watts says: "The ever-recurring principle, in obedience to which the whole Old Testament record is to be not only revised, but recast, is that the non-observance of a law proves its non-existence! Reversing the apostolic maxim, that 'where there is no law there is no transgression,' our critic proceeds throughout upon the assumption that where there is transgression there is no law. It were no exaggeration to say that, if the portions of his volume which rest on

this assumption were removed, the book would be reduced to one-third of its present dimensions. Indeed, so all-pervading and regulative is this principle, from the beginning to the close, it soon becomes manifest that, without it, the author could not have given the faintest colour of plausibility to his theory of the post-exilic origin of the Levitical system, or of the all but exilic origin of the Deuteronomic code—in other words, could not have written his course of lectures at all.” Further, Dr. Watts not only makes good use of the unquestioned facts of Scripture history against the new theory, but earnestly expostulates with those who might overlook its bearing upon the doctrines of salvation. Professor Smith congratulates the critical school on having at length “got behind the Rabbis” in their search after the origins of the books of Scripture. He says that the Reformers, and Jerome, and the early Christians were all dependent upon Jewish tradition for their information about the sacred books. We do not see how it could have been otherwise, nor why the information should be so much prejudiced on this account. But the disciples of the “Newer Criticism” “understand more than the ancients.” The danger is, however, lest in getting “behind the Rabbis,” and in preparing their case of personation against the authors of Deuteronomy in the reign of Josiah, and against those who produced the Levitical code in the times of Ezra, they should seem to “get behind” our Lord and His Apostles in a very suspicious way. The new school has not only to reply to the array of Biblical facts and testimonies which Dr. Watts presents with so much force, but to meet the inquiries which all evangelical theologians must urge respecting the implication which the scheme brings upon the truths of inspiration and the atonement. Professor Smith still avows his attachment to the “doctrines of grace.” He does not deny the supernatural; but he insists that “there is a human side to Scripture which is the field of Biblical science.” But then, if the Bible be the Word of God, in any sense, every part of this “field” has its relations to the Divine as well as to the human elements in it. The assumption that the history of the Bible may be resolved without any reference to the supernatural cannot be accepted. This is the *πρώτον ψεύδος* of the Rabbis of that German and Dutch school of interpretation which Professor Robertson Smith thinks it to be his highest honour to follow.

At the same time it must be admitted that the literary history of the Old Testament is in a somewhat chaotic and confused condition, to allow such startling schemes as those which during our century have been associated with the names of Eichhorn, De Wette, Ewald, Kuenen, and others to emerge. In the interest of every school of theology the most diligent exploration is needed and awaited; but without any dread to the interests of truth. For the elucidation of the dark places of this history



of the venerable books so dear both to Jews and Christians, Dr. Watts's reply offers little aid. Its chief merit is that it represents with considerable intelligibility and force the inconsistencies and incongruities of the "Newer Criticism," and furnishes, for even plain readers, evidence that the archives of redemption are not on a level with the decretals of Isidore, or, in other words, pious inventions or forgeries.

#### JENNER'S THREE WITNESSES.

*The Three Witnesses; or, Scepticism Met by Fact: in Fresh Evidences of the Truth of Christianity.* Addressed to all Earnest Inquirers. By Stephen Jenner, M.A., sometime Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. Author of "Quicksands," &c., &c. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1879.

THIS book is subdivided into three parts, of which the second is of great interest and value, and the first of minor though still considerable importance, whilst in the third alone can the author be said to be disappointing. He had a great theme, which needed to be handled with conviction and literary grace. The former quality is present in all necessary force, but of the latter Mr. Jenner seems to be wholly destitute. The style is not only heavy by its excess of accentuation and emphasis, but occasionally slovenly and even ungrammatical. The apples may be, and often are, "of gold," but the basket is certainly not "of silver."

On the other hand it is difficult to speak in too high terms of our author's subject-matter and aim. Any endeavour to fortify men against the subtleties of unbelief, or to detect and urge the evidences of the Faith, will meet with thorough sympathy on the part of all thoughtful Christians. Mr. Jenner has succeeded in educing evidences which, if not altogether "fresh," have at any rate been generally overlooked and unnoticed before. Many of his predecessors have done their work so well as to leave no present need of repeating it. But they have, as a rule, confined themselves to the more obvious facts that might be pleaded in defence of Christianity. Paley and Blunt even find their undesignated coincidences on the surface of the documents they examine. Mr. Jenner has chosen to search in the written records themselves for such correspondences between circumstance and action, such incidental revelations of character, and such peculiarities in form of expression or choice of words, as cannot be accounted for except by the historical reality of the events upon which the documents profess to be grounded. He pursues his quest even further, and finds testimony to the truth of the narrative in the minute distinctions between the words that are used, in the more frequent

appellations, in the emphasis and the tense of words, and in various other matters that disclose themselves only to careful observation. Nor does Mr. Jenner err in the value which he ascribes to this kind of evidence. Its very indirectness and latency bespeak its intrinsic importance, and exclude most of the objections that are sometimes made to the testimony generally brought into court. To a mind uncultured or unskilled in sifting evidence, these subtle relations would probably be of little weight. But to men of thought and experience there is perhaps no kind of evidence that is more satisfactory than that which is contained and at first concealed in the subject-matter of inquiry itself. For the hypothesis of forgery or of preconception is inadmissible there, and acquittal or condemnation is based upon actual and undesigned confession. It might be said that this work of Mr. Jenner's completes the circle of fortifications within which Christianity stands inexpugnable, were it not that Christianity has never yet been in danger. It is better to say that it furnishes Christians with a new means of solving their own doubts, and of appealing to the reason of such as shrink through unbelief from allegiance to Christ.

In the first part Mr. Jenner attempts to "show that the persons who wrote the respective epistles, bearing the names of Peter, James, and John, must have been real living characters, well acquainted with the facts of Christ's history; and from the marks of identity found in their received writings, and the suitableness of their language to their naturally altered views of things after the Resurrection, the very persons of whom we find repeated mention in the Gospels and the Acts." And his success is undoubted in the cases of Peter and John, though some of his arguments are open to question. The Epistle of James is attributed by him to the son of Zebedee, to which opinion it is difficult to consent. Having established the identity of two (to omit St. James) writers of Christian records and discovered their relationship to the supposed facts to which they refer, Mr. Jenner proceeds to examine the nature of their testimony and its claims upon our belief. In five chapters he tests their language almost exhaustively, and finds it so full of, and so affected by, the events they profess to have witnessed in the earlier parts of their lives, that the conclusion is unavoidable that they did actually witness those events. Some of the phrases and words our author examines (*e.g.*, pp. 155 and 161) hardly illustrate his point, because there are other means of accounting for them than the one which he is enforcing. But the examples are so numerous that the argument is not vitiated by the loss of a few. The mere phraseology of these two writers certainly indicates in its supreme naturalness that they had seen and been profoundly moved by the incidents in Christ's career which they profess to have seen, and cannot be

explained otherwise. In the final section of his book Mr. Jenner recapitulates his argument, and urges the adoption of the conclusion in which it lands us. "It would," he writes, with perfect justice, "be contrary to all the rules of evidence proceeded upon in our courts of law, if such testimony were rejected; it would be subversive of most of the facts of secular history, if witness like this were not received." A concluding chapter, containing much familiar truth, and a few unfamiliar positions in which the author needlessly exposes himself to criticism, completes a book which has the great merit of being a novel and valuable addition to the apologetical literature of Christianity.

#### SALMON'S NON-MIRACULOUS CHRISTIANITY.

*Non-Miraculous Christianity, and other Sermons.* Preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. By George Salmon, D.D., Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

THIS is a volume of sixteen sermons, all of which except two were preached in the chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, and the character of the audience was duly considered by the preacher alike in his selection of subjects and in his mode of treatment. No sermons could be, as a whole, less adapted for an ordinary pulpit than these, and few sermons could be better adapted to confirm the faith of students and cultivated men. They are well-considered and well-reasoned, and display a thorough acquaintance with the most recent heterodox speculations, and a great facility in the defence of the truth. In one of them the preacher protests vigorously against the habit of confining the name of Gospel preaching to the bare restatement of the way of salvation; and the main fault of these sermons is the illustration of that protest by the avoidance of such themes as need to be urged in the hearing of students and scholars as uncompromisingly, if with some skilful modifications, as in the highways and hedges. It is easy to conceive that men who have been nursed amid Christian influences and are seriously trying to feel their way through intellectual doubt to conviction, would be greatly aided and profited by this style of preaching. But in the case of too many young men, whatever Christian influence they have felt has been neutralised by other factors in their environment, and as they approach manhood seriousness directs itself often into other channels than that which leads to religious certainties and inspirations. A single one of these sermons smites heavily upon the conscience; another, the last, discusses the date of the composition of the Epistle of St. James at a length that would be

appropriate enough for the class-room ; and the rest are calculated either to deepen the sense of moral obligation, or to shake off the intellectual impediments that are apt to weigh down the spirit, but do not appeal strongly to other parts of a man than his intellect. This little volume will in consequence be highly valued by two classes of men. Preachers, who in the course of their pastoral work are sometimes puzzled how to deal with the doubts and fancies of the more widely-read members of their congregation, will find its pages rich in suggestiveness, and will increase their own resources as they read ; and few better books could be put into the hands of a well-educated youth, whose spirit was beginning to be affected by the current scepticism of the age.

Of these sermons several deserve to be especially noticed. In the first, which gives its title to the book, Dr. Salmon shows distinctly the necessary failure of all attempts to get rid of the miraculous in Christianity, and leads his hearers irresistibly on to the conclusion that a non-miraculous Christianity is a contradiction in terms. Another is entitled "A Scientific Test applied to Atheistic Theories of Religion," the test being, that if a belief really benefits the world, it cannot be a lie. Three others deal with various phases of modern science, and are of great interest and beauty. The theory of evolution, the scientific merits of which our preacher wisely refuses to discuss in the pulpit, is yet accepted for the purposes of argument with those who hold it ; and such principles as that the prevalence of a law does not afford any presumption against the working of God, and that the theory of design can never, at the worst, be disproved as an alternative, are vigorously upheld. But it must not be supposed that the preacher contents himself with allowing the theory of design to be regarded as a mere alternative. On the contrary, he maintains it to be the correct and only tenable explanation of creation and nature, and meets the objections of all opponents with a rare metaphysical skill, especially in the explanation of the process by which we infer the intelligence of other men and that of the Creator. Turning next to the sermons which may be classified as moral rather than intellectual, one upon Truthfulness is almost the gem of the whole book ; fresh and forceful, high-toned in the standard it exhibits, remorseless in its denunciations of trickery with conscience. Beginning with an epitome of the ethical history of truthfulness, Dr. Salmon indicates the grievous harm that has been done by the distinction between mortal and venial sins, and touches upon some of the most dangerous of the current forms of untruthfulness, thereby completing a sermon than which, for method and for contents, few more useful ones have been preached to young men. On the whole, this volume is not inferior to the one previously published by the Regius Professor ; and it was both wise and kind for him

to put the results of his study within the reach of a wider audience than the select one of his college chapel.

#### HARMONY OF THE OLD AND NEW COVENANTS.

*Harmony of the Old and New Covenants; the Proof of their Divine Inspiration, also some Few Thoughts concerning the Will of God, and the Necessity of Living in Perfect Consistency therewith, for the Eternal Well-being of Souls.* By Presbuteros. London: F. Norgate.

THE writer gives no clue to the object of his book in the shape of Index, Table of Contents, or even division into chapters. Nor will the patient reader find it easy to discover the secret for himself. The first hundred pages, or so, deal with the Old-Testament types and prophecies of the Saviour's redeeming work, and then with the fulfilment of these types and prophecies in the Saviour's life. The running commentary on Scripture, which fills these pages, is generally marked by good plain common sense. Adam Clarke and "Pastor" Thomas Scott are often quoted. The only new things we have discovered are the condemnation of Christmas day as the perpetuation of a heathen festival, and the assertion that Christ's Ascension took place on the evening of the Resurrection. On these points we need not express an opinion. The next forty pages are taken up with an exposition of Dan. ix. 24—27, and general Christian exhortations, which are quite unexceptionable. The remaining hundred pages are an argument, not only against the Romish church-system, but against Episcopacy and a separate Christian ministry in general. The preaching office is to be thrown open to women. The final impression we gather of the book, therefore, is that it is written in the interests of Plymouth Brethrenism, or at least leans in that direction. Its standpoint may be described as bald Biblicism. Necessary developments of Scriptural teaching and principles are branded as Popish. We are anxious not to misrepresent a writer who holds so much of the great common Christian doctrines; but we have been unable to put any other interpretation on the distinctive elements of his teaching. Any misapprehension into which readers may fall will be due to the writer's vagueness on these points, and to the fact of his having withheld the usual finger-posts to readers.

#### THE GREAT PROBLEM.

*The Great Problem; or, Christianity as It Is.* London: The Religious Tract Society.

A PERFECT contrast to the above-mentioned book in method and character. The present work is divided into five parts, each

part is subdivided into chapters, and each chapter is prefaced by a syllabus of the line of thought. The title throws little light on the nature of the book, which is really a closely-reasoned and powerfully-written argument on Christian evidence. The order of the argument, the translucent simplicity of the style, and the character of the illustrations all prove that the anonymous writer is thoroughly familiar with the methods of scientific reasoning, which he applies with excellent effect. The five parts deal with preliminary principles, the Facts to be explained, believing and unbelieving Solutions, the Proof, and Results. The following passage from the first part is a fair specimen of the whole: "Christianity evidently is not a mirage, not a mere appearance, a bare illusion. We cannot rub our eyes and destroy it. We may dislike it, or we may like it. It may appear brighter to some of us than to others. It may attract our taste or repel it, even at this distance of observation. But that it really is there all the time in existence, within reach, as it were, of our telescope; and that it would still be there even if we did not look at it; and that it has a place, and plays a part, and exerts an influence (greater or less) of its own among the realities within our ken—are things altogether beyond our dispute. The system, in short, which we know by the name of Christianity, is as much a fact in its way as is the solar system itself with all its worlds." The Facts, constituting the Problem to be explained, are the Book, the Man, the Society, the Cross. Under these heads the absolute uniqueness of the New Testament, the life of Christ, the Church, the Crucifixion, are vigorously sketched. After a general criticism of the solutions of unbelief and the solution of faith, the author proceeds to discuss the chief evidence for Christianity, which he rightly enough discovers in Christ's Resurrection. His contention is that nothing but the reality of the Resurrection explains the fact, or solves the problem. The evidence for the Resurrection is worked out with great fulness and with equal ingenuity and force. The strictly scientific character of the evidence is earnestly maintained. It is classified as Circumstantial, Direct, and Decisive. Under the first head the fact of the Resurrection is shown to be in keeping with the other facts of Christ's life, as well as with the super-human character of Christ, to be required by the triumph of Christianity, to explain the sudden revolution from burning to burying the dead, and to be commemorated in the Lord's day. These points are elaborated with great cogency. The Direct and Decisive evidences clench the argument.

Such is the merest skeleton of a work which abounds in telling points. The argument cannot fail to impress, if read with candour. It should be conclusive. Ministers and others will find their account in the study of the volume.



## VAUGHAN'S TEMPLE SERMONS.

*Temple Sermons.* By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff.

It is needless to do more than announce and welcome the publication of these sermons. The Master of the Temple is too well known as a preacher for any uncertainty to exist as to the matter or manner of anything he may have to say. His first volume of sermons appeared about thirty-five years ago, and ever since then, at brief intervals and under various titles, further volumes have been issued at something like the rate of one every fifteen or sixteen months. If the different editions were included in the calculation, that rate would have to be considerably more than doubled. And now his indefatigable, inexhaustible pen gives us half a hundred sermons more, selected (says the preface), "a few out of many, from amongst those which have been preached in the Temple Church during the last twelve years." And so far is his natural force from being abated, that these will compare favourably in power and brilliancy with any of the earlier ones, while they disclose a yet riper acquaintance with the difficulties which beset the human spirit in its quest and pursuit of the way of holiness. Adapted thoroughly to the special audience to which they were addressed, they are also adapted to all classes and conditions, except, perhaps, that of the most illiterate. For they are simple with the simplicity of a master's knowledge of his theme, and charged with the earnest sympathy that rarely fails to touch the heart. Full of thought, and bearing constant traces of mature learning and experience, they are always interesting; and, at the same time, they are so full and varied, that they suit almost every mood and present succour in almost every peril, whether of the mind or of the life. No serious man will read them without profit, and few Christians will be unwilling to join in the hope that Dr. Vaughan may be spared to publish many more such sermons.

## TREASURES OF THE TALMUD.

*Treasures of the Talmud: Being a Series of Classified Subjects in Alphabetical Order from "A" to "L," Compiled from the Babylonian Talmud, and Translated by Paul Isaac Hershen.* With Notes and Indexes, and Introductory Notice by Canon H. D. M. Spence, M.A. London: James Nisbet.

SINCE Deutsch's famous article on the Talmud, the world has received a great deal of information respecting the previously

unknown land of Talmudic literature. The present work is a welcome addition to the writer's former works on the same subject. Like Dr. Barclay's excellent work *The Talmud*, the present one does not undertake a systematic treatment of the subject. The time for such a methodical, comprehensive treatment has not yet come. It simply gives selections under the head of subjects classified in alphabetical order. We hope that the author will receive such encouragement as will enable him to complete the work to the end of the alphabet. In addition to this thoroughly Jewish method of alphabetical arrangement, we have noticed a comment of the author quite in the spirit of the Talmud itself. On p. 110, Mr. Hershon exclaims, "Poor Jews! they are no more sensible of their degraded spiritual state than the poor insects born and bred in the horseradish are sensible of the bitterness of their daily food! Remove them from the bitter root into a sweet carrot, and they will be happier for the change."

In reading such selections we need to bear two things in mind. First, the post-Christian date of Talmudic literature. No doubt, the bulk of the contents represents very ancient tradition; but we can never be certain that non-Jewish elements have not intruded. And again the selections are of course the best specimens. But even if we leave these considerations entirely out of sight, the contrast between the teaching of the Old and New Testaments and that of the Talmudic literature is most striking. The latter is of the earth, earthy; the former as distinctly from heaven. The latter tries to legislate for the infinite complexity of the details of human conduct, and fails; the former lays down broad principles. If the Talmud is the product of the Jewish mind, the Bible cannot be. No mean argument for the inspiration of Scripture may be built on the contrast. That all further information will tend to the same conclusion, we have no doubt.

There are many curious and some excellent sayings in the present collection. "Beware of him who benefits by the advice he offers thee." "Why is Israel likened to an olive? Because as the olive does not yield its oil until it is pressed, so the people of Israel do not repent until they are afflicted." "Salt your money with alms." In dispensing charity to an orphan boy and girl, the latter is to have the preference. "According to the strength of the camel is the weight of his burden." A Roman asked a Rabbi why, if the God of the Jews loved the poor, He did not feed them? "In order," replied the Rabbi, "that we, by maintaining the poor, might be delivered from the judgment of Gehenna." In leaving the synagogue, the Jew is not to take long steps, as if glad to get away quickly. The following is curious morality: "Sin committed from a good motive is better than a precept fulfilled from a bad motive." "He who emancipates his slave violates the precept, 'They shall be your bondmen for

ever." "He who eats sheep's tail (a luxury) must do so in private, but he who feeds on vegetables merely may recline fearlessly in public." The reason why the fingers are of their present shape is that they may serve as pegs to stop the ears against improper discourse. "Consider three things, and thou wilt commit no sin: understand what is above thee, a seeing eye and a hearing ear, and that all thy deeds are recorded in a book." A person with a thorn in his foot must not stoop to extract it before an idol, nor must one who lets money fall before an idol pick it up, nor must any one stoop to drink of a spring before an idol, lest such acts should be treated as acts of homage. Of the ten measures of beauty bestowed on the world Jerusalem received nine. Queen Esther, Sarah, Abigail, and Rahab were the four beautiful women of the world.

#### MACDONALD'S VEDIC RELIGION.

*The Vedic Religion; or, The Creed and Practice of the Indo-Aryans Three Thousand Years Ago.* By Rev. K. S. Macdonald, M.A., Calcutta. London: Nisbet.

"It is of the greatest importance that all who are interested in the Christianisation of India should acquaint themselves with the Vedic religion." Not that the Vedas exert any practical influence on modern Hindu thought and life. To-day the Vedas in India are nothing more than a venerable name. But, at the same time, modern Hinduism can be as little understood without them as Christianity without Judaism. The different stages in the development, and we may say the degeneration, from Vedic nature-worship to the grossest polytheism can be distinctly traced. One of the most interesting and original chapters in Mr. Macdonald's books is the one headed, "What is not found in the Veda." Under this description comes pretty nearly every doctrine and practice of the religion of modern India. Nothing could more effectively exhibit the vastness of the interval separating the Vedic from the present age. Under "What is in the Veda" are included such ideas as those of sin, sacrifice, immortality, and an anthropomorphism which contains the germ of incarnation. Mr. Macdonald cannot be charged with ignoring or depreciating the elements of truth to be found in the most ancient form of Hinduism. To these he does full justice, and urges on missionaries the wisdom of endeavouring to seek points of connection in Hindu faith for the Christian message. The writers who accuse missionaries on this score are themselves too often guilty of the opposite fault, of ignoring or explaining away the errors and defects of heathen religions. Our author says, "My study of the Rig-Veda has convinced me that there are in it things that suggest, if

they do not prove, that at the beginning a revelation was given by God to man of Himself, of His will concerning man, and of the duties of man towards God and towards his brother man." Praise, Prayer, Sacrifice, Traditions of Creation and the Deluge are referred to as illustrations. The work contains a great amount of information, collected from a wide field and carefully arranged, which cannot fail to be useful to the persons for whom it is intended.

#### REPORT OF THE ŒCUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

*Proceedings of the First Œcumenical Methodist Conference held in City Road Chapel, London, September, 1881.* Fourth Thousand. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

EVERY word of the title of this volume suggests much food for thought. It was a happy tact which led the Committee to retain the term "Conference," instead of adopting other terms fashionable just now. The novel gathering is thus announced as a further development of an institution universal as Methodism. The combination "Œcumenical Methodist" might no doubt be objected to on etymological grounds. At least it is honest. "Œcumenical" would be untrue and schismatic, although as to geographical extension the gathering had all but as good a right to such a designation as a modern Roman Council. The "Methodist" qualifies the "Œcumenical," and recognises that Methodism is only one in a brotherhood of Churches. The "Œcumenical" is simply a profession of the Catholic, that is, the Christian, spirit. We admire the faith that speaks in the "First;" the first, but not the last of the kind. The promoters are thoroughly satisfied with the results of the experiment. Future generations will probably see a goodly array of similar volumes taking their place beside the famous "Minutes of Conference."

The satisfaction felt at the results of the Conference is well grounded. Legislative it could not be. Doctrinal subjects were, wisely or unwisely, excluded from the field of view. The Conference was for consultation, for review, for discussion of the relations of Methodist agencies to the wants of the present, living world. If the only result were the increase of sympathy and the promotion of unity between the different sections of Methodism, English and American, the expense and toil would be amply repaid. Closer acquaintance deepened instead of diminishing mutual respect. It is quite characteristic of the spirit which pervaded all the sittings of the Assembly itself that at a preparatory Committee held in 1880, in Cincinnati, Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South, met for the first time. To an Englishman it was quite interesting to watch the by-play that

went on in the Conference between the representatives of the two Churches. One of the most pleasing incidents was when Dr. Marshall, of the Southern Church, cordially shook hands with Mr. Price, the able representative of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. We say little of the impression made by such a gathering on the public mind, although it was curious to watch the growth of respect in the tone of the leading journals. At first some of these journals were disposed to be gently patronising and slightly contemptuous. But as the magnitude of the new phenomenon grew upon them, a very different line of comment was observable. In the review of the past and the survey of the present of Methodism, pride is the last feeling that would occur to a Methodist. Humility and gratitude swallow up every other thought. "What hath *God* wrought," is the old but ever fresh reflection. We glory not in Wesley, not in organisation, not in numbers; we glory simply and solely in the Lord. We are glad to think that the habit of self-glorification is now less common among Methodists than once. One advantage of humbling ourselves with thorough sincerity is, that it then becomes unnecessary for God to humble us. That the vast amount of information brought together respecting the work of God over so wide an area can be without value, is impossible. Different Methodist bodies have much to learn from each other. If it is right to be taught by enemies, how much more by friends. And in the Conference the information was conveyed in the most effective manner. The amount of experience condensed into the record of it is enormous. Admirable as this volume is, we feel how poor a substitute it is for the living voice and heart. Many who were present will no doubt duly supply what the worthy editors could not—will insert the emphasis and energy, the sympathy and tenderness. But those who perforce missed the greater privilege will be thankful for the less. Where all is good, selection may seem invidious. We are sure, however, that few readers will fail to be struck with Bishop Simpson's noble sermon, and such papers as those by Mr. Arthur, Dr. Newman, Mr. T. G. Osborn, Dr. Osborn, Dr. Pope, Dr. Rigg, and others almost as good.

Since the dispersing of the Conference, many of our American friends have been giving the world their impressions of the Old Country and its ways. We are impressed by the extreme friendliness of the criticism in somewhat striking contrast with occasional criticisms we hear on America and its people. We could have borne a few rebukes from friends. It is not improbable that some of us will be able, in a few years, to return the compliment.

If any one expected to see daring innovations advocated, especially by our American visitors, he will be pleasingly sur-

prised. Our American friends were the most conservative in the advocacy of old methods and the appeals to old traditions and usages. They never seemed to be weary of drawing on the inspiration of early Methodism and City Road. No departure whatever was proposed from the lines on which Methodism has hitherto gone. We shall still continue non-political, purely religious in our action on the world. To take any other course would be to part with the secret of our strength.

Thoughts of the dead could not but be present to many minds in the Conference. Punshon, Simpson, Coley, Perks, Wiseman, Jobson—how they would have rejoiced at such a scene.

We only add, that the volume is excellent in printing and general getting up.

#### CULROSS'S CAREY.

*Men Worth Remembering: William Carey.* By J. Culross, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

DR. CULROSS has retold the story of Carey's life in a very charming way. We confess to having thought it impossible to impart any freshness to a history so well known; but by giving extracts from unpublished letters and dwelling with greater fulness on Carey's life in England Dr. Culross has succeeded in doing so. At first sight it may seem out of proportion to devote a fourth of the work to the period which, if it had remained alone, would never have made Carey famous. But after all, the course taken by the biographer very vividly brings out the often forgotten fact that Carey was above thirty years old before he went to India. A life less fitted to serve as a preparation for his future work could scarcely be imagined than Carey's up to this point. Seen against this background, his subsequent achievements appear more wonderful than ever. It is not for us here to follow the great missionary through his uninterrupted toil of forty years on Indian soil. The more his character is studied, the more his moral greatness grows upon us. The unselfishness, the modesty, the self-sacrifice, the lofty enthusiasm, the childlike simplicity, which mark his character, remain unchanged to the last. We will quote two instances illustrative of the last feature. His delight in flowers and plants was a passion, and his garden was his one recreation through life. In his last illness he was observed one day to be unusually depressed. Dr. Marshman asked the reason. "Ah, brother Marshman," he replied, "I was thinking that when I die, you will let the cows into my garden." At another time Dr. Duff visited the dying veteran. "He spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, *Pray*. Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said Good-bye. As he passed from the room,



he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and, turning, he found that he was recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity: 'Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey, speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour.' Another extract from a letter of Carey's illustrates his broad views of mission-work: "Considering the extensive countries opened to us in the East, I entreat, I implore our dear brethren in England not to think of the petty shopkeeping plan of lessening the number of stations so as to bring the support of them within the bounds of their present income, but to bend all their attention and exertions to the great object of increasing their finances, to meet the pressing demand that Divine Providence makes on them. If your objects are large, the public will contribute to their support; if you contract them, their liberality will immediately contract itself proportionately."

The tangible results of Carey's work have passed away. The translations of Scripture, on which years of splendid toil and thousands of pounds were lavished, have been long out of date. But the spirit of Carey's noble life is an imperishable memory to the Church.

Dr. Culross's work has evidently been a labour of love and, considering its scale, has been thoroughly done. The only blemishes in his style occur on the first page. "Three miles or thereby (!) from," and "which is no distance off," are scarcely correct expressions.

#### COUNT CAMPELLO.

*Count Campello. An Autobiography, giving His Reasons for Leaving the Papal Church. With an Introduction.* By the Rev. William Arthur, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1881.

COUNT CAMPELLO's story contains a formidable indictment against the Church of Rome, or rather perhaps against the dignitaries who dispose of its highest offices, and preside over its counsels in the seat and centre of its power. The purely political reasons which led to the young Count's introduction into the priestly office, the utter ignoring by all parties of such matters as vocation or spiritual fitness, the indecorous haste with which the successive grades of consecration were precipitated lest the candidate should have time to bethink himself and go back, the facilities of promotion afforded to the young scion of nobility, the petty bickerings and jealousies he found rankling under the canons' tippets, the bitter opposition he provoked by every attempt to

work outside the dull rut of the Church's prescribed functions, and the weary, soul-killing monotony of those functions themselves, constitute a practical comment on the charges made against Romanism in Rome by such writers as Curci and others. Nor is it any reply to Campello's narrative to accuse the writer of conduct inconsistent with his sacred calling. This "you're another" style of retort disproves nothing, except where it is such as to impeach the veracity or competency of the witness, which is not the case here. Besides, were the latitude of belief and the levity of conduct which have been alleged against the ex-canon ever so well founded, the fact would remain that they were tolerated so long as he remained in the Church, and only became scandalous when he left it. Such tardy repudiation removes no stain. As to the charges themselves, we do not attach much weight to them; and Protestants, at all events, should give the Count an unprejudiced trial, and judge him by his present and his future and not by his past. That a priest avowedly without vocation, of charming manners, bright, sociable qualities and noble connections, should feel a yearning for the outside world, and sometimes make an escapade thereinto, even with false mustachios and in civilian's garb—and we believe this to be the head and front of the Count's offending—though perhaps hardly revealing the stuff of which a Luther or a Latimer are made, implies no such taint of vice as to justify the late-awakened horror of his old friends, or any treatment of him on the part of his new ones as a character suspect. The primal fault was his entering the Church at all; and who was chiefly to blame for that? Besides, how many remain with a scantier rag of faith to cover far graver, if less imprudent, disorders? In Christian people, who understand what conversion means, and would not think of casting up against a truly-renewed man the faults of his past, a more disquieting doubt will probably be raised by the absence in the narrative itself of any clear confession of spiritual conviction and change in the crisis with which it closes. And the more so as the ex-canon's formal abjuration took place in a Methodist Church. This he now explains to have implied no identification of himself with Methodism. He only wished to show that the step he had taken was not a merely negative one, but involved also the positive profession of Christianity in a purer form. He has "never left the unity of the Catholic Church." This he certainly would *not* have done, in the only true spiritual sense of the expression, had he formally connected himself with the Methodist, or any other Church, at present labouring for the evangelisation of Italy. But Count Campello appears to use the phrase in its external, historic meaning, and to intend to identify his position with that of those who hold by a sort of ideal catholicity within the Romish Church, repudiating its abuses and

retaining its outward lineal descent. This may serve to explain the omissions alluded to in the autobiography; though we question whether such a position will increase the ex-canon's efficiency as a practical worker for the religious reformation of his country. We would far rather have seen the Count's name added to the list, already long and illustrious, of ex-priests who have frankly assailed the Romish Church from without, and laboured to win over Italian Catholics to a pure and living Gospel, and a distinct and separate profession of the same. Of a few of these Mr. Arthur gives some vivid reminiscences in his very interesting introduction; and we are persuaded that it is these, and such as these, that a reformed Italy will one day recognise as the men who gave the first potent impulses to its awakening life. Having referred to Mr. Arthur's part in the volume before us, we would just add that Count Campello could have had no more generous or capable introducer to the English public. Mr. Arthur writes with his usual fulness of information about the ways of Rome, and lays an unerring finger on the chief indictments against her revealed in the ex-canon's narrative, while the personal reminiscences furnish an additional charm of freshness and vivacity.

\* \* We regret that our limits compel the postponement of several briefs on Commentaries, Sermons, and other theological works, till our next issue.

---

## II. MISCELLANEOUS.

## SERGEANT'S ENGLAND'S POLICY.

*England's Policy: its Traditions and Problems.* By Lewis Sergeant, Author of "New Greece," &c., Edinburgh. Macniven and Wallace.

THOUGH our colonial and domestic policy are not entirely overlooked in this volume, it is mainly a treatise on our foreign policy, past and present, with a forecast of what it is likely to be in the future, when English "democratic" institutions are fully developed. The author is an advanced Liberal of the Bright and Cobden school. The book is written with distinguished ability, and though many of his opinions belong to the "straitest sect" of radical reformers, some of his views are broad and statesmanlike, and will win the respect, even where they do not sway the judgment, of his readers. It is due to the author to say that though he advocates extreme party views, there are few traces of party rancour or personal bitterness in his mode of treating them. He possesses the high qualities of candour and fairness, which enable him to view each subject from the standpoint of his opponents; and he often states their opinions with a clearness and force which, if they do not altogether neutralise his arguments, leave a very small balance in his favour. If there is any exception to his general fairness, it is in his energetic condemnation of the late Conservative Government, and especially of the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, its chief. In him he has found a natural enemy in whom he can discover nothing good; just as in the eighteenth century the Whigs found their natural enemy in France, and the Conservatives theirs in Spain. As it is not our purpose to follow him into the domain of party politics, we may as well say at once all that we have to say on this point. His leading charge against the eminent statesman over whose grave all Englishmen were so recently agreed to forget their political differences, is that of *Imperialism*. To this the Conservatives would probably reply that the length and breadth of his predilections in this direction had been known for forty years, so that if the country by its votes gave him an overwhelming majority in Parliament, and thus enabled him to develop his foreign policy, it must share with him the responsibility of the

results. Mr. Sergeant contends, however, that the election of 1874 did not turn on questions of foreign policy, and that his developments in that direction were a series of surprises to the nation; but the rejoinder of the Conservatives would be that the surprises were such as we might have expected from a man of his transcendent genius. The Royal Titles Act was, if popular rumour be correct, intended chiefly to settle certain questions of precedence in the Royal Family. It had little significance in India, and still less in England; and as it is merely a question of titles and not of prerogative, the English people will let it pass for what it is worth, and the repeal of the Act is probably not on the programme of the most advanced section of national reformers.

A second charge is that many of Lord Beaconsfield's actions savoured of imperialism; but only one instance is given—the bringing of a few regiments of our Indian army to Malta, which is declared to have been a violation of the Constitution and a breach of the law of the land, which richly deserved impeachment; but as the particular law transgressed is not specified, and he was not impeached, we are content to record our author's opinion without investigating the grounds of it. The heaviest charges against the Conservative Government, and Lord Beaconsfield in particular, have reference to the Eastern Question and the Russo-Turkish war, including the refusal to sign the Berlin Note, the rejection of the European Concert, and the alleged betrayal of the interests of Greece at the Berlin Conference which followed the war. We merely indicate one or two points which might be pleaded by the Conservatives in mitigation of the charges, if not as a complete justification of the course pursued by the Government; and we do so, not as partisans, but for the purpose of holding the balance even between them and their accuser. Fifty years hence historical investigation may exhibit the circumstances in their true light; but, at present, they can hardly be considered without party bias.

Lord Derby probably declined to sign the Berlin Note because he had not full confidence in the disinterestedness of the Powers who invited him to do so. Some of the provinces of European Turkey had revolted, and there was reason to suspect that Russia had instigated the risings in order to create a state of things favourable to her designs. Austria also had an Eastern policy of her own; and Germany would not have been sorry to see her compensated for the loss of her German provinces by the acquisition of Turkish territory. Lord Derby's motive, therefore, was perfectly intelligible to the English people, and created little surprise or opposition at home. Mr. Sergeant thinks that the European Concert at that time might possibly have averted the war; but Turkey is thoroughly aware of the hollowness of the

compact, and knows that she can break it up by a truckling and evasive policy. The weakness of the Concert was abundantly shown in 1880, even when all the parties were bent on carrying out the provisions of the Berlin Treaty in favour of Montenegro and Greece. It barely held together till the cession of Dulcigno, and broke up altogether before the claims of Greece were settled. It would have stood no chance whatever, therefore, in 1876, when some of the Powers were *not* sincere, and when the questions to be dealt with were much more complicated than they were in 1880. Lord Derby was asked to take part in the dismemberment of Turkey in the interest of other Powers, and he declined. The war between Russia and Turkey followed; and Greece would gladly have joined in it for the purpose of gaining Epirus, Thessaly, Thrace, Macedonia, and Crete, but was earnestly counselled to remain neutral. To this she offered to consent, on condition that in the final settlement she should be considered as having the same claim as the Powers which had engaged in the conflict. Lord Derby, in reply, assured the Greek Ministry that the English Government "would use its best interest to secure for the Greek population in the Turkish provinces any administrative reforms or advantages which may be conferred upon the Christian population of any other race." Our author well remarks that "this was not quite as much as the Greeks asked for!" but, he adds, "it was a virtual admission that the Greek question existed, and an absolute promise that England would do her best to solve it" (p. 257). Greece, therefore, remained neutral, greatly to her credit, for the stability of her Government was severely tested by the strain of popular excitement. There are several considerations, however, which must not be overlooked. She owed her independence mainly to the good offices of England and France, and was therefore under a strong obligation to remain neutral at their request. Very grave fears were entertained as to her ability to stand the shock of war, as her coasts were completely at the mercy (!) of the Turkish fleet, and, if she were defeated, the utmost she could claim would be the *status quo ante bellum*. If she were victorious, she might claim the Greek provinces she had conquered; but even then she must have annexed a considerable Mahomedan and Slav population, which would have been a source of weakness to her in time of peace, and of danger in time of war. Her best friends, therefore, were justified in counselling her to remain neutral. She followed their advice, and threw herself on the generous consideration of the Berlin Congress after the war. Here we agree with the author that her claims did not receive all the attention which they deserved, and that she obtained only a scanty reward for her heroic forbearance. We wish well to the Greek kingdom, and hope that ultimately she will be able to incorporate all the Greek-speaking



population of European Turkey ; but, above all, we are anxious that she should gain all those high moral qualities which deserve success, whether the success comes as speedily as she could wish or not. There is a Providence watching over nations, as over individuals, and we cannot doubt that, when she is prepared to use wisely her more extended power and influence, her most ardent aspirations will be fulfilled.

In the preface Mr. Sergeant informs us that a portion of the chapter on the European Concert (1880-1) was written for and circulated by the Greek Committee in the spring of 1880, and that three pages in the tenth chapter were originally printed in a more fugitive form. With reference to the first, we only need say that in our author the Greeks have a very able and generous champion. The second portion referred to is apparently an electioneering tract, which, however useful it might be in the heat of a keen political contest, seems out of place in the present book, and we hope that in the next edition he will either suppress it or greatly modify its tone.

We can hardly attempt even an outline of the contents of the volume in the brief space at our disposal, but we may indicate a few of its salient points. The first four chapters are headed, respectively, *The Bases of Policy ; Whig Traditions ; Tory Traditions ; and the National Tradition ;* and deal chiefly with our foreign policy from the accession of William the Third in 1688 to the French Revolution, and the outbreak of the great Continental War in 1793. The author believes that the contraction of our responsibilities abroad and the simplification of our foreign policy are demanded by the interests and inclinations of the English people ; and the United States of America are held up as our best model. The Monroe doctrine, which is the basis of their international policy, is purely defensive, and the States Government has never been aggressive, except in the Mexican war a quarter of a century ago. He admits that the surroundings of the two nations are widely different, but thinks that our insular position would enable us to cut ourselves off from Continental broils, and that we should now finally adopt a policy of non-intervention. The "balance of power," which has played so large a part in the politics of the past, of course he regards as a mere delusion. It will occur to most of our readers that the Monroe doctrine, especially in the hands of such statesmen as Mr. Secretary Blaine, may become an instrument of rather active interference in the affairs of other nations, seeing that it throws its protecting shield over two vast continents, only a small portion of which is actually United States territory. We may further ask if it was ever intended to be a purely defensive instrument ? How about the Red Men ? In regard to them the United States Government has pursued a policy not merely of

aggression, but of extermination ; and is prepared to carry it out till there is not an aboriginal inhabitant left in the territories which it claims, but has not yet been able to occupy, unless the Indians will become citizens and settle down to a mode of life for which they have neither taste nor aptitude. Here the United States policy has its counterpart in the dealings of Joshua with the Canaanites, and the latest version of it is in the new cry of "Africa for the Africanders !" Will the Cape colonists ultimately forbid France to convert the Mediterranean into a French lake ?

However, our author marks with pleasure our progress towards a policy of non-intervention. "It is not the same system," he says, "which fought to retain the States in 1775-81, and bowed to the Geneva arbitration in 1872 ; which generated the Crimean War, and arrested the quarrel with Russia in 1876-8 ; which piled up our monstrous Indian Empire, and relinquished ill-gotten gains in Afghanistan ; . . . which grasped at petty handfuls of soil in every quarter of the world, paying for them uncounted gold and invaluable English lives, and which, in 1881, to the horror of the war-making classes and the joy of a million peace-loving men, restored the liberties of the Boers" (p. 10). He attributes the change mainly to the extension of the franchise in 1867, and considers that *Democracy*, which, however, needs "another reform or two" to make it worthy of the name, is now the ruling power of the country ; and that it will break with many traditions of home and foreign policy (p. 11). The Democracy he defines to mean, not "King, Lords, and Commons," but *the people*, which includes seven-eighths or nine-tenths of the population ; and they are to enjoy manhood suffrage. He does not seem to leave any room for the other two estates of the realm. Probably the Chief Magistrate and the Upper Chamber will have to be elected, like the lower one, under the new and perfected order of things. Several passages also seem to point in the direction of Annual Parliaments, which, on moral and religious grounds, we hope no form of Government in this country will ever adopt.

From the Norman Conquest to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, with the exception of the brief period of the Commonwealth, Mr. Sergeant says the English people in the mass were never allowed to decide "when and against whom they would fight, how much and for what purpose they were to be taxed" (p. 12). He takes as his starting points the restoration of the Stuarts as mainly shaping the foreign policy of the Tories ; and the Revolution of 1688 as giving form to that of the Whigs during the eighteenth century—the Tories finding in France their natural ally and in Spain their natural enemy, whereas the Whigs cultivated the friendship of Spain, Holland, and Austria,

and were the enemies of France ; and though the statesmen on both sides were often compelled by circumstances to act upon the traditions of their rivals, the two parties, on the whole, retained their respective traditions for a century or more. By the compact of the Whigs with William, our author says the country gained much, but paid an exorbitant price for it in frequent Continental wars, and in the accumulation of "a monstrous and scandalous pile of debt which neither we nor our children's children can hope to be rid of" (p. 18). The national debt is a leading topic of the book. It was raised from half a million to twelve and a half millions by William, and to thirty-six millions in the time of Anne, who adopted his policy and carried on his wars. It is now about eight hundred millions sterling. We have always inclined to Macaulay's view of the national debt rather than to that of Allison. According to the latter it is an intolerable burden which threatens the country with financial ruin. Macaulay, on the other hand, thinks that it must be regarded as national *wealth*. It is money which the nation owes to the nation, and he looked forward without dismay to its possible increase to fifteen or sixteen hundred million pounds ! The people are scarcely conscious of the burden. The interest and cost of management amount to about twenty-nine and a half millions a year ; the annual revenue from customs and excise duties alone is forty-four and a half millions, and these are levied chiefly on the luxuries, not the necessities, of life. The money paid for interest, too, is not lost but spent in the country, thus stimulating trade and productive industry. Our capitalists have lost two hundred millions by lending to bankrupt states, or in unsafe foreign undertakings, and but for the borrowing powers of the nation the enormous wealth which constitutes the national debt might have been squandered also. We are convinced that a fallacy lurks beneath the startling statements we sometimes hear as to the expenditure of vast sums of money, as, for instance, when Mr. Bright tells us we have spent two thousand millions on war since 1688. Probably nine-tenths of it was spent at home, and tended not wholly to impoverish but in part to enrich the people by finding them employment. He also tells us that the American War of Independence cost us one hundred and thirty millions, and asks when our trade with the United States will pay interest on the money ? The obvious answer is that the money was chiefly spent in England, and, in one form or another, has been paying interest ever since.

A very serious question for the future, which apparently has not occurred to our author, is what is to be done with our national gains ? They cannot be perpetually invested in commercial enterprises. We may press into every open door, and open out new markets in every quarter of the globe ; but the

more effectually we do so, the more rapidly our wealth will increase, and the greater will become the difficulty of finding safe and profitable investments for it. Of course we do not mean that it should be spent in war, but that the English people should have higher aims than the mere accumulation of money. In any case we do not share Mr. Sergeant's apprehensions as to the purely injurious influence of our national debt. The surest way to bring about national poverty is to stimulate the nation's greed.

Mr. Sergeant thinks that it was a great mistake to call in William of Orange, as the country was ripe for rebellion against the Stuarts, and would soon have been one vast camp, so that if William's terms had been refused, "a new Cromwell might have been found to establish a new and more stable Commonwealth" (p. 19). But here he misinterprets the national sentiment. The instincts of Englishmen are essentially monarchical, though a few doctrinaires may hold republican principles, and a second Commonwealth would have led to a second Restoration, and the liberties of the country might have been thrown back for a century. At the death of Anne the Protestant succession was secured by placing the House of Hanover on the throne, and from that time the policy of the Whigs, for nearly half a century, was domestic rather than foreign, being directed to peaceful national development. Walpole is called the greatest of our peace ministers. He sought to exclude alliances with other nations for any other than commercial objects and the promotion of good will. He, however, sent a fleet to the Baltic to overawe the Empress Catharine, because Denmark, which was threatened by Russia, was supposed to be a bulwark to England; and the author adds that other statesmen have sought bulwarks to England in every quarter of the globe! Walpole was also forced into war with Spain in 1739, the special causes of Philip's enmity being the possession of Gibraltar, our supremacy at sea, and the violation of commercial treaties in South America. Gibraltar comes up many times in these pages as a useless possession, and Messrs. Cobden and Bright are quoted on the subject. Cobden said: "If the Government would let me go to Spain with an offer to cede Gibraltar, on condition that its fortifications were razed or dismantled, I could get from the Spanish Government such a commercial treaty as would be of enormous advantage to the English manufacturers and labourers, and would be an infinite boon to Spain" (pp. 333-4). And so, if Sir C. Dilke had gone to Paris with Malta in his hands, we should not have had to deplore the failure of his negotiations; and Russia would doubtless give us great commercial advantages if we would withdraw from India and cease to trouble ourselves about Turkey; and we have possessions in all parts of the world by the surrender of which we could open markets for our goods almost from pole to pole. Meanwhile it is well to remember that others can see our

advantages, even if we fail to appreciate them ourselves. Daniel Webster said that our possession of Gibraltar, Malta, and other commanding positions in various parts of the world, gave us our supremacy at sea, and was equal to a thousand ships of war.

"Peace at almost any price" was Walpole's maxim, and it is that of Mr. Sergeant. Every Christian will sympathise with him largely in this, even where he differs from him in judgment. That war should be avoided where the interests and honour of the country will allow; that its area should be circumscribed, and its evils minimised, all will admit; but probably many of our author's readers will differ from him as to the occasions of it, consenting to it as a stern necessity where he would condemn it, and *vice versa*. He reviews our foreign policy for nearly two hundred years, and his book would leave the impression on many minds that during the whole of that period England had hardly struck a blow or fired a shot that was necessary or justifiable. Nearly all the wars that are mentioned are emphatically condemned; a few are mentioned without any expression of opinion, and some are omitted altogether. Amongst these are the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the Canadian Rebellion in 1837, the Indian Mutiny, and the successive Maori insurrections in New Zealand in the years 1860, 1863-5, &c. As these wars were presumably waged against the liberties of the people, we are doubtful as to the author's opinion of them. He recognises the right of rebellion, and holds that we are bound to give sympathy, and in some cases material aid, to peoples struggling for liberty in all parts of the world. He admits that war, defensive or aggressive, cannot always be avoided; but he very strongly emphasises the "almost" in Walpole's maxim.

The French Revolution in 1789 holds a prominent place in the volume, as one of the great turning points in the political history of our country, and as having thrown previously existing party distinctions into confusion. Nearly all Englishmen, the author says, sympathised with the French people at first; but as revolution followed revolution, and anarchy succeeded legitimate rebellion, public opinion became very much divided, till at last the whole nation, except Fox and his small party, were violently opposed to it. He thinks that Pitt, who viewed the revolution as a matter of national internal development, and did his utmost to avoid war, should have frankly given the Government of the Convention unreserved recognition, by which he would probably have saved the Republic. It was the Convention and not England that declared war, and it was the propagandism and aggressive character which the revolution assumed that roused the English nation against it. Our author, however, seems to lose sight of one all-important element in the conflict. He elsewhere does partial but not full justice to the Protestant traditions of the

English people; but he here overlooks the fact that it was the atheism even more than the republican propagandism of the French which shocked the moral sense of the British nation, and rendered permanent peace impossible till the Republic and the Empire were alike overthrown. He regards this war as "assuredly the greatest calamity which has befallen England for more than two hundred years" (p. 65). We look upon it rather as one of the most glorious periods of our annals. The nation came forth from the ordeal purer, nobler, more heroic and self-sacrificing than she had ever been before. Her commerce and her domestic progress were checked during the struggle; but the enduring peace which followed afforded scope for that development of her liberties, her trade, and her colonies, which has raised her to her present pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. Assuredly she has been rewarded for her vast expenditure of blood and treasure.

His emphatic condemnation of the "Holy Alliance," which sought to crush the liberties of the Continent, and to strengthen the hands of despots, fairly represents the feelings of Englishmen; but we cannot endorse Mr. Sergeant's opinion that this is because "our national edifice is built and based on revolution." The English people were the greatest champions of civil and religious liberty in the world before they knew what revolution was. The national tradition goes back to Magna Charta, to the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada in the days of "good Queen Bess." Only once in a thousand years have the people risen against their sovereign and overturned the throne, and then it was because the Stuarts sought to rob them of the civil and religious liberty they already enjoyed. The "Revolution" of 1688 was peaceful and bloodless. It was a compact between the nobles and a foreign prince, which sealed the aspiration of the people to be Protestant and free. Sympathy with the oppressed is a national characteristic; but Englishmen only give half their sympathies to those who, while struggling for civil liberty, are content to remain under the bondage of Popery, or in the thralldom of unbelief. With systems subversive of all liberty, such as Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, Sansculottism, they can have no fellowship whatever.

Our strongest national characteristic, however, is, according to our author, commercial enterprise; and the policy which he advocates is to "surround ourselves with nations which, being free as we are free, may serve as bulwarks and buttresses of our own power; and being industrious as we are industrious, may add to our commercial stability" (p. 85). These, then, are the final causes of our existence as a nation; but are these all? Has God given us our present commanding position among the nations of the earth merely that we may use our freedom in the acquisition of un-



bounded wealth? We think not. We believe that Great Britain has a high moral mission, and a responsibility with reference to the general wellbeing of mankind such as never devolved on any other nation. The author admits that commerce is mainly a selfish instinct, but he thinks that sympathy with the oppressed, being a purely benevolent and Christian principle, will check the selfishness; whilst the selfish tendencies of commerce will prevent us from becoming quixotic in our interferences on behalf of down-trodden nationalities. In the blending and interaction of these two principles he discovers the true foundation of our future greatness. We believe that Providence has marked out for the British Empire a far more glorious destiny than this. The author has apparently overlooked one of the strongest characteristics of Englishmen. We are a conquering and a ruling race. The blood of Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans flows in our veins. The traditions of a thousand years of victory by land and sea have made us that we fear no foe; but we are not intoxicated by martial glory, for its ruling power in peace, even more than its military prowess, has given to the British nation its pre-eminent greatness.

Mr. Sergeant, however, shrinks from the thought of dominion. He condemns the conquest of India, and holds that the burden of empire is already sufficiently heavy without adding a feather weight to our responsibilities. He says: "It may not be so trivial or so mischievous as some men think to inquire into the legitimacy of our title-deeds to the dependencies (which are the fruits of conquest or of treaty, as distinguished from our colonies), or into the justice or advantage of their retention" (p. 300). "If it seemed good to us to divest ourselves of the responsibility, . . . to cut adrift a rabbit-warren in the North Sea, or a rock in the Mediterranean, or a continent in Asia, we might do so without misgiving as to our honour or reputation. England is not so weak as to fall to the ground even for the loss of India!" (pp. 300-1). But the distinction between our colonies and dependencies is not so clear as our author supposes; and if we begin to make restitution, where are we to stop? After we have given up Gibraltar, Malta, Heligoland, India, and the other dependencies of the Empire, how will our colonies fare? Should we not surrender New Zealand to the Maories, Canada either to the French or to the Red Men, and the Cape Colonies either to the Dutch, or to the Hottentots, Bushmen, and Caffres? Nay, to whom shall we give England itself? The Cornish, the Welsh, and the inhabitants of Cumberland, as representing the Ancient Britons, would appear to have the first claim; but we might have to put the forty counties into Chancery till the Celts had proved that they did not displace any other race, and that they came as peaceful emigrants, paying their passage-money, not as freebooters to take possession of other

people's territory ! Our author would reply that the "Democracy" must decide it all ; but we hope that the Democracy will avoid further and very awkward complications, by not relinquishing even a rabbit-warren in the North Sea, which, by the way, has two good harbours, and a roadstead in which a British fleet could securely anchor ; which commands the mouths of some important German rivers, and is handy for the Baltic. Prince Bismarck would probably give us something for it !

We would ask, in conclusion, is our vast empire, extending as it does, to every quarter of the globe, unwieldy ? Is there any danger of its crumbling to pieces through our want of ability to manage it ? We would answer the question by asking another. Have we ever any difficulty in finding statesmen who are able and willing to bear the burden ? Is it not the ambition of our greatest politicians to grasp the reins of government, and to guide the destinies of the State ? Is it not in its remotest corners ruled with a wisdom, integrity, and firmness unequalled by any other nation in the world ? As a set-off against our author's rather timid views, let us suppose that the future of our Empire should be exactly the opposite of what he seems to desire. Suppose that under the natural guidance of Providence during the next hundred years or so, we should be under the necessity of annexing province after province, and state after state, till the vast continent of Asia was incorporated with the British Empire, and that a similar course of events should commit Africa also to our keeping. We believe that the English people are capable of holding and ruling them, and that their countless millions of inhabitants would settle down contentedly under the shadow of the British throne, enjoying the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and the all but absolute security of life and property ; and we believe, too, that the sway of Britain, with its consecrated wealth and talent, would be an inestimable moral and spiritual benefit to the peoples whom it ruled.

We cannot dismiss this volume without a brief quotation as a specimen of its style, and as a compensation for the adverse criticisms on some points which we have felt bound to make :

"The party traditions of foreign policy, and to some extent the general tradition of the country which has been kept distinct from party, have served their turn more or less successfully in the past. Their achievement has been to convert the small island of England into a mighty empire, to make her authority respected throughout the world, to win for her renown as an enterprising, energetic, and victorious nation, as a nation of hardy adventurers, of persevering colonists, of indomitable fighters ; to build up her imperial dominions on a foundation of inflexible strength and impartial law ; to extend, to increase, to overbear, to predominate over all other peoples, if not in war, yet in industry, and commerce,

and wealth. It is to the wielders of the old traditions that we owe very much of what we have and are at this moment. They were themselves the outcome and product of the national growth, and they conducted our affairs in successive ages as the genius of their race and nation inspired them. They may have lacked origination and moral courage, but still they have earned the gratitude of all generations by the vast and incomparable results of their efforts. There have been mistakes, there have been wrong methods and inexcusable acts in the construction of our edifice of empire. It may be that some of these mistakes will yet be remedied, and that for some of these inexcusable acts England may yet find means to make a noble restitution. But the dominion which has come down to us from our ancestors is an inheritance and a charge which ought not to be lightly esteemed by any man of English descent or nationality, and which must not be allowed to deteriorate in the hands of a democratic people or Government" (pp. 288-9).

Here the true Englishman speaks out; and we are glad to believe that Mr. Sergeant is one of us, and that he is many degrees better than his political creed.

#### THE "CITIZEN" SERIES.

*Central Government.* By H. D. Traill, D.C.L., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

*The Electorate and the Legislature.* By Spencer Walpole, Author of "The History of England from 1815." London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

*The Poor Law.* By T. W. Fowle, M.A., Rector of Islip. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

THE three books at the head of this notice form part of a series of thirteen volumes now in course of publication by Messrs. Macmillan, entitled *The English Citizen: his Rights and Responsibilities*. Their design is explained in the following extracts from the programme:—"This series is intended to meet the demand for accessible information on the ordinary conditions and the current terms of our political life. . . . [The public] it is hoped may find in these books information more accessible, more systematic, and perhaps more reliable than that which is to be gained from the occasional harangues of statesmen, or from the necessarily one-sided disquisitions of the press. . . . The series will deal with the machinery whereby our Constitution works, and the broad lines upon which it has been constructed. The volumes in it will treat of the course of legislation; of the agencies by which civil and criminal justice are administered, whether imperial or

local ; of the relations between the greater system of the Imperial Government, and the subdivisions by which local self-government is preserved alongside of it ; of the electoral body and its functions, constitution, and development ; of the national income and its disbursement ; of State interference with the citizen in his training, labour, trafficking, and home ; of the dealings of the State with the land ; of the relation between Church and State ; and of those relations of the State which are other than domestic. . . . The aim will not be to give mere compendia of technical information, but to sum up as shortly and as clearly as possible the leading points, and to arrange these so as to show their relation to one another, and their general bearing on the life and duties of the citizen." These volumes can hardly fail to be welcomed as a boon by the large class of Englishmen who have little leisure for political study, but who desire to discharge their duties as citizens faithfully. The three already published fulfil the promise of the programme, and we have no doubt that when the series is complete it will supply, at a reasonable price, an amount of reliable information on political matters which cannot be obtained elsewhere within the same compass. The printing and paper are both good, and the volumes are neatly and tastefully bound.

The progress of events has rendered a wider diffusion of political knowledge a matter of vital importance. Till half a century ago the country was governed by an oligarchy ; for though we had an assembly which in theory represented the "Commons," about two hundred of the nobles and wealthier classes could command an absolute majority of votes in the lower House of Parliament. The particulars are given in the second volume of the Citizen series as follows :—In 1793, 309 out of the 513 members for England and Wales owed their election to the nomination either of the Treasury or of 162 powerful individuals. The 45 Scotch members were nominated by 35 persons. In 1801, 71 out of the 100 Irish members owed their seats to the influence of 55 patrons. "The House of Commons, therefore, consisted of 658 members, and of these 425 were returned either on the nomination or on the recommendation of 252 patrons" (p. 55). But the extension of the franchise by the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867 has practically transferred the governing power to the middle and working classes ; and their thorough education in the principles and practical working of the Constitution will contribute to the stability of the government and the wellbeing of the nation. The danger which seems to threaten us at present is that of violent reactions in party politics, and, as a consequence, hasty legislation, and spasmodic action both at home and abroad. A few thousand votes will turn the scale at a hundred elections where the members were returned by narrow majorities, and thus

a slight change in the currents of popular opinion may give to either party an overwhelming majority in Parliament. As a rule, too, the party in power loses ground in the popular favour. In opposition it is usually compact and united. It has only one aim—to oust its rivals and grasp the reins of government; but in office its sections diverge, and more or less of disaffection springs up in its ranks, whilst its opponents are gathering strength and cohesion in the cool shade of adversity. The last three general elections led to a complete change of administration, though the reactions were probably the result of comparatively slight fluctuations in the political barometer. Such changes render a consistent line of domestic or foreign policy almost impossible, and have a tendency to weaken our influence abroad. Our representative institutions will always render us liable to such fluctuations; but these should be minimised by broader intelligence and higher moral principle. A nation, like an individual, should be as far as possible consistent. The changes that are inevitable should be the result of increasing light and mental and spiritual growth; and only when its energies are employed to secure right ends by right means will it be truly great and influential. The political education of the English citizen, therefore, is a noble aim, and will claim increasing attention from those who have the national wellbeing at heart. It is hardly to be expected that the volumes of this series will be read by every English voter; but their contents will no doubt be gradually filtered down through the newspapers and other periodical literature till they form part of the mental furniture of the people; and their tendency will be to promote political consistency and national stability.

With these three volumes in our hands we might undertake to prepare a political catechism which would probably reveal painful defects in the knowledge of the English citizen, and even cause many of our newspaper editors—all, perhaps, but the well-trained conductors of our leading “dailies”—to look up their authorities before venturing to answer all the questions. For instance, it may startle some of our readers to learn that the Cabinet, which may be described either as the great heart that impels the blood through the national veins, or the hinge upon which our whole political system turns, is no part of the British Constitution. It has never been established by royal ordinance or Act of Parliament, but is simply the growth of circumstances. Cabinet Ministers are the sole advisers of the Crown. “They, and they alone, are, in the exact sense of the words, the ‘government’ of the country. It is therefore one of the strangest anomalies of our constitution that this supreme body of royal councillors should be utterly unknown to the law, and that no one of them in his mere capacity of ‘Cabinet Minister’ should have, legally speaking, any right to act as an adviser of the Crown at all. Still more curious

is it that their sole legal qualification for this duty should be derived from their formal membership of a council which, in its corporate capacity, the Crown has for two centuries ceased to consult. The Cabinet Minister is, as a matter of course, 'sworn of the Privy Council,' and advises the Sovereign, according to legal theory, in his capacity of Privy Councillor alone; while that council itself at present takes no part whatever in this duty of giving advice, nor is in any way responsible for the advice given by those particular Privy Councillors who form the Cabinet" (vol. i. p. 13). Its relation to the Privy Council is further described in the following sentences from Macaulay:—"Few things in our history are more curious than the origin and growth of the power now possessed by the Cabinet. From an early period the kings of England had been assisted by a Privy Council, to which the law assigned many important functions and duties. During several centuries this body deliberated on the gravest and most delicate affairs; but by degrees its character changed. It became too large for despatch and secrecy. The rank of Privy Councillor was often bestowed as an honorary distinction on persons to whom nothing was confided, and whose opinion was never asked. The Sovereign on the most important occasions resorted for advice to a small knot of leading Ministers" (whose name, "Cabinet," was derived from the circumstance of their deliberations being conducted in an inner room of the Council apartments in the Palace). . . . "But it was not till after the Restoration that the interior Council began to attract notice. During many years old-fashioned politicians continued to regard the Cabinet as an unconstitutional and dangerous board. Nevertheless it constantly became more and more important. It at length drew to itself the chief executive power, and has now been regarded during several generations as an essential part of our polity. Yet, strange to say, it still continues to be altogether unknown to the law; the names of the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it are never officially announced to the public; no record is kept of its meetings and resolutions, nor has its existence ever been recognised by any Act of Parliament" (p. 15). The meetings of the Privy Council are now mainly formal and ceremonial; but certain administrative duties have been entrusted to it, such as national education and the prevention or suppression of cattle disease.

Another anomaly in our national system is that whilst no meeting of the Privy Council is legal without the presence of the Sovereign, the doors of the Cabinet are now rigidly closed against the royal presence. The reason of this, however, is obvious. The Cabinet Ministers are the sole advisers of the Crown, and in the theory of the Constitution the Sovereign is irresponsible; but if he were present at their meetings, and took part in their delibera-



tions and decisions, he would have to share their responsibility. It is a recognised principle that nearly every member of the Cabinet should have a seat in one of the Houses of Parliament; and though this is not absolutely essential, the absence of some of the chief officers of State would be a serious inconvenience. In the year 1700, however, the Commons were so jealous of the number of minor dependents of the Crown who had obtained seats in the House, that they passed a law enacting that "no person who had an office or place of profit under the kind, or received a pension from the Crown, should be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons!" The enactment was prospective, and had reference to the accession of the House of Hanover, which took place fourteen years afterwards; but the inconveniences which must arise from the exclusion from Parliament of the chief officers of State became so manifest that the clause was repealed and another substituted, providing that members accepting offices of profit under the Crown should vacate their seats, but should be eligible for re-election by their constituents.

The central figure of our responsible Government now is the Prime Minister. In theory the Speaker of the Lower House is "the First Commoner of England;" but this is only practically true when the Premier is a member of the House of Lords. The office is, nevertheless, an innovation, and, like the Cabinet, holds no place in the Constitution. "Constitutionally speaking, Ministers are all of equal authority as Privy Councillors, the only capacity in which they possess any constitutional authority at all" (vol. 1, p. 22). For a century after the Revolution there was practically no Prime Minister. Sir Robert Walpole's great personal influence virtually gave him the position; but he resented the title as an imputation. An address to the Crown was moved in the House of Lords, however, praying for his dismissal from office on the ground that he had made himself "sole Minister;" and though the motion was defeated, a protest was entered on the Journal of the House declaring that "a sole, or even a First Minister, is an officer unknown to the law of Britain, inconsistent with the constitution of the country, and destructive of liberty in any Government whatsoever;" and further, that "it plainly appearing to us that Sir Robert Walpole has for many years acted as such by taking upon himself the chief, if not the sole direction of affairs in the different branches of the administration, we could not but esteem it to be our indispensable duty to offer our most humble advice to His Majesty for the removal of a Minister so dangerous to the King and the kingdoms!" (p. 22-3). The younger Pitt, by the supremacy which he gained in the Cabinet, finally established the precedent, and now the mode of procedure is for the Sovereign to "send for" some leading statesman, who is

entrusted with the task of forming a Ministry, the names being afterwards submitted for the royal approval, and he is their acknowledged chief.

In the popular estimation the Army is a part of our national system as essential and as permanent as any other department of government. Of course, it is known that the money needed for its support has to be provided by Parliament from year to year; but in this respect it is on the same footing as the Navy and the Civil Service. It is not so generally known that whilst the other services are regarded as permanent, the Constitution looks with jealousy upon the land forces, and only votes their continuance from session to session. "It was declared by the Bill of Rights that 'the raising or keeping a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law;' and this consent is never given for a longer period than a year. In each successive session of Parliament it is necessary to pass a Mutiny Act, which—after reciting in its preamble the above quoted provision of the Bill of Rights, and declaring that 'it is adjudged necessary by Her Majesty and this present Parliament that a body of forces should be continued for the safety of the United Kingdom, the defence of the Possessions of Her Majesty's Crown, and the preservation of the balance of power in Europe'—proceeds to enact that the said force shall consist of such and such a number of men. Unless this statute were renewed the Army would, *ipso facto*, cease to exist at the end of the year" from the passing of the last Mutiny Act (p. 102). There is no danger, however, that it will ever be disbanded, for it is hardly more than sufficient to meet the national requirements abroad in time of peace, and the small force kept at home can only be regarded as a reserve ready to be sent off to any part of our vast empire where they may be needed.

We shall only refer to one other point in the first volume. In these times of educational perturbation it may be well to glance at that awe-inspiring branch of the Executive Government, "The Committee of Council for Education." The members of the committee, except the vice-president, are usually Cabinet Ministers. At present they are the Lord President of the Privy Council, the Vice-President of the Committee of Council, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretaries of State for the Home Department, War, and Foreign Affairs, the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, and the President of the Local Government Board. "They exercise no administrative functions, and take no part in the current business of the office; but they may be summoned from time to time for consultative purposes by the Lord President of the Council; and they are, as a matter of fact, called together whenever any important question of general policy has to be decided. The quorum of the committee

is three ; but supposing that number not to be present on a given day, the Lord President or Vice-President of the Committee would undertake of themselves to decide the business upon which the Committee was summoned" (p. 143). The following extract is also significant. It is to be hoped that it will not seriously diminish the reverence with which school managers and all others concerned have hitherto bowed to the opinions and requirements of "My Lords!" "The correspondence of the department is very extensive, and engages many pens; but nevertheless the whole of it is carried on under the fiction that the Committee of Council are themselves the writers or recipients of all the letters which pass between them and private individuals. Every letter that leaves the office is written in the name of 'My Lords,' even though it may be the decision only of an assistant secretary or of an examiner upon a point of practice, and may not even have been seen by the secretary!" (p. 145). Even the all-important "Code," which fixes the terms upon which grants will be made from year to year, and which, "as a rule," is submitted to the Committee of Council, may be validly passed by the President and Vice-President alone if the other members fail to attend; and may be acted upon after it has laid on the table of both Houses of Parliament for one month. Even this quorum, however, is not so small proportionately as that of the House of Lords, where three peers—the Lord Chancellor and two others, we presume—are competent to pass Bills or discharge any other functions of the House. This is, perhaps, the reason why we never read of the Upper Assembly being "counted out!"

The second volume, on the Electorate and the Legislature, is worthy of extended notice, but we can only make a few passing remarks upon it. Its chapters are headed, Parliament; The House of Lords; The House of Commons; Parliamentary Qualification and Electoral Corruption; Prerogative and Privilege; Public and Private Bills; Supply; and Order and Obstruction. It will be some consolation to those who are grieved by the presence of the bishops in the House of Lords to know that in 1470, after the wars of the Roses, the Upper House consisted of twenty bishops, twenty-seven abbots, and only thirty-four hereditary peers, so that the "lords spiritual," who were almost entirely devoted to the Pope, had an absolute majority of votes. French succeeded Latin as the official language of the country about the commencement of the fourteenth century. The Parliament was for the first time opened by an English speech from the throne in 1365; but both French and Latin have curiously survived up to the present time. Till fifteen years ago the Latin names for the days of the week were used in the House of Commons, and they are still used in the House of Lords; whilst the royal veto or assent is still given in Norman French. The form of veto is "*Le*

*Roi s'avisera ;*" of assent, "*Le Roi,*" or "*La Reine le veut ;*" but to a private Bill the form of assent is "*Soit fait comme il est désiré.*" The Bills granting money, however, are more graciously approved in the words "*La Reine remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veut !*" Bills are printed on blue paper ; Acts on white. Public Bills are numbered by ordinary figures ; private ones by Roman numerals. In summing up the advantages of the aristocracy above their less favoured fellow countrymen the author makes the following curious use of the Darwinian theory : "Their rank makes them fortunate in their marriages, their position makes them fortunate in their opportunities. The handsomest, wealthiest, and cleverest girls, by a natural process of selection, marry peers ; and the peerage is recruited by their wealth, their beauty, and their brains !" (p. 45). He also affords food for reflection in the following remarks : "Excluding, perhaps, two great names, the peers, man for man, are superior in intellect, in eloquence, and in administrative capacity to the members of the House of Commons. Hence arises the singular circumstance that while the House of Commons, to quote the judgment of an acute observer, has more sense than any one in it, the wisest members of the House of Lords are usually regarded as having more wisdom than the House in which they sit !" (p. 45, 46). In the case of the Commons we fail to see either the singularity of the circumstance, or the acuteness of the observation. The remark with reference to the House of Lords would lead us to suspect that the observer was an Irishman. As the said peers are a part of the House in which they sit, it would follow that they must have more wisdom than themselves.

In the chapter on the House of Commons the author supplies some interesting reminiscences. From a very early, if not the earliest, period of popular representation, the members of Parliament were paid for their services by their constituents, as few could bear the expense of the long journeys and residence themselves. In the reign of Edward III., the allowance was fixed at four shillings a day for county members, and two shillings a day for those of boroughs ; but some of the constituencies were niggardly. Derby complained that its knights had cost £20, whereas two men could have been found to do the work for half the money ; and in 1427, Cambridge stipulated with its members that they should only receive half pay !

In comparatively recent times there was no limit fixed for the duration of a Parliamentary election. A great variety of franchises existed in different boroughs, and in some cases the title to vote was so difficult and complicated that a whole day was frequently spent in investigating a single claim. Many of these titles are enumerated in a remarkable petition to Parliament in the last decade of the eighteenth century, amongst which are burgage-

hold, leasehold, freehold ; scot and lot, potwallopers, commonalty, populacy, resident inhabitants, and inhabitants at large ; boroughmen, aldermen, portment ; select men, burgesses, and councilmen and freedom of corporations by birth, by servitude, by marriage, by redemption, by election, and by purchase. In Weymouth the right of voting was the title to any portion of certain ancient rents within the borough ; and so late as 1826 several electors voted as entitled to an undivided twentieth part of sixpence. An election at Westminster in 1784 lasted over six weeks ; but early in the present century the time was limited to fifteen days. Some of the boroughs were curious specimens of our ancient representative system. A few had, almost literally, no inhabitants. Gotton was a park ; Old Sarum a mound ; Corfe Castle a ruin ; the remains of what once was Dunwich were under the North Sea ! The author's remarks on electoral corruption are worthy of deep study ; but they are too long to quote, or even to be indicated here, except by a condensed sentence or two. "When the king was supreme, ambitious men bribed him to give them place ; when the borough owners became supreme, they sold their boroughs or their votes ; when the people became supreme, bribery in its modern shape was used to influence hundreds, or even thousands of electors, and so people were startled by the growth of corruption. Yet corruption was not increased, it was merely diffused" (p. 79). At the beginning of George the Third's reign Selwyn received £9,000 for two seats at Ludgershall, and throughout the reign £10,000 was probably procurable, whenever parties were evenly balanced, for two borough seats. "A man who owned a borough could usually command a peerage or an embassy for himself ; a pension for his wife, or an appointment for his son, by placing one of the seats at the disposal of the Minister" (p. 80). Let us hope that our grandsons will be as far ahead of us as we are of our grandsires in purity of election.

The third volume of the series, on the Poor Law, is equal to the other two in interest and value, and perhaps superior to them in style. It deals with one of the most difficult of our national and social problems in a very effective way. Whilst the author occasionally expresses his individual opinions, he does not forget the main object of the series, and does not endeavour to enforce his views, but rather to furnish his readers with the means of forming an independent judgment for themselves. In the first chapter the principles of Poor Law relief are investigated and placed in a very clear light. The motto of the book is a striking passage from the writings of Edmund Burke : "To provide for us in our necessities is not in the power of Government. It would be a vain presumption in statement to think they can do it. The people maintain them, and not they the people. It is in the power of Government to prevent much evil ; it can do very little

positive good in this, or perhaps in anything else. It is not only so of the State and statesman, but of all the classes and descriptions of the rich; they are the pensioners of the poor, and are maintained by their superfluity. They are under an absolute, hereditary, and indefeasible dependence on those who labour, and are miscalled the poor." This seems a strange starting-point for a treatise on such a subject; but the author deems it necessary in the first instance to show "why there ought to be, and in point of fact *must* be, a Poor Law before we can discuss profitably what Poor Laws ought to be" (p. 1). To avoid misconception he abstains from using the word poor, and divides the lower orders into the labouring or working classes, and the indigent or destitute classes—a distinction which he shows to be of vital importance, as the latter only are the proper objects of Poor Law relief. He dismisses, as radically unsound, the sentimental view that every man has a natural right to State support if his own resources fail, and modifies the utilitarian or purely selfish view that the State relieves the destitute to avoid greater evils, such as theft and other crimes, which they might be tempted to commit. On the other hand, he points out the difference between State relief and private charity. The primary object of the State is its own wellbeing; and the support of the destitute out of funds which are raised by taxation is not an act of charity, but of humanity. After discussing these and several other interesting topics, he states the principle on which Poor Law relief is based as follows: "That every society upon arriving at a certain stage of civilisation finds it positively necessary for its own sake—that is to say, for the satisfaction of its own humanity, and for the due performance of the purposes for which societies exist—to provide that no person, no matter what has been his life, or what may be the consequences, shall perish for want of the bare necessities of existence" (p. 10).

The two objects to be attained are—effectual relief for the destitute, and an administration of it which shall do as little mischief as possible to the industrial classes; for the system fosters a disposition in those who are not really destitute to throw themselves on the State for aid, and thus encourage idleness and kindred vices; they become dependent and improvident by trusting to the community for support in sickness and old age; the system has a tendency to create selfishness and inhumanity by leading people to cast their relations and friends on the care of the State instead of bearing the burden themselves; and it interferes more or less with the course of trade by bringing pauper labour into competition with it. We have made considerable progress in the direction of effectual relief; but the attendant evils are everywhere manifest. Perhaps we shall never overcome them fully, and the great problem for the future is how to confine them within the narrowest possible bounds. One important rule is to make the



condition of the pauper less desirable than that of the independent labourer ; and though this may seem to press hardly upon those who are destitute through no fault of their own, it is absolutely necessary to give even the worst-paid class of workpeople no inducement to become paupers. To guard against this the Government must aim at improving the condition of the working classes by teaching and training the young for self-dependence, by inculcating morality, and promoting industry, cleanliness, and temperance. This, therefore, is incidentally the third object of the Poor Law system. One of the most effective methods of preventing abuse is the power lodged with the guardians to insist, if they think proper, that the persons applying for relief shall go into the workhouse. Fortunately the feeling of the English people on this point is so strong, that if they consent to do so it is generally a proof of utter destitution. If they refuse, it shows that although their poverty may be extreme, it is more endurable than the hard alternative offered to them. Some foreign countries have fallen into the mistake of making the poor-house a tolerably easy, and even indulgent place of residence. At Copenhagen, about ten years ago, 6,000 quarts of brandy and 1,000 dollars' worth of tobacco were sold annually to the inmates ; and in 1867 about half of them absconded, taking with them property belonging to the house ! Whilst the lower classes, however, have a wholesome dread of "the Union," multitudes of them do not feel the degradation of accepting out-door relief, and constantly seek to impose upon the guardians. The author thinks that outdoor relief should be discontinued ; and although this would cause great hardship and suffering in a few cases, it would put an end to an enormous amount of lying and imposture, and would thus elevate the moral tone of the industrial classes generally. One of the greatest evils of the present system is the carelessness, not to say recklessness, with which many guardians discharge their duties. They are bound to inquire into the circumstances of every applicant for outdoor relief ; but they find it easier, and think it more economical, to grant it than to insist upon residence in the workhouse, and therefore the applications are often granted wholesale—the time for investigation varying, according to Mr. Longley's Report for the Metropolis for 1873, from three minutes for each case to eleven cases in four minutes ! What but imposition, with all its attendant evils, can follow from such a practice as this ? "There is," says the author, "a growing conviction that in every case the amount of pauperism depends not on the circumstances of the working classes, but upon the facility with which help may be obtained" (p. 41). This shows the monster-difficulty with which the system has to contend ; that of relieving the destitute, without at the same time demoralising the industrial classes.

The repressive measures which the Poor Law system has rendered necessary are treated chronologically, and are summed up under the following heads: 1. Punishment, which is now confined to vagrants, impostors, and incorrigibles; 2. Settlement in their own parish, which formerly reduced the labouring classes to the condition of serfs; and 3. Compulsory payments by friends, and repayments by the paupers themselves. Direct repression includes the house test, the labour test, correctional houses, criminal punishment, and investigation. Of these by far the most effective is the workhouse test; and it has practically superseded the others, for almost every kind of imposture disappears before it. Punishment was the all-potent weapon of repression in the olden times. "In England, France, Spain, and Germany, we read the same dismal tale of whipping, branding, the pillory boring or cropping the ear, couples chained together to cleanse sewers, long terms of imprisonment, and death itself in hundreds of cases, every year in every country. A good deal of this severity remains in the treatment of vagrants even now. In France Napoleon decreed that vagrancy should cease; but, as a French writer remarks, "The beggars made a mock of him who made a mock at kings. He is gone—they remain!" (p. 43). In Italy, however, the infirm receive a license to beg, on condition of being civil, and not disgusting people by the exhibition of their sores!

The author divides the history of the Poor Law systems of Europe into three periods, namely, the time before the Reformation; from the Reformation to the French Revolution in 1789; and from 1789 to the present time. "In the first period there was virtually no Poor Law at all, but only a series of enactments horrible in their revolting severity against pauperism, especially in the form of vagrancy; and another series, if possible more detestable, against the rights of free labour;" but the indigent and miserable were left to the care of the Church. The monasteries afforded food and shelter to the mendicants, and something like outdoor relief to the destitute. There was also a claim on the lords of the manor for the support of their dependants, a state of things which survived in Russia till 1864. Trade guilds also did something for the support of their own members, traces of which still remain. In Turkey poor relief is still associated with religious institutions, and not with the State, baths and fountains being part of the system. A broad distinction is everywhere observable between the Teutonic and Scandinavian nations of the North, and the Latin nations of the South, the former having been far more largely influenced by the Reformation, which entirely altered the relations previously existing between the State and the Church. The property of the monasteries was confiscated and the old system broken up. The State then laid

upon each parish the responsibility of supporting its own poor, and overseers were to be appointed for this purpose. At Hamburg, in 1529, they were directed to visit the houses in their districts monthly to ascertain the circumstances of the poor; to find employment for those who were able to work; to lend money without interest to the honest who could, with a little assistance, maintain an independent position, and to grant permanent relief to the disabled and sick. The same spirit marked the English legislation in the reigns of the Tudors before the definite establishment of Poor Relief in 1601; and a similar system was adopted throughout the whole of Northern Europe. In France the old ecclesiastical method of relief continued till the Revolution of 1789. Attempts were then made to establish compulsory State relief on socialistic principles; but in about five years they were abandoned, and a species of organised charity adopted in their stead. The Revolution, however, gave a vast impetus to Poor Law reform throughout Europe, and inaugurated the third period which has been marked by careful inquiry and sweeping changes.

Some curious information is given as to the sources from which the poor funds are derived in different countries. In Saxony they are summed up under fifteen heads, including collections at weddings and other church ordinances; taxes levied whenever there is a change in the ownership of property; legacies and donations; money collected in boxes at post-offices, inns, &c.; taxes paid for public performances, exhibitions, &c.; house-to-house collections, and some others. In Sweden the Commune levies a special tax upon manufacturers who have gathered together a large number of workpeople, and a poll-tax of 6½d. on every male, and 3½d. on every female, above eighteen years of age; Norway levies a Communal tax on cards, spirits, and beer; Leipzig sends round collectors, but those who refuse to subscribe are liable to be summoned and taxed; Austria confiscates part of the property of priests who die intestate; Rome demands a contribution from newly-created cardinals; charities in France derive benefits from burial-grounds, theatres, pawnshops, and lotteries; the Greek Committees make a good thing out of the sale of candles; and at Elberfeld a single caged nightingale pays five thalers a year to the poor fund! In all cases where the income is insufficient it is supplemented by a grant from the State. In early times it was found convenient in thinly-populated districts to lodge the paupers out; that is, to place them with the householders in rotation to be fed and sheltered. The custom still lingers in Austria and Sweden, and is in full operation in Norway.

English Poor Law history is divided into three periods:—  
1. To the end of Elizabeth's reign; 2. From that time to the

accession of George III. ; and 3. From his accession to 1834. In the first period the Poor Laws are described as "laws against the poor." For 250 years the attempt was made persistently to crush down the labourer again into the state of servitude from which he was just then emerging. He was confined to the place of his birth, and compelled to work for fixed wages ; and if he wandered abroad in search of work he rendered himself liable to barbarous punishments. In an Act passed in 1405 (in the reign of Henry IV.) the apprenticing of young children to divers' crafts in the cities and boroughs was forbidden under heavy penalties, because in consequence of the practice "there is so great scarcity of labourers and other servants of husbandry that the GENTLEMEN and other people of the realm be greatly impoverished !" In the reign of Henry VIII., "the Oxford and Cambridge scholars who go about begging" are classed with other "valiant rogues !" but in the Acts of 1536 and 1551 a distinction is made between "sturdy vagabonds" and the "impotent, feeble, and lame, who are poor in very deed." Throughout the reign of Elizabeth the condition of the indigent was greatly ameliorated ; and in 1601 an Act was passed substituting compulsory rating for voluntary or quasi-voluntary subscriptions. In its provisions the industrious poor were not included, and its operation was confined to the idle who will not work, and the impotent who cannot work ; the vagabonds being left to the criminal law, and the labour test being applied to able-bodied people residing in their own parishes. The author says, "So long as the principle of this Act was adhered to— which, with one lamentable exception, was the case for 160 years—the working of the Poor Laws was fairly successful" (p. 59). The exception referred to was a clause in the Act passed in 1691, which gave one justice power to authorise relief, which the justices proceeded to do without the previous knowledge or consent of the overseers. This gave rise to a large amount of spurious pauperism, which an Act passed for the purpose thirty years afterwards failed to remedy.

The law of settlement, however, during this period was made intolerably harsh and oppressive. By an Act passed in 1662 the justices were empowered, on receiving complaint from the overseers, to send back into his own parish any person who came into a strange parish within forty days of his arrival, unless he could give security that he would not become chargeable on the rates. The people evaded the law by hiding themselves in the new parish for forty days ; and it was therefore further enacted that the term should be reckoned from the day of their giving notice of their arrival to the overseer, and the notice was to be read in church, so that the fugitive might be hunted down by anybody who objected to his presence.

We must close this notice by a few remarks on the state of

Poor Law administration immediately before the passing of the New Poor Law Act of 1834. The overseers were unpaid, irresponsible, and often utterly incompetent, in many cases hardly being able to read or write. They frequently delegated their duties to their wives, children, or shopmen; and often had to grant relief under compulsion in various forms, the penalties being unpopularity at the beerhouse, arson, loss of custom, and personal violence. The circular of the Poor Law Commission asking for information was answered by one overseer as follows:—"It will never do we any good to alter the law in our parish, as our parishes very small and there is no probabilities of alter our kearse at all. There is no persons fitter to manage the parish than ourselves. T. T. oversear!" Another overseer, in answer to an inquiry why a shilling was paid for tolling the bell at every pauper's death, replied, in a whisper, "Why, sir, the clerk is a dreadful man, and always threatens to fight me whenever I wants to stop that ere charge!" The justices, again, fixed the scale of income that every labourer ought to have, according to the price of provisions. In the Speenhamland scale, if a gallon of bread was 1s., a single man's income was 3s., or that of a man and wife 4s. 6d., and 1s. 6d. for every child up to seven, making 15s. for the whole family; and against the justice's order there was no appeal. If a man earned 9s. he was entitled to the remaining 6s. from the parish; and the people often imposed upon the magistrates as to their actual income, and obtained orders for more than the scale allowed. Among the methods of relief were payment of two or three shillings without conditions, or a larger sum on condition that the labourer should be confined to a certain place, such as the pound or gravel-pit, or should attend a roll-call two or three times a day. The object of this was partly to have labourers within call, and partly to make the relief less agreeable. The following entries are in the books of Hampton Poyle, a small village near Oxford:—"Paid for men and boys standing in the Pound for six days, £6 7s. W. Wheeler, standing in the Pound six days, 8s." Very frequently the rate of wages was fixed at vestry meetings, with allowances to make them up. Labourers used to get married and go from the church to the overseer and request to have a house found for them. In case of parish employment, the paupers often worked in large gangs. Most of the day was spent in idleness, and an attempt to put a superintendent over the work was promptly met by a threat to drown him. The paupers claimed the right, before the justices, to work fewer hours for the parish than for private employers, and in many places received higher pay than they could have earned as wages. If a man showed signs of industry, his companions would remark, "You must have your money, whether you work or not." The author, after reviewing the working of the New Poor Law Act,

which swept away such an enormous mass of abuses, offers many practical suggestions for still further improvements; and it is evident that the system will have to undergo many important modifications before its operation is entirely satisfactory.

We heartily recommend these three volumes, believing that they will be read with interest and profit, and that they will contribute largely to the political education of all classes of the community.

#### FIFTY YEARS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

*Fifty Years of the House of Lords.* London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

THIS little book of ninety-five pages consists of seven articles reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The pith of it is contained in the opening words of the sixth chapter: "The House of Lords has contributed but little to the constructive legislature of the last half century. Its function has been negative, obstructive, and destructive" (page 68). The chapters are headed, "The Irish Land Question," "The Government of Ireland," "The Irish Roman Catholics," "Parliamentary Reform," "Religious Equality," "Municipal and Educational Reform," and "Legal, Social, and Industrial." The impeachment is a very heavy one, and was, no doubt, very effective in the columns of a newspaper; but when the articles are reprinted in this form, their one-sidedness gives them the appearance of great unfairness. A stranger unacquainted with our history would rise from the perusal of the book with the impression that the House of Peers is worse than useless, and that its immediate abolition would be an unmixed gain to the nation. So far as the House of Lords has been unreasonable and vexatious in its opposition to useful and much-needed reforms, we have no wish to screen it from just criticism; and many of the author's criticisms are just; but we do not think that the public will accept his verdict as a whole. They will rather observe the wholesome rule, "*audi alteram partem*;" and we will suggest a few points which may extenuate, if they do not fully justify, its proceedings. 1. We must not entirely overlook the services which the nobles have rendered to this country. They wrested our rights and privileges from despotic kings, and thereby laid the foundations of our free constitution. 2. For eight hundred years they virtually governed the nation, restraining the monarchs on the one hand, and controlling the people on the other; but half a century ago the government was transferred from them to the people whom they had been accustomed to rule. It was hardly to be expected that they would forget the traditions of eight hundred years in a moment, and settle down contentedly



with the new order of things. Time must be given them to adapt themselves to the change. 3. There are many general charges in the last two chapters of the book, and with these we cannot deal; but in the other five chapters the charges are specific, and give the dates and titles of eighty-nine bills which passed the Commons, but were rejected or mutilated by the House of Lords. On examination we find that forty-one of these charges refer to the first decade of the fifty years ending in 1840. The numbers for the other decades are eleven, thirteen, fourteen, and ten respectively, from which it follows either that the Commons are much less aggressive, or that the Lords are much less obstructive than they were forty years ago. 4. Nearly all the reforms which the House of Lords is accused of rejecting were ultimately passed by it, so that they have not prevented reforms, but only delayed them for a season. 5. The author makes no mention of the services rendered to the country by the Upper House; but we learn from another source (the first volume of the *Citizen* series, noticed above) that in the Session of 1878-9 alone, no less than 222 public and 225 private Acts were passed by both Houses, and received the Royal assent. If we suppose the average number to be 200 each Session, this would give 10,000 Acts passed in fifty years, representing an enormous mass of useful legislation accomplished by the two Houses harmoniously. If the House of Lords, therefore, has done some evil, it has also done much good, and we may hope that in the future it will yield more readily to the wishes of a majority of the nation, when once those wishes have been unmistakably pronounced.

#### WOOLNER'S PYGMALION.

*Pygmalion.* By Thomas Woolner. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

WHAT is poetry? What is a poet? How shall the poet's greatness be estimated? These are questions which each generation of critics, each critic indeed, asks in turn—and answers variously, and to more or less satisfactory purpose. Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us, for instance, that poetry is a criticism of life, and that he is the greatest poet whose criticism of life is most complete and far-reaching. Mr. Alfred Austin objects, courteously, but firmly; nor has he much difficulty in showing that a definition which might be applicable enough to moral philosophy is not so happy in its application to what is essentially one of the fine arts. For his part he considers poetry to be something quite different. It is—this is the italicised formula within which he labours to fix for ever the Protean muse—it is “a transfiguration of life; in

other words, an imaginative representation in verse or rhythm of whatever men perceive, feel, think, or do."

The two papers in which Mr. Austin develops his theory\* are ingenious and interesting; and he is so evidently well-pleased to have found, as he considers, a firm and lasting foundation on which all after criticism may build securely, that one would be loth, even if it were necessary, "to hint a doubt," and fortunately on this occasion it is not at all necessary. His definition will amply suffice for our present purpose of testing the merits of Mr. Woolner's new book. By the time we have considered, with such skill as in us lies, how far *Pygmalion* is to be regarded as a "transfiguration" of the beautiful old story, how far the language and verse have in them the glow and glamour of imagination, the subtle thought-stirring qualities of music, we shall have gone as far as we need.

The old story of Pygmalion—we all know it well enough—poet and painter have vied with each other in making it familiar to us. We each have seen in picture, verse, or imagination the sculptor at his work, fashioning in ivory or marble the ideal woman of his thought, smitten with her beauty as it develops beneath his hand, yearning for her with love unutterable—and then, O mystery of mysteries, prevailing over the Love-goddess through stress and importunity of prayer, and watching enraptured the dawn-flush of life on the snowy sculptured form, the mantling of the warm blood, the quickening of the soul that from those newly-awakened eyes answers to his look of love.

There is the old story, which each may interpret at his will. What does Mr. Woolner make of it?

This: Pygmalion is a noble youth of Cyprus, the son of a warrior killed in battle against the Egyptians. He is a sculptor exercising his art under the most advantageous conditions—his house admirably appointed, his every wish gratified by a loving mother and twelve beautiful attendant maidens. One noon—but here we may as well let the poet speak:

"His mother with Ianthe came one day  
In azure June to watch her son at work;  
For she had fears unceasing toil might fret,  
If left unminded, her Pygmalion's strength.  
She would press on him nourishment, and plead  
He took more rest and sportful exercise."

Pygmalion is struck with Ianthe's beauty as she holds the cup to him, and cries—

"O mother give me your assent, and I  
Will carve Ianthe as she stood erewhile

---

\* See *Contemporary Review* for December, 1881, and January, 1882.

Pouring the wine, a Hebe, child of Zeus  
And Hera, pouring nectar for the god !  
In her deep eyes there shone an upward awe  
As though she gazed at Zeus gazing at her."

But all his efforts to portray Ianthé as the ideal Hebe prove fruitless. To a certain point he succeeds—not beyond.

"The spark to flash his Hebe into life"

is still wanting. "His utmost stopped at failure." In despair he goes to the temple of Aphrodite, swoons, or, as the poet puts it, "his senses closed," and is assured, in vision, of success and happiness to come, warned of impending danger, and promised ultimate delivery. 'Tis quite as if he had "crossed her palm with silver."

Shortly afterwards, while urging on Ianthé the claims of a friendly suitor—who by-the-by afterwards transfers his love to another of the maidens with most commendable readiness and good nature—he suddenly discovers that he is himself in love with her. She loves him no less, though at first doubtful, saying,

"Do you in truth,  
In very truth, your maid Ianthé love?  
And do you feel that she can give you joy  
Thro' lifelong changes to grey fall of age?  
Or is it your wild rapture at some grace  
Discerned in me that may advance your work  
Makes you thus utter such bewildering words?"

Whereon he takes her to

"The chamber, where the maids  
At various tasks around the Matron toiled,"

and "cries aloud, O mother, I have found her! Hebe, she is come to life!" A cry which matron, maids, slaves, and servants re-echo, till some distorted story on the subject, but of no great consequence, gets noised abroad in the city, and some indeed,

"Declared they saw,  
Or knew some who had seen, in clouds of fire,  
The goddess Aphrodite pass into  
Pygmalion's chamber. But what there took place  
None but himself and the dread goddess knew.  
But certain was it that the statue walked  
Straightway from his work-chamber to the house,  
Pygmalion's arms bound fast about her waist:  
For all the noble maidens saw; and saw  
The servants and the palace slaves, and cried,  
All with one voice,  
'Your Hebe come to life!'"

Of course, after this the final touches that shall give perfection to the marble are given with the ease of genius working under the sway of love ; and the statue is shown to all men in Aphrodite's temple ; for, as the poet says, glancing mayhap at those among our contemporaries who habitually hide their artistic light under a bushel :

"The men who do not show their works when done,  
Are either conscious of their worthlessness,  
Or treat with traitorous scorn their fellow men."

So the statue is shown, at first exciting universal admiration, and winning the highest praise. But afterwards, the envy of Pygmalion's fellow-craftsmen, their mean horror at his having *given* the work to the temple, the hatred of some base people who falsely think he has wronged them, a "gutter-drab's" suggestion that he has killed a girl to infuse her blood into the statue and make it more life-like—all this excites a revulsion of feeling. Old friends look askance. An attack upon his life is made by three assassins. He repulses them, and with the help of his friend Orsines, who happens to be watching near the spot, kills them. Then public feeling veers again :

"When the dark story of those murderous three  
Was noised abroad, Pygmalion shone like day.  
The cloud dispersed ; the wild winds fell ; his praise  
Was trolled by every tongue ;"

and when, shortly afterwards, the Egyptians make a renewed attack upon the island, the command of the Cyprian forces is, by universal acclamation, given to him, and with the happiest results. The invaders are totally routed. The Cyprian king at the same time dies, for

"The overwhelming blow his arms had struck,  
Egyptian arrogance had overthrown  
The remnant of the old king's strength in joy.  
His forces would not rally ; for, said he,  
The dry shrewd son of Esculapius,  
There are none left to call ;"

And Pygmalion is chosen king, much comforted in the prospect of distressful cares of state, by the thought that

"In his home there will be peace and calm."

And so the volume closes, and one feels inclined to ask, rather sadly, Is it necessary that rationalism should invade even the fable lands of poetry ? Is it necessary scientifically or historically to explain that old story of the statue that became dowered with life ? To ask the question which Mr. Austin's article suggests, in what respect is that story "transfigured," made more beautiful, more pregnant with meaning, by Mr. Woolner's treatment ? In

the earlier ages of the world, when life seemed all gain, and the fresh joy of living and loving the highest boon, it would be held that the goddess had bestowed on Pygmalion a gift priceless, inestimable, in turning the creation of his art into womanhood. In our own sadder days the gift of life has seemed to some as being at best of doubtful value—the creature of art in her imperishable and passionless beauty as more desirable than the living creature of a day. Murger struck this note of feeling in the *Scenes de la Vie de Bohême*. Verse has echoed it back. From whichever side it may be looked at—to ancient and modern alike—the story has a significance and inner meaning. What new facet does Mr. Woolner illumine for us? What new chord does he strike?

And if the general conception may seem at all wanting, what shall we say of the language? Is *that* "transfigured," heightened, iridescent with the rainbow tints of imagination, full of harmonies that haunt the ear like a snatch of music? Let our extracts make reply. But as they have been chosen rather with a view to helping on the "argument" of the book, than for any very distinctive qualities, it may perhaps be only fair to quote a passage in which the poet would naturally show his fullest power. It is a description of the birth of Venus—a subject which Pygmalion "laboured to show" "in pure immortal marble," and runs thus :

"Uprisen from the sea when Cytherea,  
Shining in primal beauty paled the day,  
The wondering waters hushed. They yearned in sighs  
That shook the world : tumultuously heaved  
To a great throne of azure, laced with light  
And canopied in foam to grace their queen.  
Shrieking for joy came Oceanides,  
And swift Nereides rushed from afar  
Or clove the waters by. Came eager-eyed  
Even shy Naiades from inland streams,  
With wild cries headlong darting through the waves.  
And Dryads from the shore stretched their lorn arms,  
While hoarsely sounding heard was Triton's shell ;  
Shoutings uncouth ; sudden bewildered sounds ;  
And the innumerable splashing feet  
Of monsters gambolling around their god,  
Forth shining on a sea-horse fierce and finned.  
Some bestrode fishes glinting dusky gold,  
Or angry crimson, or chill silver bright ;  
Others jerked fast on their own scaly tails ;  
And sea-birds, screaming upwards either side,  
Wove a vast arch above the Queen of Love,  
Who, gazing on this multitudinous  
Homaging to her beauty, laughed :

She laughed

The soft delicious laughter that makes mad ;  
Low warblings in the throat that clench man's life  
Tighter than prison bars. \* \* \*

Then swayed a breath  
Of odorous rose and scented myrtle mixed  
That toyed the golden radiance round her brows  
To wavy flames.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Such honour paid  
The powers of nature to the power of love,  
Creation's longed-for wonder sprung to life!"

#### CUMMING'S LADY'S CRUISE IN A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR.

*A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War.* By C. F. Gordon Cumming, Author of "At Home in Fiji," "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas," &c. In Two Volumes. With Map and Illustrations. W. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London.

THE readers of *At Home in Fiji* will welcome two more volumes by the sister of the once famous "Lion Hunter." Miss Cumming has her brother's spirit of enterprise, love of adventure, and passion for travelling. She has also the "pen of a ready writer," the pencil of an able artist, an eye quick to observe what is new and striking, a winning good-humour that makes all companies communicative to her, a vivid power of description, and a faculty for simplifying, all of which, added to the inward light of a warm sympathy with the subject, make her pages glow with interesting information and charming pictures of Polynesian scenery and productions and manner of life. She was beguiled from Fiji by a purple-robed bishop of the Romish Church, at whose disposal, for visiting the distant islands of his diocese, the French Government had placed a large man-of-war. A cordial invitation to cruise with the bishop in this war-like mission ship, was an opportunity too good to be lost for visiting the Friendly Islands, Samoa and Tahiti. The book is in the form of journal letters, designed to give information, carefully gleaned by the eye and the ear, of places and people visited. We get a little insight into life on board a French ship of war—where the "feeding is excellent," the captain "not a rigid Catholic," nor devotion to the Church a marked characteristic. High mass at Tonga, with the mitred bishop robed in vestments of gold brocade and scarlet, or relieving these brilliant colours with purple and white lace, the French marines all paraded and the officers in full uniform arranged as a semicircle inside the altar rails, may produce a scenic effect and "impress the native mind;" but the late Bishop Patteson, cruising round his diocese in his little mission schooner, the "Southern Cross," with no big guns or parade of soldiers, swimming on shore through the boiling surf, where no boat or canoe could live, to carry the



message of peace to the armed and naked savages standing on the beach, was nearer to the true picture of an Apostolic bishop, and a closer resemblance to those who were sent forth as "lambs among wolves." Where natives have been compelled under the big guns of French ships of war to build Roman Catholic mission premises after the measure and type of those voluntarily built for Protestant missionaries, the priest has found a people sullen under a sense of injustice, and his work has not been remarkable for its success. The interference with Protestant missionaries by some captains in charge of French men-of-war, when taking bishops or priests from island to island in the Pacific, has not generally met with the approval of the French authorities in Paris. The little peep into convent life at Tonga awakens sympathy for the "delicate sister" whose part at vespers was to ring the angelus. The chat of a lady visitor from the "outside wicked world" would be welcome as a song of childhood to the devout sisters who have given themselves to the prayerful teaching of the women and children, and, like the French lilies they train in the convent garden, would awaken thoughts of the dear home land.

King George still lives, and, with his bodyguard of two hundred men dressed in scarlet, worthily represented royalty in the Friendly Islands to his French visitors. After several ineffectual attempts had been made to introduce Christianity into the Friendly Islands, the Rev. John Thomas landed in 1825, and his successful labours were crowned fifty years later, in 1875, when a Christian king, ruling over a Christian people, proclaimed a jubilee, and a whole nation honoured God as a grateful people for the blessings of Christianity. In his speech on that day the King said: "A heathen nation has become Christian, barbarous men civilised; churches and schools in all islands, a people set free, a constitution given, laws established, courts of justice, various officers of government, and roads all through the land; stores springing up in every place, and all the adjuncts of a civilised country. I am not able to express my feelings to-day; my heart burns with joy, when I think of what has been done since Mr. Thomas came, and because God has permitted me to see this first jubilee of Christianity in Tonga." The danger now with the Friendly Islands is over-civilisation. Laws that compel European clothing, with miserable imitations of English houses, chapels, and customs, and which forbid native manufactures and dress, are a mistake. This tendency to denationalise will destroy.

Miss Cumming contrasts the Fijian and Tongan missions in these respects to the disadvantage of the latter. The low-lying islands of coral formation are also contrasted with the leafy summits of mountainous Fiji. The Trilithon in Tonga Tabu and the tombs of its ancient kings, like the wonderful stone images on

Easter Island, all point to a forgotten race. Stonehenge to an Englishman is as intelligible as is this colossal cyclopean architecture to the traveller in Polynesia. The Tongans are a fine race, but vain and ambitious.

Samoa comes vividly before us in this charming book; its spouting caves, like intermittent Geysers along the coast, its noble race of smooth-skinned Malays, of a reddish-yellow colour, their dances both ungraceful and disgraceful, their political unrest, their houses and customs, with the history of Christian missions in their midst, and their favourite bird, the dodo-like, tooth-billed pigeon, *manu mea* (*didunculus strigirostris*), with the beautiful scenery, are all faithfully sketched. An interesting account of the central college of the London Mission at Malua, introduces us to a veteran father of missions in Doctor Turner. The Samoan Bible and trained teachers in all parts of the Pacific are mainly the result of his apostolic zeal and patient plodding work.

A "rootlet of bitterness" is gently touched in "the Wesleyans in Samoa." Why are they there? Protestant missionary societies have divided the Polynesian groups that they may not waste strength in mutual rivalries. Some Samoan chiefs became Christian on a visit to the Wesleyan mission stations in Tonga, and on their return requested that a white missionary might be sent to them. Thus the Rev. Peter Turner was appointed to Manono, and was the first resident white missionary in Samoa. In less than two years 13,000 converts were under his pastoral care, and on the testimony of the missionaries of the London Society the number was soon over 20,000. An arrangement was made by the Rev. John Williams with the general secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London, whereby Mr. Turner was removed from Samoa, and his flock handed over to the London Missionary Society. Many of them were probably opposed to this arrangement for political reasons, and formed themselves into an independent Methodist church, with neither missionary oversight, nor discipline. For many years they dragged the name of the Wesleyan, or Tongan, lotu, in the dust. The Rev. Peter Turner always protested against the sheep being left without a shepherd. When the Australian Conference was formed, the arrangement made in London, without the knowledge of the missionaries or people concerned, was not regarded as binding upon it, and again Wesleyan missionaries were appointed to Samoa by the Australian Board of Missions. The intention was, if possible, to remove difficulties and prepare the way for handing over the Samoan Methodists, as a *willing* people, to the care of the pastors of the London Missionary Society. The Methodist churches in Samoa are now well organised and work side by side with the Congregational churches, as Miss Cumming says, "in *unity* but not

uniformity." The day may come when here there will be not only one flock, but one fold. A defect in Congregationalism is seen in the chronic state of war in Samoa, owing to the absence of a central government. In Fiji, the connexional principle of the Wesleyans worked well, and the many tribes formed one government under Cakobau. Also in the Friendly Islands the three groups forming one district united also in one government under King George. Many independent congregations, with no attraction to a centre of unity, leave the tribes as much separated by mutual jealousies as they ever were. These volumes bear testimony to many disappointments, where tribal wars have scattered the good work done through years of patient toil, which a central government would have conserved.

Miss Cumming has given her brightest colouring of reef and rock and forest scenery to Tahiti. Unfortunately she arrived just after Queen Pomare's death, and Pomare the V., her son, had been proclaimed king. Yet the grand procession round the islands in honour of his accession to the throne was a good opportunity for sketching many lovely landscapes, and for seeing and hearing whatever was to be seen and heard. This would compensate to some extent for not having seen the Tahitian queen, with whom early recollections of the islands would be associated. The soft balmy breezes, shady avenues, villas embosomed in flowers, and golden orange groves of Tahiti form an Elysium where thoughts of fairyland are awakened, and the wonder world of a coral reef becomes a happy hunting ground. The tides in Tahiti do not vary, but ebb and flow with unchanging regularity all the year round. The full tides are at noon and at midnight, and low water is at sunrise and sunset. The account of Protestant missions in Tahiti is full of interest, and will throw some light upon the wisdom or otherwise of forcing Popery on a people with round arguments from French guns. When the French protectorate was established, the English missionaries were compelled to nationalise as French subjects, if they would carry on their work with freedom. The oppressive regulations were avoided by handing their churches over to French Protestant missionaries, and native teachers who had been well trained. The Church of Rome sent a bishop and many priests and sisters of mercy. The French Government compelled the chiefs of Tahiti and Moorea to build a church for their use in each district; and in forty years, save one, they can boast of three hundred *nominal* converts out of a population of eight thousand! The French Protestant missionaries have good educational establishments, and keep up the character and tone of the native pastors.

The descriptions of the Marquesas and Paumotu Groups are gathered from others who had seen them, and from books. The Lagoon Islands of the Paumotu Group are extremely interesting,

for there we can watch the formation of coral islands. Some rings, which a few years ago were broken into several pieces, are now united, and form perfect atolls, and there is abundant evidence of an archipelago in course of manufacture. Pearl diving is there a dangerous but profitable industry: Queen Victoria's splendid pearl, valued at £6,000, and the pearls composing the magnificent necklace of the Empress Eugénie, are said to have been found there.

The word-painting in these two volumes is done with great skill, and the pictures are truthful, and not overdrawn. Moving very much in the society of missionaries has perhaps led Miss Cumming unconsciously to shade too deeply the European residents. European society in Levuka, of late years, has not been below that of the Australian colonies, and in few places would the average of well-educated and well-connected people be larger. Beachcombers are not an extinct race in Polynesia, nor are they the prevalent and predominant representatives of Europe and the United States. Confusion arises from every nation claiming to write Polynesian names according to its own orthography. Where reliable dictionaries exist, they should be followed. The tables of linguistic affinities and numerals are made unreliable or misleading for the purposes of philology. Who would recognise "ndluna" for *ulu*, the Fijian word for "head?" Out of twelve Fijian numerals quoted, seven are incorrect. *Walu* is good English or Fijian spelling, but "*ualu*" is neither. This new book belongs to a class of works easily produced by such writers and travellers as Miss Bird and Miss Cumming and Mrs. Brassey. *The Cruise in a French Man-of-War* is an appropriate sequel to *At Home in Fiji*, and will not only fascinate the reader, but convey a large amount of information, and leave a regret when the last page of the second volume is reached.

#### JERROLD'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON III. VOL. IV.

*The Life of Napoleon III., derived from State Records, from Unpublished Family Correspondence, and from Personal Testimony.* By Blanchard Jerrold. Vol. IV. Longmans and Co.

MR. JERROLD completes in this volume the task on which he has so long been engaged, and in which it is no secret that he has had not only the countenance, but the active help of the Empress Eugénie and of other friends of the dynasty. Of course, therefore, he writes as a partisan, but his partisanship never blinds him to faults and weaknesses in his hero. His book is not like that of M. Thiers, a romance; it is a calm endeavour to set right with the world one who was undoubtedly the object of a great

deal of calumny. That Napoleon III. stirred up the Crimean war in order to strengthen his dynasty by the prestige of the English alliance; that he went to war with Austria, not because the latter obstinately insisted that the disarming of Sardinia must precede the intended Congress but through dread of the Orsini bombs; that he was a coward who kept out of shot-range at Solferino;—such are samples of the detraction, repeated and embittered as only Frenchmen know how to do, which was constantly assailing the late Emperor. It is too soon for us to expect the whole truth to come out about matters with which so many living persons are mixed up. The Lanfrey of the future will weigh the evidence on both sides; will judge between Kinglake and Jerrold among English writers, and will make due allowance for the difficulties of one who had to make his own position, and who suffered a good deal from the distrust of those who, like our Prince Consort, certainly had no reason for suspecting him.

The weakness of the Second Empire is traceable to the *coup d'état*. Mr. Jerrold must forgive us for saying that we do not think he succeeds in extenuating the guilt of that act. And "it was worse than a crime, it was a blunder." No doubt the chief party men in France at that juncture were more than usually impracticable, their aims chimerical, their quarrels at once rancorous and pitifully unmeaning; but this, though it explains the Prince President's conduct, does not justify it. The blunder was in working with agents who presumed on their position, and whom, since they had been his accomplices, Napoleon was unable to disavow. These men used State secrets to fill their purses by stock-jobbing tricks; in other ways they brought discredit on their master and his Government; and Mr. Jerrold is content to remark that they retained their high position because of the Emperor's staunchness to his friends and unwillingness to let go those who had once been associated with him. Here he fails, we think, to clear his hero of blame, as in an earlier volume he failed to clear him of the guilt of the *coup d'état*. But in nothing else, in this volume at least, can anything like deliberate wrong-doing be laid to the Emperor's charge. He was often ill, so ill that his judgment was impaired and his will greatly weakened. And at such times his Council had it all their own way, and did things which he, had he been really himself, could never have thought of doing. But he was no coward: and he was far from being the mass of deception which many still suppose him to have been.

The volume opens with the Anglo-French alliance. To Mr. Kinglake's allegations that Marshal St. Arnaud began life as a footman named Leroy, and owed his rise to the disgraceful favour of a great lady, and that Persigny's real name was Fialin,

Mr. Jerrold says nothing. But he gives us the Emperor's autograph letter to the Czar, still counselling peace even after Sinope; and he shows that since the war was most unpopular in France, interest as well as temperament must have made Napoleon sincerely anxious to avoid a conflict.

Of the Prince Consort's visit to the Boulogne Camp in 1854, we would much rather have had some of the French accounts. We know already from Sir T. Martin's life what Prince Albert thought of the Emperor—how he, like every one else, was won by the charm of his manner; we should like to have heard what the Emperor thought of the Prince; what he wrote to the Empress about him—as a pendant to Prince Albert's letters to the Queen. The maintenance of the alliance certainly does credit to Napoleon's sincerity. "He acts towards us," writes Lord Palmerston to his brother, "with perfect fairness, openness, and good faith." There was a hitch when, after Sebastopol had fallen, France and Austria were ill-advised enough to send to England peremptory proposals for peace; and Napoleon was currently reported to have given way to Walewski's Russian sympathies, and also to have hoped by hastening on a peace to win that favour with Alexander which Nicholas had not accorded to him. The treatment of Prussia at the Paris Congress, to which she was not admitted till the terms of peace had been settled, is in startling contrast with her position not many years after; and in this treatment Lord Clarendon, Her Majesty's envoy, acquiesced. But though they agreed in snubbing Prussia, France and England had cooled to one another; and Mr. Jerrold confesses that his hero's adviser, Persigny, came off second best in his dispute with Lord Palmerston regarding the destruction of the fortifications of Ismail, and Kilia, and Kars, and other matters, in which Russia had broken the treaty, relying on French connivance. Here Mr. Jerrold notes what we have already noted, the sadly unconscientious character of so many of Napoleon's advisers. De Morny was actually a pensioner in Egypt; it was notorious that the highest functionaries enriched themselves on the Bourse; and the Emperor, instead of reforming his Council, contented himself with writing a letter of thanks to Ponsard for the play in which he branded the vice of the time.

We have not space to follow Mr. Jerrold through the tortuous policy which resulted in the Franco-Austrian war. Here, again, England and France took different sides; and it is clear from our author's narrative that at one time there was every prospect of a general European war. After Solferino, the suddenness of the peace of Villafranca seemed a repetition of the too abrupt close of the Crimean war. Italy was disgusted, and the attempt to explain this precipitancy on the ground that England was cold and Prussia threatening, is less successful than most of our



author's efforts. "The crowning of the edifice" was, as most of us remember, the signal for a virulent attack from the enemies of the Empire. Thiers on the one hand attacked the expenditure; Rochefort in his *Lanterne*, and Arago and Gambetta in the Chamber, fell foul of the Government with more than the usual Republican fierceness. The measure of liberty which was conceded in January, 1868, was too little or too much; it set men free to grumble, but was far from satisfying them. Meanwhile discussions were rife in the Imperial circle. "How can you expect my Government to get on?" said the Emperor one day, laughing, "the Empress is a Legitimist, Morny an Orleanist, Prince Napoleon a Republican, I a Socialist. Only Persigny is an Imperialist—and he is mad."

The saddest part of Mr. Jerrold's book is that which describes the drifting into war in 1870. The strange infatuation of Ollivier, the stubbornness of De Grammont, the blundering of Benedetti seem almost incredible as we read them in Mr. Jerrold's pages. And the Emperor, who should have guided the course of things, was all this time so ill as to be practically a mere plaything in his ministers' hands. Moreover, he was in the dark as to the real condition of his army. In spite of General Niel's warning, he had such faith in Lebœuf that not until the campaign had actually begun did he awake to the truth. He was, by his own confession, taken unawares, *en flagrant délit de préparation*. Into the sad details of the war we have no heart to enter. Mr. Jerrold touches lightly on them till he comes to the crowning disaster of Sedan. Here he has to rebut the general opinion that the Emperor lost his presence of mind, and, after sacrificing so many of his troops, surrendered in a cowardly way instead of putting himself at the head of what forces remained and desperately breaking out. That would, of course, have been the part of heroism, and the reason assigned (in the *Œuvres Posthumes*, the long quotations from which give great interest to this part of Mr. Jerrold's book), that "to have tried along with General Wimpffen to cut his way through the enemy's lines to Carignan would have been deserting the rest of the army and leaving it without a directing head to certain destruction," is scarcely sufficient. The Emperor had ceased to be even nominal head. Indeed, his bitterest sorrow was that "no longer acting as commander-in-chief, he was not sustained by the feeling of responsibility which animates the mind of him who commands; nor had he that exalting excitement of those who are acting under orders, and who know that their devotion may secure victory. He was the powerless witness of a hopeless struggle" (*Œuvres Posthumes*). Miserable indecision, worse in its way than that which ushered in the war, led up to Sedan. President Lincoln's warning against swopping horses

when crossing a stream was disregarded. Bazaine was put in command of the army of the Rhine in the place of Lebœuf, whose dismissal was demanded by popular outcry. Then the Opposition went further, and demanded that Bazaine, who afterwards so cruelly betrayed their confidence by surrendering Metz, should be general-in-chief. The Emperor, therefore, gave up his command, and merely followed as a spectator in the wake of MacMahon. His own idea was to retreat to Paris; but his ministers and the Empress (wrong in this as on several other occasions during the war) insisted on his not returning to the capital under defeat. How the army drifted into the fatal position of Sedan—so complete a *cul de sac* that no wonder many believed the whole thing, capitulation and all, to have been premeditated—is not made clear in the *Œuvres*. We read that the Fifth Corps was retiring on Mouzon, and that Napoleon, "full of confidence as to the result of the day," was, by MacMahon's advice, going to headquarters at Carignan, when suddenly General Ducrot brought news that things at Mouzon were going on as badly as possible; the retreat had become a rout. "Retire to Sedan, and the army will follow you thither," said MacMahon; and the Emperor, "who could hardly believe that affairs had changed so thoroughly in a few hours," did as he was bid, after having, with his usual indecision, "at first elected to remain with the First Corps." It is a pitiable record of imbecility; the man who, on July 28, had taken the command of an army of 120,000 men at Metz, and had expressed in his order of the day his determination to push on into the heart of the enemy's country, proclaiming that "the fate of liberty and of civilisation depends on our success," now—a month later—creeping like a rat into a hole, whence there was obviously only one issue.

Wholly incomprehensible to us is the way in which the *Œuvres*, while leaving great things half explained, in a manner more puzzling than had no explanation been attempted, enter into the most trivial details. Thus, when he was going to give himself up to Bismarck, the Emperor tells us "he was attended by the Prince de la Moskowa and entered a *droski drawn by two horses*, sending on General Reille as his *avant-courier*." That he reckoned upon returning to the town, and had, therefore, stolen off without taking leave even of his Cent Gardes, seems incredible. Of course the *Œuvres* are bitter against the Opposition for undoing all the work of the capitulation, and carrying on a struggle which ended in the laying on of far harder terms than those that would have been possible after Sedan; but it must be said that, to outsiders, the conduct of the Opposition seems very natural. France could not have accepted peace after Sedan without giving up all claim to national honour. Such a capitulation, followed by the shameful surrender of Metz, would, if it had ushered in a

peace comparatively advantageous to the Napoleonic dynasty, have forced on all unprejudiced minds the conclusion that the armies and the country had been sacrificed to the dynasty. Here again Mr. Jerrold fails, we think, to prove his point. We have no wish to be ungenerous to a fallen dynasty. We say advisedly that we believe the cause of Bonapartism in France is dead, and the sorrows which have befallen the Imperial family are such as to extort compassion even from bitter enemies. Those sorrows were borne with exemplary magnanimity. Few things in his life became the late Emperor like its closing scenes; the bad counsellors, the Olliviers as well as the Mornys, had vanished; the evil glare of fêtes and gorgeous ceremonies had died away; and in the calm of Chislehurst the immediate past seemed an ill dream. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the conduct of the war had given the Opposition solid ground for the behaviour which, in Mr. Jerrold's eyes, was only factious. As a man, the third Napoleon will stand higher than before in the estimation of Mr. Jerrold's readers, but certainly not as a statesman and a ruler. Personally loveable, he is seen to have been culpably vacillating, prone to listen to others, given to sacrifice his country's interests to private friendship. In politics he was continually deceived, even at the very times when his solemn reticence and enigmatic speeches were puzzling all Europe. Before Sadowa he was a mere child in the hands of the astute Bismarck. In 1870 he believed that Italy and Austria would be his active allies; and at Sedan he seems to have imagined that, by giving up his army, he could secure his throne for his son.

Enough on these sad themes. We gladly turn to the pictures of home life at the Tuileries, to the abundant records of the strong love between father and son which give such a charm to some of Mr. Jerrold's chapters. If it was very unlike Court life in general; if some of the practical jokes of M. Mérimée, the *ami de la maison*, savoured not a little of coarseness, it was more human than such life usually is. We recommend every one to study the chapter headed *Noscitur a sociis*, and to see the Emperor, amid all the boisterous gaiety of which the Empress was so fond, sitting by his son and patting his head, while he was discussing a scientific question with some *savant*, or listening to the brilliant conversation of the men of culture whom the Empress loved to gather into her *salons*. The following anecdote puts his character in a very loveable light: "One evening at dinner the Emperor remarked that the servants were looking at one of the windows and whispering. He asked what was to be seen. An owl had perched itself against the glass and remained there motionless. The ladies were in a flutter, vowing that it was a bird of evil omen, and that it meant a misfortune. M. Filon, to whom the Emperor laughingly appealed, declared that it was the bird of

wisdom, and was to be welcomed accordingly. But the incident disturbed the minds of the ladies, who would not be comforted by the badinage of the Emperor, nor by the assurances of the young professor. On the following day at dinner, the servants stared more than ever at the window where the owl had appeared. There was now a whole family of owls where one had been. The consternation was general; and the Emperor remained grave. After dinner, when the Imperial party went into the *salon*, they found the entire family of owls, stuffed, and ranged upon a table. The Emperor had ordered them in the morning from the Zoological Museum. He turned the dismal augurs into hearty laughers, and enjoyed his joke with the youngest of them. On another occasion, to amuse the children, with whom he delighted to have sport, it being April 1, he caused the dinner to consist of turbot, which was gravely served again and again, as *entrées, relevés, and rôts*, to the guests. His young friends were in ecstasies."

We must close our notice of Mr. Jerrold with another extract of quite a different character, proving the virulent opposition with which the Emperor had to contend: "By the light of the *Lanterne* Imperial institutions and Imperialists looked like so much moving rottenness. . . Rochefort cut up the Empire pleasantly, as a nurse divides a holiday cake in a nursery. A man so constituted—the kernel a very Gaul, the shell a Dutchman—was a fresh presence, an original and a fascinating form of literary power. Dry wit is as engaging as dry humour. The jester who can command his own face is king of his company. Rochefort appeared to be having a light touch-and-go conversation with a gentleman of a different way of thinking; and, suddenly, he plunged a thin long knife into his bowels—that was all—and quietly turned aside to run his critical thumb along a fresh blade. His success was extraordinary, and with his success his audacity increased until his license became such as not the very freest constitutional Government would have borne."

Any kind of Government must indeed have been difficult with such adversaries as these. And thus we take our leave of Mr. Jerrold. His book is a bit of special pleading; his style is rather French than English; he does not, as we have said, always prove his point. But his book well deserves reading. It puts before us, from the Imperial point of view, the events in which the Imperial family were the chief agents as well as the chief sufferers.

#### TREADWELL'S MARTIN LUTHER.

*The New Plutarch: Martin Luther.* By John H. Treadwell.  
Marcus Ward. London and Belfast.

WE have had occasion already to praise some of the volumes of

*The New Plutarch.* Professor Palmer's *Haroun Alraschid* takes rank as a standard work; and quite recently we devoted considerable space to Mr. Besant's graphic account of *Whittington and his Times*. Of a series in which we have found so much to praise it is unpleasant to say anything savouring of disparagement; and yet *Martin Luther* is certainly not up to the level of some of the preceding volumes. Mr. Treadwell lacks breadth of view, and tries to make up for the want by Carlylese tricks of style. To hear him, one would think that the Reformation was solely a Teutonic affair. He is constantly pitting "rough solid German" against "dainty Italian carpet knights." He seems to imagine that truth was the exclusive property of the "blue-eyed light-haired children of the North," forgetting that there were Italian and Spanish and French reformers who for a time carried many with them; and that, if the Reformation finally failed in Southern Europe, the causes were much more political than due to difference of temperament in the people. He is even less happy when he claims for his German favourites the critical spirit in which in old times they were eminently deficient, asserting that "no development of history, normal or deformed, passed them without scrutiny;" and when he says of these coarse worshippers of brute strength, "birth, nature, and education endowed them with a chivalrous spirit." As to his language, no wonder the editors explain that he is an American, and that "our tongue is undergoing across the Atlantic certain small changes which we have not yet adopted." Long may it be ere we take to sentences like this: "the Tiberian (!) hound had already scented danger and was quickly upon the trail."

Of course no *Life of Luther* which goes to original documents can fail to be full of interest, and Mr. Treadwell has been industrious. His chapter on "Pre-Lutheran Germany" shows how the decay of feudalism, as well as the invention of printing, led up to the Reformation. But he should have extended his view to other countries—have seen how Huss and his followers prepared the way. He might have noted that even Luther was not of German but of Czech extraction, to judge by the name, punning on which the dying Huss said: "Burn me the goose (Huss), and you'll have to reckon with a swan (Luther) whom it won't be so easy to get rid of." The school life at Erfurt is well told, and the novitiate about which his father prayed that he might not have mistaken a *teufliche Gespensterei* for a sign from heaven. The chief value of Mr. Treadwell's book is that he brings out personages like Stau-pitz, "of whom the books say little." He is also fair enough in his estimate of character. He does not attempt to conceal Luther's occasional violence, which more than once imperilled his cause, at the same time praising him highly for being "the slave of no personal ambition." The following extract shows

him at his best; it is fair and just, and wholly free from exaggeration.

"In friendship and private life his singular purity and gentleness are in strong contrast with the heroic and menacing character displayed in public controversy. Detractors have sought to stain his reputation with the intimation of monstrous private crimes; but the ampler testimonies of Melancthon, Spalatin, Arnsdorf, and others who were very near him, refute these odious insinuations; that the man lived as he believed no one may question.

"During all that grand and awful struggle which sundered the Christian Church, and in which he stood for a long period as the solitary champion, breathing hot and hasty and strong words, there was never a time when the hand of friendship was extended toward him, that he did not grasp it with warm and generous sympathy, and utter words of tenderness between the periods of contention.

"That he was a man of remarkable versatility, a genius, in fact, his whole life bears testimony. We know him only as a stern master of men; those who were contemporary with, and lived nearest him, knew him as a man of genuine humour, spontaneously social, ready with song and story to encourage the mirth of those who joined with him. How could it be otherwise? The man of positive austerity is as small and narrow as any other one-sided character. Were Luther always of the character in which we find him opposed to Eck, then must his projects, many of them, have failed in their accomplishment."

Of Luther's perplexities and doubts we have a very lively picture; indeed, the book is throughout full of well-written passages, its weakness being the writer's inability to take in the whole of a subject. We fancy we are right in believing that the work is the expansion of a lecture; and however unpleasant the writer's style is to read, it mimics well the Emersonian, which is the favourite style for lectures in Boston and New York. The appendix is a storehouse of curious letters, prayers, bits of sermons, &c. Among other passages it gives in full Luther's "Simple Method How to Pray, written for Master Peter, the barber." This is inimitable; the barber-craft is brought round in a score of different ways to illustrate the duty of prayer. "The good and diligent barber must fix his thoughts, his purpose, and his eyes with great exactness on the razor and the hair."

But we will say no more on a subject which is unpleasant, because it is always much pleasanter thoroughly to commend than only to give faint praise. Mr. Treadwell's book will be very useful (despite its style) for impressing the main facts of Luther's life on the minds of young people. We are glad that he speaks of the remarkable falling away in Luther's power (as evidenced in his writings), which the most superficial reader cannot fail to notice,



and which dates from about the year 1535. "Much of his writing after that date is frivolous and weak; even in theological discussion the minor points are distorted to unnecessary prominence." This is forgotten by many who think everything in the *Table Talk* must be good because it is attributed to the great reformer. The chapter on "Post-Lutheran Germany" is good, though wordy. Among other shortcomings we note that the matter of the Peasants' War is very slightly touched on; only one little paragraph is devoted to that wild time at Münster which was undoubtedly not without its influence on the attitude of many thoughtful men towards the new creed.

#### RITCHIE'S MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

*Foreign Classics for English Readers.* Edited by Mrs. Oliphant. "Madame de Sévigné," by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (Miss Thackeray). Blackwood.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ has found in the author of *Old Kensington* a peculiarly fitting biographer. To say that this volume is the best in its series is to give it far less praise than it deserves. It is not only one of an excellent and useful series; it is a delightful little monograph, to write which must have been a labour of love for its authoress, and which she has made as interesting as any of her own novels. Madame de Sévigné lived in stirring times, and was connected with all the talent and fashion (and they went together in those days) of France at its most brilliant period. Her early training and her mother's connection with St. Francis de Sales form a natural introduction to a life which, despite its worldliness, was marked by deep feeling. Her love for her daughter, who married the extravagant De Grignan, and whose money troubles were a constant worry to her mother, seems almost excessive, so much so that some have suspected the great letter-writer of posing as the affectionate mamma; but it did not hinder her from being a staunch friend, capable not only of doing disinterested kindnesses, but, harder far, of forgiving (witness her treatment of Bussy-Rabutin, her cousin). She had also much sympathy with the people, especially with the Bretons, among whom lay her husband's property, in the misery brought on them by Louis XIV.'s wars. She does not say much about this; it was not the fashion of the age; and she essentially belongs to her age, though she is the best sample of what it produced in the way of ladyhood. But those who can read between the lines must feel the indignation which the cruel enforcement in Brittany and elsewhere of excessive taxes, against which Brittany, above all, was protected by special treaty, aroused in her mind. Left a widow quite early in her married life, she so lived that the breath

of slander never touched her, though hers was an age of much coarseness under its surface-refinement—witness the abduction planned and partly carried out on a rich widow, Madame de Miramion, by Bussy, with the help of a confessor, Father Clement. Mrs. Ritchie does her work thoroughly but discreetly. She touches lightly on the infidelities of the Marquis of Sévigné, who was mixed up with the ever-young Ninon de l'Enclos. She details at length the sadly sudden fate of Turenne and the mourning for him, and quotes the whole episode of Vatel's despondency and suicide. The contrast between the Paris life and the quiet time at Les Roches, broken by visits from and to quaint Breton noble ladies with quainter names—De Kerbone and De Kergueoisson, and by visits to the Duke of Chartres, the governor, during the session of Parliament at Rennes, is well drawn out. We see the stately avenues, among which Madame walks, talking to her *abbés* or to her gardener, or musing in solitude—walks sometimes too late, once catching a low feverish cold from the evening damps; we see the surprise collation laid out at the end of the long walk when a large party of visitors, in carriages and on horseback, has unexpectedly clattered into the courtyard; we can understand the great lady mourning over the need of spending 500 francs on a *fricassée*; and we can enter into the delight with which she tells her daughter how during one of these garden-parties the rain suddenly came down in streams, and all the grand dames had to take off their bravery, high-heeled shoes, clocked stockings, silk petticoats included, and, gathering round a big fire in the hall, dress themselves, while their own clothes were drying, in such odd garments as their hostess could find in her wardrobe. What the men did we are not told; there was a son (whom his family were always trying to force into some advantageous marriage), as well as the *abbés*, to take care of them. A money-marriage seemed all the more needful when De Grignan's extravagance had forced the family to put his daughters, Madame de Sévigné's step-granddaughters, into a convent. That the grandmother should have permitted this is a serious blot on an otherwise faultless character. Of the style of her celebrated letters Mrs. Ritchie wisely says little; they are *sui generis*, and speak for themselves. The habit of coining words and phrases makes them here and there untranslatable, though our authoress and other friends have done their best. We cannot help protesting against the plan of giving the letters as a subject for competitive examinations. If the object is to elicit general cleverness and skill in paraphrasing, and in turning insurmountable difficulties, well and good; but many a really good French scholar, who had no great quickness of perception, might be altogether nonplussed by being set down to translate what he was wholly out of *rapport* with. Mrs. Ritchie is thoroughly *en rapport* with her subject, and therefore she

succeeds so admirably. The book throws much light on the history of the time, and will help the student to form an estimate of that strange, unreal-looking society, with the *Grand Monarque* at its head and the starving peasantry at its tail, the natural and inevitable outcome of which was the Revolution.

#### CLINTON'S FROM CRECY TO ASSAYE.

*From Crecy to Assaye; being Five Centuries of the Military History of England. With Original Plans and Maps.* By H. R. Clinton, M.A., F.R.H.S., Instructor of Candidates for the Army Examinations; Author of "The Peninsular War, and Wellington's Campaigns in France and Belgium." Fred. Warne.

THIS is one of the most conscientious pieces of work we have seen for a long time. Mr. Clinton complains that now so much political, social, and literary matter has to be crowded into history books, the "drum and trumpet section," which may once have had more than its share of room, is getting overmuch curtailed. Hence there is manifestly a place for such a record as his book contains; and recent events have made it pretty clear that the nation cannot afford to give up one tittle of that heritage of glory which has been bequeathed to it. Of almost every battle field Mr. Clinton gives us a more or less lively picture. In what concerns France he has received the fullest help. The *curé-doyen* of Crecy drew up for him the plan of the ground on which the battle took place. The plan of Poitiers' field is a copy of that drawn up for the "Society of Antiquaries of the West." For Agincourt, which might equally well be named Tramecourt, materials have been supplied by the Marquise de Tramecourt, "in whose family traditions the day of Agincourt occupies the chief place." Lord Stanhope contributes an unpublished plan of the too much neglected battle of Almenara; and of Plassy, Clive's own account, written three days after the victory to the Secret Committee of the Directors, is for the first time published in its entirety. The plans are, indeed, a notable feature of the book; but equally notable is the care with which Mr. Clinton goes back to original authorities, and, where they conflict, estimates their relative value.

We do not know Mr. Clinton's authority for the page of portraits which forms his frontispiece, nor can we tell why the Earl of Stair, whose military exploits were limited to some manœuvring at Aschaffenburg, should be placed among "English Commanders." But this is the only weak point in an otherwise admirable volume. The book opens with a clear account of the feudal army, and the rise of the modern system, which preceded and was in no way

influenced by the introduction of firearms. Chivalry in England was always at a discount; even Edward III. prevented knighthood from becoming a military caste by conferring it on his judges. France, on the contrary, kept to the old system; and hence our signal successes during the Hundred Years' War. Then, as always, infantry, if at all properly handled, was more than a match for cavalry. Mr. Clinton's pages give a very vivid picture of the Hundred Years' War. Henry V., by the way, suffers sadly in comparison with Edward III. The latter, at Calais, allowed those useless mouths whom the defenders cast out to pass through his lines, giving each a good meal and two pieces of money. The former, before Rouen, drove back the 10,000 wretches whom De Boutellier had turned out, and allowed them to perish under the walls, giving those who survived till Christmas a feast in honour of the day. The strangest feature in this sad story is the treatment of the babes who were born in this company of outcasts. They were drawn up on to the walls in baskets, there baptised, and then let down again to starve with their starving mothers.

One notable and praiseworthy feature in the work is the number of parallels from modern history. Thus the indecision of Buckingham after landing on Ré in 1627 is compared with that of the allied generals after the battle of the Alma. Had Buckingham followed up his advantages, St. Martin's, "the finest and strongest fortress in France," as Richelieu describes it, the Sebastopol of that day, would certainly have fallen. A nearer parallel is that Buckingham collected the wives and children of the soldiers in St. Martin's, and drove them under the walls just as De Rosen gathered the Protestants round Derry, in the hope that the garrison would admit them. We know the result in this latter case. The French general was forced, by the threat of hanging all his prisoners, to let the unhappy creatures return through his lines. At St. Martin's the helpless crowd was fired on from the trenches, whereupon De Toiras, the commander, admitted them into the fort.

One is sorry to be reminded that William III. fought the battle of St. Denis near Mons after he knew that peace had been concluded at Niméguen. Battles unnoticed in most smaller histories, such as the affair at Vigo in 1702, are described in the most spirited way by Mr. Clinton. The Spanish campaigns of Peterborough and of Galway (De Ruigny, "deep versed in books but shallow in himself"), and of Stanhope, are a case in point, the siege of Xativa (over the site of which King Philip, after the old classical fashion, passed a plough) being briefly but vividly described.

Of Fontenoy, again, our books generally tell us very little. Mr. Clinton shows how bravely the Duke of Cumberland had behaved, recovering the ground lost by the cowardice of the Dutch and the inactivity of Ingoldsby; and how the day would have been won

had he been supported by either of the allies. As it was, "despite the terrific fire and hot onset of the Irish," their Brigade was at last flung off, but not till nearly a third of the whole British force had fallen.

We wish we had time to analyse Mr. Clinton's clear and graphic account of the American War. As it is, we can only recommend his book as widely different from most works of the kind. It is not a mere compilation, but the work of one who has written *con amore*, going to original sources, and carefully studying the ground of each battle (giving maps and plans of many of them). It is an excellent book for boys.

#### FREEMAN'S SKETCHES FROM VENICE.

*Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice.*

By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With Illustrations. Macmillan.

THOSE who know Mr. Freeman's style must have traced him from time to time in the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The style would at once betray him, as well as the subjects. "Spalato to Cattaro," "A Trudge to Trebinje," "Antivara," with the usual glorification of the Montenegrins—who but he could write such papers so full of political wrongheadedness and architectural and historical suggestiveness? The journeys of which these papers describe various episodes extend from 1875 to last year, and in their collected form the papers are a sequel to the "Architectural and Historical Sketches, chiefly Italian," which we noticed some time back. Mr. Freeman takes us to Treviso, Udine, Trieste, and other places in "The Lombard Austria," to Parenzo, Pola, and Zara, on the way to Spalato, which glorious place is, of course, the theme of several papers. Thence we are led to Salona, Cattaro, Ragusa, &c.; and in the closing chapter, called "Venice in the Footsteps of the Normans," we get to Corfu, Durazzo and Antivari.

It is always a pleasure to read Mr. Freeman; and here, describing things like the architectural glories of Spalato, the churches at Traù and Trani, he is at his best. He gives us hints, too, of the kind of scenery, so characteristic, so full of wild loveliness, amid which these objects are found.

Mr. Freeman is in his element in comparing the past and present of Aquileia and Cividale (the old Forum Julii) and Treviso (Tarvisium) with the growth of towns like Gorizia and Udine, which were absolutely unknown in classical times; and whether he is laughing at the difficulties which the rain presents to would-be sketchers and explorers, or discussing how

a man who has found a new place worth seeing can manage to make it known, "so as to lead travellers to come without holding out the least inducement to mere tourists," or quoting Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the Imperial lexicographer,—who is still the best guide to Dalmatia and Istria,—as to the old name of Traii (Tragurium, *τερραγούριον*), or comparing the end of Richard I. with that of the Archduke Maximilian, he is always equally amusing. Who but he, for instance, would think, at La Croma, of calling Richard and Maximilian "two princes who died of thrusting themselves into matters that did not concern them?" At Otranto, he points out, the Turks' best conquests were often won by apostate Christians, and how the cruelties of the Turkish conquerors hindered their progress; Calabria had been so misgoverned that it would all have gone over to the invader—the army of the first Ferdinand of Aragon being willing to pass into the service of the Sultan—but for the barbarous conduct of Achmet, the Turkish commander at Otranto. Differing much with Mr. Freeman in political matters; holding, for instance, that his apology for the destruction of Antivari—the little city where the Mussulmans had spared every Christian picture, and which the Christians have so recently consigned to indiscriminate havoc—is a piece of laughable special pleading; we nevertheless have to thank him for a book which will make many anxious to follow in his footsteps.

#### MERRILL'S EAST OF THE JORDAN.

*East of the Jordan: a Record of Travel and Observation in the Countries of Moab, Gilead, and Bashan.* By Selah Merrill, Archæologist of the American Palestine Exploration Society. With an Introduction by Professor Boswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., President of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Seventy Illustrations and a Map. R. Bentley and Sons.

THE countries east of Jordan are far less known than those on its western side. And yet they are full of interest. Two and a half out of the twelve tribes chose that side of the river for their home. On that side John the Baptist began and ended his ministry. Nearly six months of our Lord's brief public life were spent there. And there were "the mountains" unto which the Christian Church was warned to flee when it should see Jerusalem compassed with armies. In the time of the Antonines the country was full of cities, with temples, theatres and baths; and churches, well organised and flourishing, were established throughout it.

Of its earlier history we need only mention that the cities



of the plain were "beyond Jordan," and Peniel, Mahanaim Succoth, Nebo, &c. The difficulty and danger of travelling in a land which for centuries has been in the hands of Bedouins have deterred all but the most energetic from exploring it. A few Germans, Frenchmen like the Duke of Laynes and De Vogüé, our own Dr. Tristram, and others, have done good work in this direction. Mr. Merrill deserves a chief place among these. His book is "popular," but it is the precursor of promised *Topographical Notes on Eastern Palestine*; and even in the more popular work the results of careful investigation and deep scholarship are everywhere apparent.

Mr. Merrill's first work was among the cities of Bashan, where at Edhr'a he examined the very ancient church figured by De Vogüé, and described by M. Waddington. On the lava-bed of the Lejah he came upon some very curious platforms of unhewn stone, each with a central pit; whether (as he suggests) they supported pyramids or had open air altars raised in their centres, is uncertain. At Kunawat (the Scripture Kenath) the amount of ruins, mostly of Roman times, has been the amazement of all visitors, including Burckhardt, Dr. J. L. Porter (*Giant Cities of Bashan*), Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake (*Unexplored Syria*). Si'a, a suburb of Kunawat, is connected with the history of Herod the Great. Here, too, are abundant remains, delicately carved, in a composite style peculiar to the Hauran, out of the hard basaltic rock. Herod's statue M. Waddington describes as broken into a thousand fragments; he imagines the destruction was wrought by the early Christians to avenge the massacre of the innocents. Near Salkhat, the Salchah of King Og, is one of the trans-Jordanic Bozrahs, notable for a church dating from 512 A.D. (two years later than that at Edhr'a) and for being the place where Mahomet, travelling thither in the service of Khadijah, who afterwards became his wife, met the monk Boheirâ who instructed him in writing the Koran. Here theatres, temples, and other buildings are in abundance. The lines of the streets are still marked, and "there is no reason (says our author) why the place, standing in the centre of a vast and fertile plain, should not again become an important centre of civilised life." The Hauran far exceeds in architectural interest any other part of Palestine. More than a hundred cities within the space of forty leagues, all belonging to the same epoch, all so perfect that De Vogüé (from whose *Syrie Centrale* nearly all Mr. Merrill's chapter on "Hauran Architecture" is taken) hesitates to apply the name of "ruins" to them,—such a group is not to be found elsewhere in the world. The remains belong almost exclusively to the first seven centuries of the Christian era, and they transport us at once into the midst of a flourishing artistic Christian society. At Um el Jemal Mr. Merrill is thrown on his own

resources, the place having been previously visited by only two Europeans, Cyril C. Graham and the indefatigable M. Waddington. His account of it, and of Es Salt, and of his trip to Mount Hermon, is very interesting. In this journey the party suffered much from heat, one of them falling so ill that he had to be carried in a sort of palanquin. The journey from Jericho to Jerusalem was, however, more fatiguing even than the desert, the thermometer showing 110° and the road being cut through limestone rock which reflected the heat like an oven. We cannot follow Mr. Merrill to Tiberias, and Gadara, and Aphek, and the lower Jordan valley, and Calirrhoe. We can only recommend our readers to go to the book for themselves, and to study the discussion in chapter xix. on the site of Nebo and the meaning of Pisgah. The account of the caves at Dra'a, where there are at least three layers of ruins, one beneath the other, is very interesting. The caves Wetstein identifies with "Edrei, the subterranean labyrinthine residence of King Og." When Baldwin III. and his comrades made a raid upon Bozrah, they went by way of Dra'a, into the underground recesses of which the inhabitants retreated at their approach; and as often as their men let down buckets into the cisterns hoping to get some water, some of the refugees below cut the ropes and defeated their efforts. But more interesting even than the exploring of the Jabbok, and the identification of Mahanaim, are the notes on Arab life and on dealing with Arabs. The dangers from hostile tribes Mr. Merrill thinks are greatly exaggerated. To hear Arabs talk you would fancy that their whole life was spent in killing; but investigation proves that it is mostly mere words. "How many were slain?" asked our author after a thrilling account of a fight which seemed to have been as murderous as Bull Run. "Killed do you say? Well, one horse was killed, and one man wounded." We must quote a few lines on Arab tactics: "As to the wars of the Bedouins, they are far from being bloody. There is not enough Roman in their character to make them good soldiers. Their battles are more like those of Homer than like those of Von Moltke or General Grant. Mounted men from one side or the other will rush out and ride furiously towards the enemy, brandish their spears, and appear as if they were going to sweep them from the field. But before they come near enough to be in any special danger, they turn and dash back again with the utmost heroism and bravery. Sometimes, however, they do advance too near, and are shot or thrust through with a spear and killed. Hence it happens that in what they call a great battle the mortality will be very slight. . . . People understand that these men are untamed Arabs, and it is supposed that they make it both a business and a pastime to cut each other's throats. But killing is far less common among

them than one would think, for when life is taken the blood-feud ensues, just as it did among the ancient Hebrews, and that occasions trouble for years. When they make a raid for plunder they avoid taking life if possible, because, when life must be paid with life, and blood with blood, even wild men are cautious how they needlessly incur danger. When, however, life is taken, it is considered by the noble Arabs a disgrace to compromise the matter for money."

Mr. Merrill's advice is: "Don't take a dragoman. These persons terrify you with accounts of dangers and exact a large sum for going east of Jordan; and then they are uncivil to the Arabs, who are easily affronted and who make exactions from dragomaned travellers which they never attempt to take from those who journey alone and communicate with them in their own language." We do not know which to praise most, Mr. Merrill's zeal after ruins (he gets as far as Zidon to the north, and to the south identifies Zoar with Tell Ektanu, connected with the Hebrew *katan*, little one), or the zest with which he describes Arab life and character. The recitative about the yellow hen, "worth two horses and a fifty," kept up with ever new interpolations and iteration like our "three blind mice," is a delightful picture. The book is to be thoroughly recommended, though we do not pretend to agree with all Mr. Merrill's identifications.

#### MORSELLI'S SUICIDE.

*Suicide. An Essay on Comparative Moral Statistics.* By Henry Morselli, M.D., &c. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1881.

THIS is the thirty-sixth volume of the International Scientific Series, and, like many of its predecessors, bears the impress of the leading theory of the day. Evolution appears to be the one portal through which all scientific facts must pass. Should they refuse to be pushed through whole, they are subjected to a process of subdivision, mutilation, rarefaction, till each individual part has limped across the threshold, beyond which reunion is impossible. Man, with his mind refined away to cerebral functions, and his moral sense softened down to habits inherited from the brutes, follows the rest of creation through the broad gateway. It is, therefore, not at all surprising to find that suicide, with every other ill that flesh is heir to, is the necessary outcome of evolution. "Suicide is an effect of the struggle for existence and of human selection, which works according to the laws of evolution among civilised people" (page 354).

"They judge wrongly who think that the evils of civilised society, such as misery, disease, prostitution, madness, suicide, are

accidental and avoidable ; but to those who look at things from the positive side it appears clear that they are the effects of the same law of evolution to which all living things are subject, and the aim of which is the well-being of animals, and for man that state of moral and physical perfection unconsciously desired by nature, and which metaphysicians define as the future happiness of the individual. These social evils represent the inevitable result of the struggle for existence" (p. 361). "Our generation, moreover, has arrived at a complete indifference in the matter of religion, without giving sufficient authority to positive philosophy, which would tend to replace it, and without faith in the new moral utilitarianism on which human society must sooner or later be based" (page 161). The above extracts speak for themselves. We strongly recommend the book to those who delight in statistics and materialistic evolution, but shall ourselves hail with gladness the day when such books cease to be evolved. We cannot congratulate the editors on their selection, unless, indeed, this work is sent out to indicate the expected termination of the series.